THE LITERARY DIGEST

PUBLIC OPINION (New York) combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST

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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

ORGANIZING THE GERMAN-AMERICAN VOTE

WHETHER A BRAZEN ATTEMPT by pro-German forces to dominate American politics, as its critics warn us, or a movement actuated by purely American considerations and ideals, as its friends insist, the attempt of the German-American Citizens' League to organize German-American voters to prevent the election of Governor Cox to the Presidency is arousing lively interest in both camps. "The hyphen, that detestable phenomenon of American society, is again lifting its hydra-headed hideousness and discharging its venom," exclaims the Louisville *Courier-Journal* (Dem.). "There is evidence of a strong and highly organized pro-German movement in favor of the election of Senator Harding," declares the Indianapolis *News* (Ind.). At the same time Mr. George Sylvester Viereck, editor of the late *Fatherland*, and now of *The American Monthly*, telegraphs Senator Harding that "the attempt of the Democratic press to link the opposition of Americans of German descent to the League of Nations and their support of your candidacy with German propaganda is wholly preposterous." And Senator Harding, in a statement which the Democratic New York *Times* concedes to be "proper enough so far as it goes," warns these German-American supporters that they must not think of him as favoring any class or race among our citizens.

It will be recalled that in August a "German-American national conference" was held in Chicago by the German-American Citizens' League—"whose purposes," according to a correspondent of the Milwaukee *Journal* (Ind.), "are identical with those of the defunct German-American Alliance—the Committee of Ninety-six, and other German-American organizations." This conference, with Mr. Viereck on its resolutions committee, adopted resolutions which read in part as follows:

> "We regard the platforms of both major parties as unsatisfactory; we appreciate the position of those who desire to register their protest by voting for one of the minor parties; but we hesitate to recommend any such step which may perpetuate a proxy of Great Britain in the White House, and thus, apparently, set the seal of popular approval upon the most humiliating and un-American administration in the history of our country.
>
> "In view of certain enlightened statements in Senator Warren G. Harding's speech of acceptance and in his subsequent utterances, expressing his unalterable opposition to the League of Nations and the perfidious foreign policy of the present Administration, we shall, unless unexpected events transpire, regard it as our duty to support the Republican candidate; we trust, however, that Mr. Harding will express himself in unequivocal terms on other subjects involving the honor of our country, such as the pernicious peace pacts of Versailles and St. Germain, which turned the fourteen pledges, so solemnly enunciated by the President of the United States, into fourteen scraps of paper.
>
> "We are resolved to sweep from office all miscreants, irrespective of party, who abused the authority conferred upon them by the people for the prosecution of the war, to make war upon their fellow citizens, who hounded and persecuted Americans of German descent, albeit, on every field of battle, our blood flowed freely for the 'Stars and Stripes'; who, contemptuous of any hyphen, except the one which binds them to Great Britain, unmindful of the supreme sacrifice of Americans of German blood in the late war, attempt even now to deprive our children of the noble heritage of speech and song and prayer that has come down to us from our sires beyond the sea; and who, in their dastardly endeavor to vent their race prejudice, have well-nigh extinguished the fires under the melting-pot."

Interpreting these resolutions in the columns of his own magazine, Mr. Viereck says:

> "The Democratic candidate is impossible. He is the candidate of Woodrow Wilson and the League of Damnations.
>
> "The Republican candidate is distinctly the lesser of two evils. His speech of acceptance is not without merit.
>
> "Wherever there is the slightest possibility of electing Cox, we urge our readers to vote for Harding. To elect Cox is to indorse Woodrow Wilson
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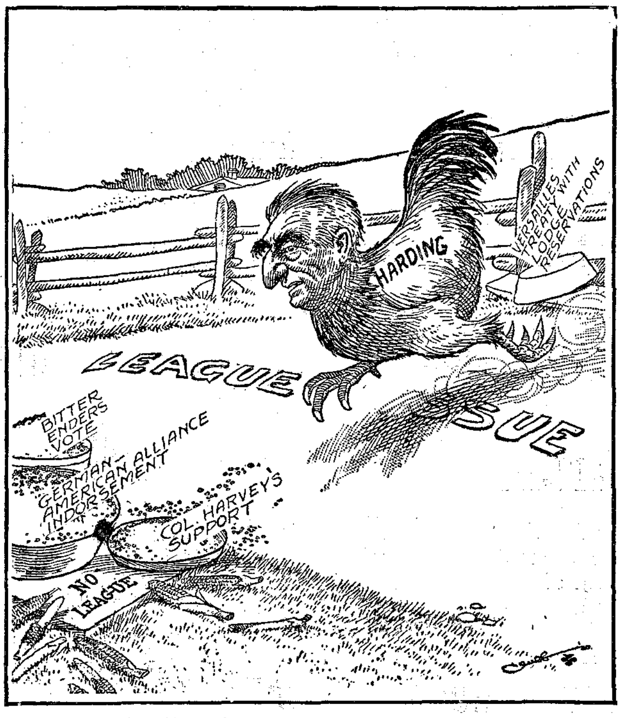
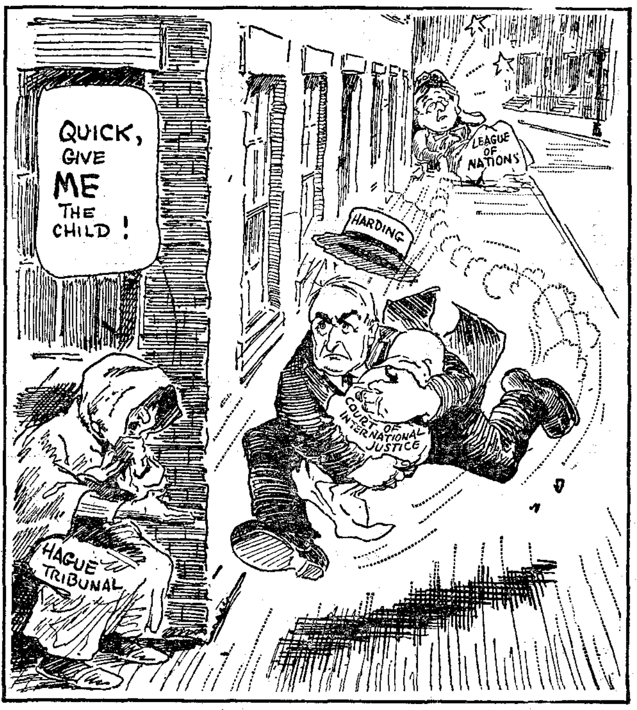
> "To elect Cox is to reward a man who flattered the Germans before the war and revealed his true jingo face only after he could insult the German element with impunity. . . . . .
>
> "To repeat: Wherever by any possibility Wilson's man Cox could carry a State or a district, let all those who believe in American traditions vote for the Republican candidate.
>
> "Where Harding's victory is assured, let us vote for Debs or for Christensen. Both the Socialist and the Farmer-Labor party stand for the things we believe. The Farmer-Labor party is more representative of German-American sentiment, but Eugene V. Debs towers above all his rivals. The man who went to jail for his convictions, the man who prefers even now jail to the sacrifice of his convictions, is the man to whom our hearts go out. Those who find it irreconcilable with their economic creed to vote for any Socialist should vote for the Farmer-Labor candidate. They will not throw their vote away in either case. For, in either case, it will count as a protest. . . . . .
>
> "There is no necessity for joining one of the old parties as a unit. Let us wield the balance of power wherever possible, irrespective of party affiliations. Let us take a leaf out of the book of the Non-Partizan League, which fastens itself now upon one party organization, now upon another, which is Republican, Democratic, or Independent, in accordance with the exigencies of the State, the election district, or the hour.
>
> "Let us play politics, but instead of permitting political organizations to run us, let us run the political organizations. This is the only way German-Americans, Irish-Americans, and all who repudiate Wilson and his Republican fellow conspirators, can make their influence decisive.
>
> "Meanwhile let us encourage all parties of protest, the Socialist party, the Farmer-Labor party, and the Non-Partizan League, so that four years hence, we shall not be restricted to the choice between the Prince of Darkness and the deep, deep sea."

Ferdinand Walther, president of the German-American Citizens' League, is quoted in the Milwaukee *Journal* as affirming emphatically that its members are Americans united in the interest of the United States. "We intend," he declares, "to devote ourselves to this country's problems and to try to keep this country from mixing in the affairs of Europe." Mr. Viereck also affirms that the opposition of German-Americans to the League of Nations is not in the interest of Germany, but of the


HARDING
VERSAILLES TREATY WITH LODGE RESERVATIONS
LEAGUE ISSUE
BITTER ENDERS VOTE
GERMAN-AMERICAN ALLIANCE INDORSEMENT
COL. HARVEY'S SUPPORT
NO LEAGUE

WHY THIS CHICKEN CROSSED THE ROAD.

—Clubb in the Rochester *Herald*.



THE KIDNAPER.

—Chapin in the St. Louis *Star*.

LITTLE RAPS AT HARDING'S LEAGUE EVOLUTIONS.

United States. "They denounce the Wilson covenant because they regard it as a monument of injustice and as a menace to American independence," he explains.

This movement to mobilize the German-American vote is gaining headway in Greater New York, the New York *Times* (Dem.) tells us, support being offered to Senator Harding "because of his declarations against the League of Nations and in favor of a separate peace with Germany." *The Times* quotes Mr. Viereck as predicting that between five and six million voters, including women, will be influenced by this movement. Nevertheless a Republican candidate for Congress from Greater New York, Mr. Ira G. Darrin, does not hesitate to affirm that—

> "Any plan to organize the German citizens into a solid racial voting group is un-American, even tho the Republican Presidential candidate is to be the beneficiary. The Alliance and Viereck are engaged in propaganda for the benefit of Germany and not for the Germans in the United States."

"The German pro-Harding and anti-Cox campaign is in full swing," announces the New York *Volkszeitung;* and a Washington dispatch to the Brooklyn *Citizen* (Dem.) says that our German-language papers "frankly declare that they are for Harding because he is opposed to ratification of the Treaty and in favor of a separate peace with Germany." The *New-Yorker Staats-Zeitung* argues that the Cox-Wilson policy would force the United States into war with Russia. In another editorial we read:

> "Senator Harding has declared: 'I can only say that our entire foreign policy will be completely changed if the Republicans come into power.'
>
> "This would be a 'consummation devoutly to be wished.' Things can not be worse, they can only change for the better.
>
> "It lies in the power of the people to make such an overturn in November that their own rights will be restored to them, and Wilsonism, which now rules the land, will be torn out root and branch."

On the other hand, Mr. George Seibel, editor of the Pittsburgh *Volksblatt und Freiheits Freund,* assures us in reply to a telegram of inquiry that Americans of German origin are apparently "as yet but little interested in the coming election," because "neither of the candidates of the two major parties appeals to them very strongly, as a constructive and conservative candidate as Knox would have done." And he goes on to say:

> "The League of Nations pro and con leaves them cold as they realize that there are domestic issues of far greater importance.
>
> "The double-dealing and cowardliness of politicians have disgusted many of the voters. They do not know where the candidates really stand, so what is the use of getting excited about it? What the people really want is a reduction of consumption taxes, curbing the profiteers, and other measures of immediate relief from intolerable conditions."

So, too, Mr. Hans Hackel, editor of the St. Louis *Westliche Post,* states that his paper "does not recognize any hyphen vote," and predicts that Americans of German descent will vote as any other American, "every one according to his own personal convictions as to which one of the two candidates stands higher for pure, unadulterated Americanism." Mr. Fred W. Elven, editor of the Cincinnati *Freie Presse,* thinks that "our Americans of German blood are for Harding," and adds:

> "They don't like to see a man with the manners and the political morals of James M. Cox in the White House. They are convinced that Harding is the better man, the better citizen, the better American, and a true statesman. They believe in Harding's motto, 'America first.'"

"In conformity with our motto, 'America first and America only,' we are against Cox and for Harding," says the Cleveland *Wächer und Anzeiger*—

> "Primarily on account of their standpoint on the League of Nations question; secondly, on constitutional grounds; and thirdly, in view of the qualifications of the candidates for the Presidential office, we favor Harding because his election, in our opinion, will mean peace and full resumption of peace activities, as well as immediate cessation of the war-powers of the Administration."

The New York *Evening Sun,* one of the stanchest of Senator Harding's newspaper supporters, does not hesitate to boast, in its editorial columns, that—

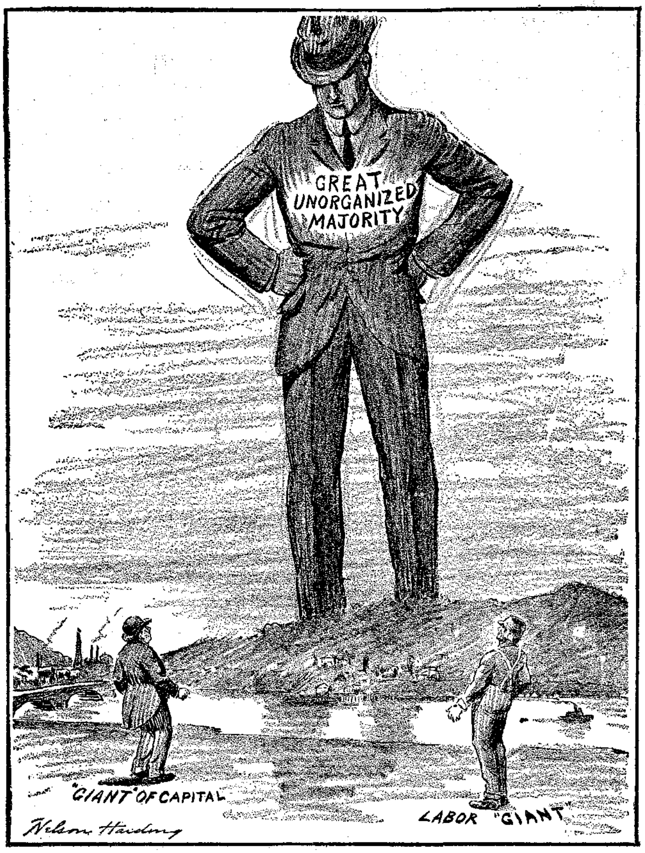
> "Not one prominent German daily stands behind Governor Cox in his drive for the Presidency, and against him are added hundreds of German weekly and monthly periodicals which are rapidly coming into the field again after being virtually starved out in the war."

In the main, however, the Republican press seem to be holding their fire for the present on this topic.

THE LABOR SHORTAGE VANISHING

When former dough-boys recovering from their after-war restlessness can not get work at their old trades and drift into the recruiting booths glad to get board and lodging from Uncle Sam, it is a sign that the labor shortage so marked at the end of the war is beginning to disappear. Some editors who note this recall, too, that the farmers of the West who despaired of obtaining sufficient labor to harvest the crops found as the harvest went on that plenty of labor was available. Later, Brooklyn was paralyzed by a strike on its electric railroads, but the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company was able to mobilize three thousand strike-breakers within a few days. A year ago, says the New York *World*, "it would have been impossible to recruit such an army for such a purpose." There is, editors now insist, a floating supply of labor. "There are not vast numbers of unemployed men to be had whenever a straw boss crooks his fingers," but, remarks the New York *Globe*, "there is a slight surplus of workers over jobs." "Labor is once more obtainable," it continues, and "whether we rejoice over the situation or not, we may as well recognize it." "Unpleasant tho it may be to admit it, candor compels the admission," wrote the editor of the New York *Call* on September 6, "that on this Labor day the organized workers of the nation have suffered one disastrous defeat after the other during the past year. The employing class has never been so drunk with a sense of its power as it is to-day. From all quarters come reports of a determination to wreck the organizations of the workers and to establish complete mastery in the plants of production." What the Socialist editor has in mind is explained by the following statement which the New York *World* used on the same day to introduce a series of special articles on the labor situation in general and the "open-shop" movement in particular:

> "Labor day this year found the market for labor materially changed from Labor day, 1919. There was an actual shortage of 'raw' or unskilled labor then. To-day a surplus of this and semiskilled labor is beginning to appear. In consequence, large employers of workers have begun to plan, and in many cases are putting their plans into execution, for getting labor at lower costs.
>
> "To them it appears the law of supply and demand, operating since the summer of 1915 in favor of the man with only 'back and biceps' to sell, is now beginning to operate against him, and it is once more a buyer's and not a seller's market.
>
> "Because of this, employers in large numbers see the long-awaited opportunity to 'liquidate labor' by revising prices downward, a process, as yet, at least, not applicable to the skilled and organized workers, but easy of application to the unskilled and unorganized. Thus as unskilled labor was the first to advance in the summer and fall of 1915, it now is the first to be forced down.
>
> "To help this process along, the 'open-shop' or antiunion movement is being fostered, particularly in the Middle West, where, because of the slacking down of the automobile business, the number of idle men is vastly greater than elsewhere."



SPEAKING OF GIANTS.

—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

In its editorial columns *The World* ventures a few words of warning to labor:

> "Labor is not so scarce as it was. Employment is not so certain or so imperative in its prosperity as to yield to any demands which organized labor may choose to make. The trade reviews note a general relaxation from the war-pressure in industry. Many mills have been closed and more are working on short time. The consuming public could not keep up the pace, and production slackens accordingly. More strikers have been striking themselves out of a job than has been supposed, and the winning strikes have forced others out of work to a greater number than has been calculated.
>
> "It does not take a very large floating supply of labor to break the whole labor market. This needs to be remembered by those workmen who think they see yet another chance to boost wages beyond all bounds of reason."

In noting that there is a serious prospect of unemployment in several trades, the New York *Journal of Commerce* says it will be most acute in those lines in which artificial cost conditions—meaning "fabulously high" wages and prices — prevail. Eventually, remarks this business organ—

> "The facts in the case will show the members of the trade that they can not continue on the present basis, and that if they want regular and steady employment they will have to conform to the law of supply and demand by making it possible to furnish merchandise at a price that will permit the consumer to buy it. There is no combination of capital or labor or both which can successfully maintain the present artificial conditions for an indefinite period."

Official figures take so long to compile that they throw little light on the existing situation. The Labor Department's July statistics issued at the end of August show that out of fourteen representative industries there was in eight an increase in the number of persons employed while in six there was a decrease. Comparative data for July and June of the present year show, in three industries, an increase in the number of persons employed in July as compared with June, and in eleven a decrease.

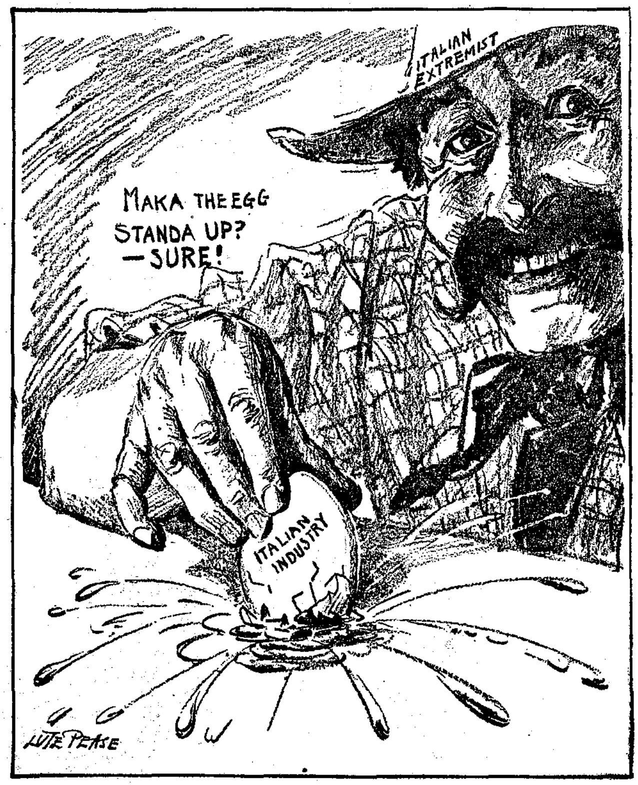
Reasons for the increase in the supply of labor are noted as follows by the New York *Times:*

> "With the shutting down of various industrial establishments a number of employees lost their jobs. About the same time many of the former service-men, who had been restless after their war-experience and unable to settle down to real work, got their bearings again and sought steady employment. The volume of immigration, which has swelled largely within the last few months, also became a factor in the labor market."

Some interesting information on the increase of immigration is contained in a Utica *Press* editorial, which quotes official figures. Our record immigration was in 1907, when 1,285,349 landed on our shores. The influence of the war was such that in the year ending July 1, 1919, only 141,132 came, but the year after, ending July 1, 1920, showed a total immigration in round numbers of eight hundred thousand. It is now estimated that about five thousand aliens a day are coming to Ellis Island. If this continues, says *The Press*, "it is easy to see that for the twelve months ending July 1, 1921, more would come than ever before in the history of the country."

BOLSHEVISM INFECTING ITALY

THE RED FLAG OF BOLSHEVISM, say foreign dispatches, has invaded Italy. "No sooner is the war over than we get Wilson, and now we have Bolsheviki and earthquakes—a constant succession of ever-increasing calamities," sighs *Il Progresso Italo-Americano*, a leading New York Italian daily. During the first week in September four hundred automobile and other manufacturing plants in that country were seized by the workers, shipping in harbors was taken over by longshoremen, the arsenal of Venice was commandeered, and miniature Soviets established in all the leading manufacturing centers. "All this is Sovietism, very thinly veiled," declares the Philadelphia *Press*, and the Lowell *Courier-Citizen* says "it is impossible not to suspect Germanism of being the instigator of this detestable situation." True, only a small minority of the people, and but one class of workers—those in the metal trades—were active in this economic revolution, but the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* reminds us that "just as an embattled minority succeeded in gaining control of Russia, so an aggressive minority may gain the upper hand in Italy if the people are not awake to their danger."



CHRIS COLOMBO HAD NOTHING ON HIM.

—Pease in the Newark *News*.

"According to the best current information on the subject, there is nothing political in the movement," says the New York *Times*. In fact, Italian government officials are said to regard it as a mere dispute between capital and labor, even tho capital has been temporarily deprived of four hundred large manufacturing plants. The conflict began two months ago when the metal-workers asked for an increase, and the manufacturers argue that such an increase was impossible because of the exorbitant price of coal in Italy. As the breach between the workers and their employers widened, and as coal and raw materials became scarcer and higher in price, factory-owners decided to close their plants. "In order to avoid the lockout," says a statement from the Italian Embassy at Washington, "the workmen took possession of the factories at Turin, Milan, and Genoa in an attempt to run them on their own account. The character of the conflict is entirely economic, and the movement is limited entirely to metal-workers." But Walter Duranty, foreign correspondent of the New York *Times*, cables to his paper that:

> "In point of fact, the present movement is the logical outcome of the fight for the establishment of workmen's councils in Italian factories a few months ago. These councils, nominally instituted to look after the physical conditions of their comrades, were in reality nothing but workers' Soviets, and under pressure of Russian propaganda they have not been slow to attempt to assume the full power and function of Soviets on Russian lines.
>
> "According to trustworthy information, a sum of no less than eighteen million lire has been introduced into Italy, mostly from Switzerland, for propaganda purposes. This money came from Russia through Berlin. The Bolshevik organization in Italy, which utilized and distributed it, was formed early last year by a renegade Frenchman from Moscow, named Delafère, who also fomented Bolshevik plots in Spain and Portugal. He intended to do the same thing in France, and perhaps actually crossed the French border, but the French authorities got on his trail and he fled precipitately."

In another article in *The Times* the tolerant attitude of the Italian Government toward the workers is explained:

> "The position of the Government is deemed logical by many on the ground that the factory-seizing movement was presented as a result rather than a cause, the cause being the general lockout declared by the Employers' National Syndicate, which exercises administrative control over the mechanical and metallurgical trades and industries throughout the peninsula. When the lockout came the workers invaded the property, took possession, established the Soviet régime, and went to work.
>
> "In taking their precautions against the results of a general strike—for the results of the lockout they did not foresee—the directorates of the various threatened works removed all their treasure and business accounts from their plants. So if the workers continue to manufacture the products they have hitherto manufactured they will be unable to place these products, having no market, no means of transportation, and, what is more important, access to no treasury from which to pay the men."

Reports indicate that the men participating in this new social labor movement in Italy are the most highly skilled and most intelligent of the workers. Yet we are told that they felt obliged to "kidnap" engineers, technical experts, and superintendents to direct their efforts in the factories. "Thus," remarks the New York *Globe*, "they have realized that a factory and its workmen are helpless without directing intelligence." If the workers can not get raw materials and coal, however, and can not dispose of the goods which they manufacture, wherein will they benefit, and how long can they hold out? Their first week's wages were denied them by the men who, a few days before, had been their employers, and the police of the various cities will not permit manufactured articles to be shipped from the factories and sold, say foreign correspondents. So some of our papers wonder what it is all coming to, particularly since the employers have issued warning notices cautioning the trade and their clients against buying from or selling to the workers, and also the railway and postal authorities against delivering goods to or accepting them from the workers. As the New York *Tribune* explains:

> "Of the principal European countries Italy is economically the least independent. She lacks metals, and does not raise enough food to meet the requirements of her population. About the only thing she has in abundant store is labor. Recognizing these facts, Italian statesmanship has labored in two directions. First, Italian industries have been built up which have converted raw material brought in from other countries. Secondly, the Italian Government, more than that of any other modern nation, has countenanced, even encouraged, emigration.
>
> "It follows from all this that the Bolshevik industrial system, should it secure control, would have much more severe immediate effects, and hence last less long, than in Russia. Trade rests on confidence—on a seller's belief that his buyer has both the ability and the wish to pay. Would France and Germany, Great Britain and the United States, be willing to ship raw materials in large quantities to the committees in charge of Sovietized factories on open account? They would not. No blockade would need to be declared.
>
> "The Italian Government, representing all the people of Italy,

has put forth Herculean efforts to get credits abroad, convertible into supplies on which Italians could work. Much has been secured, but not enough, as the price of the lira attests. Destroy all confidence, and there would be nothing."

We find many explanations for Italy's "mild attack of Sovietism," as one correspondent calls the conflict between labor and capital, but they all revolve about Bolshevism. As soon as Russia, "which supplied Italy not only with most of its imported food, but with the greater part of the raw materials used in its manufactures," can resume trade with Italy, order will be restored, thinks the Springfield *Republican*. "Whether the inflammation will spread remains to be seen," says the Baltimore *Sun*, and we read on:

"Italy is mainly an agricultural country, and the peasant population is said to have little sympathy with Bolshevism. A 'Red' revolution will not be so easy in a country where the people are the real sovereigns as in a land like Russia, where liberty was unknown.

"Nevertheless, there are elements of serious trouble in the hostile attitude of industrial employers and employees, in the shortage of coal, in the unsatisfactory harvest, and in the cumulative burdens of years of suffering and hardship."

To the charge that "the Italian Communist party is working on Russian Bolshevik lines, and is supported by Bolshevik money," *Il Progresso Italo-Americano* (New York) replies:

"The action of the metal-workers of Italy has in it nothing of the spirit of Bolshevism tho certain papers are painting Italy as having become 'Red.' The operatives are demanding nothing more than an increase of pay, and the companies are resisting this demand. There has been no conflict between the workmen and the forces of law and order, and the varied reports emanating from interested publications and financial circles are entirely false. Italy is not on the brink of a revolution, as our enemies would have the world believe."

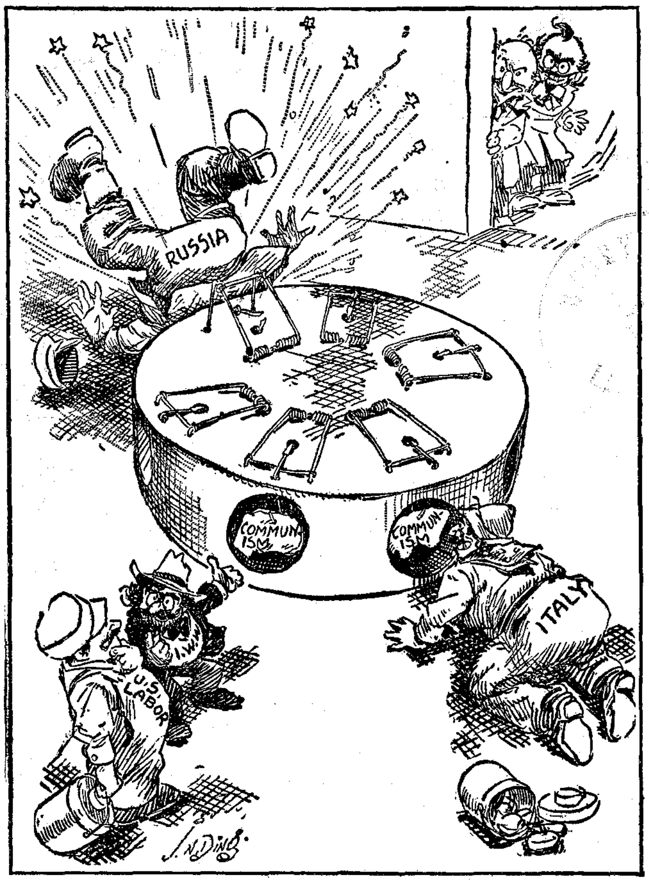
And this paper quotes an Italian industrial magnate as saying:

"Bolshevism is not the word that should be used to qualify the rising that has recently occurred among the metal-workers in Italy, unless by the term Bolshevism one proposes to indicate all forms of violence that take place in connection with strikes among workers. When a striker throws a brick at a scab, it is a piece of industrial violence, but not necessarily Bolshevism. Bolshevism is in its essence an attempt to establish a political dictatorship of the Communist party over the rest of the nation. It is—outside of Russia—absolutely distinct from syndicalism or from a strike of unionized operatives who hope to obtain by their efforts a larger share in the products of their labors and to better conditions in general. The movement now stirring in Italy is motivated and developed by a new and possibly a dangerous form of labor tactics. But the Italian Communist party is very far from having the approval of the labor-leaders, and we are confident that the latter will have the good sense to avoid the trap that the Communists are trying to set for them."

The German-American Socialist New York *Volkszeitung*, however, thinks the Italian workers "must either seize complete control of the state or in a short time they will be put back in their old position." "It is even possible," continues this paper, "that the example of the metal-workers will find further imitation, and the workers will take over the administration of affairs, as well as the industries of the country, and establish their own government." For, goes on the *Volkszeitung:*

"If the capitalist government of the nation can not bring about any agreement between workers and employers in such a way as to reestablish essentially unchanged the old relationship between the exploiters and the exploited, then the Government will be compelled to use force against the workers. Anything else would be a voluntary abdication for capitalism. This is unthinkable. The workers must fight against the power of the state, and so long as the capital classes are in possession of power, the workers will never be able to take over the means of production. For these reasons the seizure of the factories by the workers is only a step on the path toward a social revolution. If the workers want to obtain full right of possession and the fruits of their labor, they must follow it by the final step, namely, the destruction of the capitalist government and the erection of their own government."

The Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, however, thinks there is little likelihood of Italy's workers taking this advice. "The majority of Italians, or even a considerable minority, are not advocates of communism, altho Russian Bolshevism has long looked to Italy as the most fertile field for its venomous propaganda," declares *The Plain Dealer*, and it explains:



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THERE SEEMS TO BE A CATCH IN IT SOME PLACE.

—Darling in the New York *Tribune*.

"The national impoverishment resulting from the war created discontent throughout the Italian kingdom. Successive governments have endeavored to cope with this dangerous dissatisfaction, but they have not been successful. So menacing has become the attitude of the Communists that the present Government has been doing its utmost to induce Italy's allies to join in recognition of Soviet Russia. It hoped by this means to convince the Italian radicals that it is in sympathy with their demands. It is probable that only the timely protests of France and the United States deterred Giolitti from actually recognizing Lenine and his gang as the legitimate rulers of Russia.

"Even a temporary triumph of communism in Italy would be a world disaster. It would mightily strengthen the nerve of the Communists and Bolsheviki throughout Europe. It would bring courage to the Russian autocrats and give an aspect of permanence to their régime. It would add impetus to the movement of the British Laborites, which already has assumed tremendous power. It would, conceivably, even weaken the democracy of France, which has thus far stood firm against class fanaticism. America could not escape the effects of an Italian overturn, for more than ever it would be America's task to stand as democracy's strongest defense.

"It may be hoped that the Italian people, once aware of the terrible peril in which their fatherland has been placed, will rally to the Government and stamp out the rebellion. If they do not act it is not impossible that the tragedy of Russia will be repeated and that Italy will suffer as Russia has suffered."

OBREGON AS A PEACE DOVE

THE TROOPS WERE THERE to awe the crowd when General Obregon was elected President of Mexico the other day. But the troops weren't needed, say the correspondents; since practically everybody was voting for the one-armed soldier there was nothing to fight about, and Mexico enjoyed the most peaceful day of balloting since the efficiently managed elections of the Diaz régime. The elevation of Mexico's best fighter to the Presidency in such an undisputed manner, strange as it may seem at first glance, is taken by many editorial observers as foreshadowing an era of peace. General Obregon, it is remembered, visited this country during the Great War and was taken on a tour of inspection of our camps and munition-factories, and returned home an earnest advocate of peace between Mexico and the United States. In fact, this soldier has become an outspoken pacifist, saying: "I would rather teach the Mexican people the use of the tooth-brush than to handle a gun. I would rather see them in schools than upon battle-fields. I prefer any day a good electrician, machinist, carpenter, or farmer to a soldier." Mindful of Obregon's experience and present attitude, the New York *Tribune* calls his election "an omen of promise," and the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* hopes, with many American dailies, that the General's success at the polls "will supply a starting-point for better relations between Mexico and the United States, as well as for a brighter future for the American people." Official Washington, according to a New York *Times* correspondent, "is inclined to be optimistic" over Obregon's election, altho this, we are told, "does not mean that there is any immediate intention on the part of this Government to recognize the Government now in power in Mexico City."

THE NEW OBREGON.

All drest up, in contrast to his familiar tramp-like portraits in his ragged field uniform. This photograph, in fact, seems to illustrate his remark that he would rather teach the Mexican people to use the tooth-brush than to handle the rifle.

"We want less war and more work," is Alvaro Obregon's motto for Mexico, according to a signed article he has written for the September *Mexican Review*, and from which the New York *Times* quotes these paragraphs in which the President-elect outlines his program:

> "After satisfying our internal needs we will attack the foreign debt. The principal will be paid in full as it comes due, of course, if we can possibly pay; otherwise we will make arrangements for extension which will satisfy our creditors.
>
> "When that is done we will talk about borrowing more money for the rehabilitation of our railroads and the building of our ports and other public works which have been allowed to go to pieces.
>
> "Whatever money we borrow will be devoted to public works only. That guaranty I will personally give. Not one penny of borrowed money will be spent for the current expenses of the Government.
>
> "Our army will be cut in two. It will be reduced to one-half its present size, or fifty thousand men, and will be well paid, clothed, equipped, and modernized. The fifty thousand men retired will be aided to go to work on farms. We are now trying to discharge men in regions where work is plentiful and well paid. These men will remain in the reserve, subject to call.
>
> "I shall propose to Congress that the generals be paid a lump sum in lieu of retirement pay that will enable them to buy homes or go into business and increase production. I shall try to reduce the number of clerks in government employ, too, and do away with sinecures.
>
> "The country is at peace. . . . There is to be no punishment for political offenses, but those who have broken the law can not hope to escape retribution merely because they have been Obregon's enemies. Magnanimity can not be stretched to make a cloak for lawbreakers."

At the very least, we may expect that "even if Obregon should say the same things to us that Carranza once said, he will say them much more tactfully," observes the New York *Globe*. And, it adds, "the outlook is for a sensible modification of the Carranza policy which will be a much greater gain than courtesy." Obregon, the New York *Tribune* notes, is a civilian soldier who "has seen all of the seamy side of soldiering in Mexico," and "was the most competent military leader developed in the civil wars following Diaz's expulsion." He does not belong "to the exclusive *Cientifico* circle which ruled under Diaz," but is, we are told, "one of the larger Mexican group which prefers civilization to anarchy, economic progress to a succession of barren military revolutions." *The Tribune* continues:

> "Obregon knows the United States much better than Carranza knew it. He realizes that Mexico's recovery must depend very largely on a restoration of amicable relations with this country. It will be easy to regain friendship, for the United States has no evil designs on Mexico, and merely demands reasonable respect for the rights and property of Americans under Mexican jurisdiction. If Obregon is willing to deal fairly with Washington, the friction which Carranza perpetuated and aggravated will soon disappear."

While General Obregon deserves his high military reputation, he does not, in the opinion of the New York *World*, "really belong to the professional soldier class, which has been at the bottom of so many of Mexico's political troubles." He shows "more of the solidarity of character that goes to the making of a temperate and intelligent ruler than any of the generals who have come to the fore in Mexico in the last twelve years." And, continues *The World*, "in public utterances he has revealed a strong inclination to adhere to the policy of civilian control of the Government, which Carranza, to his credit, sought to establish."

While optimistic talk like this is characteristic of much editorial comment, the other side is not entirely forgotten. The Washington *Post* says that one American interest in Mexico aided Obregon's election financially. The Des Moines *Register* warns us that whether this is so or not, nothing "could be more mischievous in effect upon our American continental relationships than the making of Mexico a playground of dollar intrigue. Real peace with Mexico can not be founded upon it, nor a really stable Mexican Government."

DOUBTFUL GOOD OF OUR CITY GROWTH

About one-tenth of the people of the United States live in the cities of New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia, according to the latest estimate of the Census Bureau, while more than one-quarter live in the sixty-eight cities listed below. The official result of the census taken this year remains to be announced, but this fact does not deter the Newark *Star-Eagle* from declaring that "we have made the most remarkable gain of any nation in history." Earlier in the year there was almost universal disappointment among our largest cities when their population figures were made public, but only Richmond appears to have forced a recount, which resulted in a gain of ten thousand. Baltimore, says *The American* of that city, now has more than half the population of Maryland, and Seattle, declares the Seattle *Times*, registered more than one-third of Washington's increase. Ten years ago, admits the Dallas *News*, "there was not a single city in Texas of more than a hundred thousand; now there are four." "And Texas," *The News* reminds us, "is an agricultural State; therefore, the growth of cities should not be hailed with glee."

	City	1910 Rank	1920 Population
1.	New York	1	5,621,151
2.	Chicago	2	2,701,705
3.	Philadelphia	3	1,822,158
4.	Detroit	9	993,739
5.	Cleveland	6	796,836
6.	St. Louis	4	772,897
7.	Boston	5	748,060
8.	Baltimore	7	733,826
9.	Pittsburgh	8	588,193
10.	Los Angeles	17	576,073
11.	San Francisco	11	508,410
12.	Buffalo	10	506,775
13.	Milwaukee	12	457,147
14.	Washington	16	437,571
15.	Newark	14	414,216
16.	Cincinnati	13	401,247
17.	New Orleans	15	387,219
18.	Minneapolis	18	380,582
19.	Kansas City, Mo.	20	324,410
20.	Seattle	21	315,652
21.	Indianapolis	22	314,194
22.	Jersey City	19	297,864
23.	Rochester	25	295,850
24.	Portland, Ore.	28	258,288
25.	Denver	27	256,491
26.	Toledo	30	243,109
27.	Providence	23	237,595
28.	Columbus	29	237,031
29.	Louisville	24	234,891
30.	St. Paul	26	234,595
31.	Oakland	32	216,361
32.	Akron	81	208,435
33.	Atlanta	31	200,616
34.	Omaha	41	191,601
35.	Worcester, Mass.	33	179,754
36.	Birmingham, Ala.	36	178,270
37.	Syracuse, N. Y.	34	171,717
38.	Richmond, Va.	39	171,667
39.	New Haven, Conn.	35	162,390
40.	Memphis, Tenn.	37	162,351
41.	San Antonio, Texas	54	161,308
42.	Dallas, Texas	58	158,976
43.	Dayton, Ohio	43	152,559
44.	Bridgeport, Conn.	49	143,152
45.	Houston, Texas	68	138,076
46.	Hartford, Conn.	51	138,036
47.	Scranton, Pa.	38	137,783
48.	Grand Rapids	44	137,634
49.	Paterson, N. J.	40	135,866
50.	Youngstown, Ohio	67	132,358
51.	Springfield, Mass.	60	129,563
52.	Des Moines, Iowa	62	126,468
53.	New Bedford, Mass.	53	121,217
54.	Fall River, Mass.	42	120,485
55.	Trenton, N. J.	52	119,289
56.	Nashville, Tenn.	45	118,342
57.	Salt Lake City	57	118,110
58.	Camden, N. J.	56	116,309
59.	Norfolk, Va.	82	115,777
60.	Albany, N. Y.	50	113,334
61.	Lowell, Mass.	46	112,759
62.	Wilmington, Del.	61	110,168
63.	Cambridge, Mass.	47	109,694
64.	Reading, Pa.	55	107,784
65.	Fort Worth, Texas	75	106,482
66.	Spokane, Wash.	48	104,437
67.	Kansas City, Kan.	65	101,177
68.	Yonkers, N. Y.	66	100,226

CITIES THAT HOLD A QUARTER OF OUR POPULATION.

Just what effect this wholesale migration from the farms to the cities will have on the food supply of the country, and, incidentally, on prices, is discust by many editors in different sections of the country. In the last ten years, we are told by the Raleigh *News and Observer*, "six and a half million people abandoned the country for the larger urban centers." It is generally agreed that the war brought many people to the large centers of population to work in munition-plants and other war-industries, and that many of our soldiers, once they had experienced urban advantages, grew to prefer city life to that of the country. The Providence *Journal* says "there are profound economic reasons for wishing that this movement to the cities may be checked," and the Jacksonville *Florida Times-Union* believes *The Journal's* prayer will be answered. "The land needs the hand of the farmer, and we feel sure that another generation will find thousands turning away from the shops and the mills to work in the fields," confidently predicts *The Times-Union*. In Ohio, says the Pittsburgh *Gazette-Times*, "many cities show handsome, and even astonishing gains, but since this increase is largely at the expense of the food-producing population, it offers much less of a cause for elation than would be the case had the farm population kept pace with city growth." Continues this paper:

> "Increasing consumers and declining producers will disturb more violently the relation between production and consumption. If this drift were confined to Ohio alone it might not be especially serious, but it afflicts Pennsylvania also, and doubtless a great majority of the States of the Union. This unbalancing of conditions can not continue indefinitely without dire results. When consumption demands exceed production, there will be trouble. The reason for the trend is not mysterious. It lies in the fact that living in the cities coupled with the greater possible earnings for the expenditure of energy offers a greater lure than the farm. But should there not be a check soon to the drift, it must follow that farm produce because of its scarcity will command prices that will make it more remunerative than working for wages in an urban environment. Then will those who see in the movies and the crowded streets not all the worth-while things of life turn toward the country again. The cities can not survive without the country, and those who labor in the country are entitled to no less remuneration for their labor than city workers. Because there has been a discrepancy is the primary cause of the migration. It may take starvation in the cities to turn the tide, yet it must turn if we are to avoid disaster."

The Washington *Post* discerned a back-to-the-farm movement last summer, and points to the fact that farm-labor was generally available for harvesting as a hopeful sign. "The shifting of a large body of the people to the centers of population was not a mere theory, but a fact," declares *The Post*, "and the movement was in a large measure responsible for the high cost of living." *The Post* then cites conditions in Missouri:

> "Out of one hundred and fourteen counties in Missouri, the Census Bureau has returns from sixty-one, of which fifty-three show decreases of population in the last ten years, while eight show increases. It is significant that the fifty-three which have lost in population are purely agricultural counties, having few large cities or towns within their borders and comparatively few industries. On the other hand, the eight which have gained contain large towns or cities.
>
> "The losses in the fifty-three counties mentioned amount in some cases to as high as nineteen per cent. or more, altho the average is considerably less than that. It is, however, large enough to show the very decided trend that has set in during the past ten years and which, if it continues, threatens to decrease the productivity of the farms to the point of danger.
>
> "The man who left the plow in response to the lure of high wages and the bright lights of the movie theater of the city has found that the new life is not all beer and skittles. After paying high rent for a while and turning the remainder of his earnings over to the groceryman and the coal-dealer, the yearning for farm-life returns, where butter and milk and eggs are plentiful and there are always apples and potatoes in the cellar and flour in the bin. In the long run the exodus to the city may prove beneficial, for it will send a great many people back to the farms to stay."

"There are twenty-nine million men and twenty-six million women in this country who are eligible to vote this year," points out the Indianapolis *News*. How will the drift of people cityward affect the coming elections? Will "uncertain" States become still more uncertain as to their political status? Will Detroit, for instance, with the seventy thousand newly acquired negroes which it lured from the South, take on a new political complexion? The Pittsburgh *Dispatch* says of the shift in voters:

"Census-returns showing a remarkable drift from the rural districts to the centers of population are attracting the attention of political guessers. Not only the migration of negroes northward, already commented upon, but the shake-up following the draft and army service and the industrial transfers caused by war-demands indicate a large volume of voters who have left their former homes and sought new ones. Added to these, of course, is the enfranchisement of women, and the political prophets confess themselves more at sea than ever before in attempting to estimate the drift of the campaign.

"The effect of these migrations and additions in the electorate is particularly perplexing managers in heretofore doubtful States where the infusion of any considerable new element may upset all calculations. The assumption that the negro migrants will for the first time have a chance to vote the Republican ticket is taken for granted, but is really of less potency for change than the removal of white voters from agricultural districts to industrial centers, or from one agricultural State to another, which took place in large numbers during the war, and is another factor of the same sort. All in all, it is admitted that never have the political seers been confronted with a greater number of new factors that are as likely as not to make hash of their old-time estimates."

There is also another political phase to the census problem: What effect will census-figures have on the distribution of political power? Of the States of Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Oregon, Indiana, Tennessee, Georgia, Massachusetts, Vermont, and Maryland, for which census-figures have been made public, only Vermont has registered a loss in population. As we read in the New York *Tribune:*

"The present ratio of representation in the Lower House of Congress is 211,877. It will be raised, presumably, in the new apportionment act to between two hundred and twenty-five thousand and two hundred and thirty thousand. Vermont has two seats and can not lose one, even if the ratio goes to two hundred and thirty thousand, because she will have more than half a ratio over. Massachusetts will gain one seat on a two-hundred and thirty thousand basis, thanks to a major fraction, altho she is slightly overrepresented in the present House. Connecticut will also gain a seat, increasing her delegation from five to six.

"Maryland's representation in the House hasn't changed since 1871. She has six seats now, and will have six under the new apportionment, if it is made along traditional lines. Colorado's increase in population since 1910 has been high, compared with that of other States, but she can not gain a seat because she has a deficit of nearly fifty thousand in the present apportionment. Washington, on the contrary, has a surplus fraction of eighty-two thousand and will increase her House representation from five to six.

"In these six States—four normally Republican and two normally Democratic—the Republicans can expect to gain three electoral votes after 1920 and the Democrats none."

Vermont blames her one per cent. loss of population upon "war-conditions." "The creation of war-industries," says the Manchester *Union*, "drew many Vermonters to neighboring cities." Spokane ascribed her loss of population to the back-to-the-farm movement and to exaggeration in the 1910 census figures. New York, however, after a city census, admits that one of the boroughs, Manhattan, has lost population, but none of the metropolitan dailies appears to be much exercised over the fact. "Better than bothering about the census figures would be some intelligent thought now to make the city habitable, its port cheap and efficient for commerce, its streets safe from automobiles, and its schools modern," points out the New York *World*. Ordinarily, however, as Frank J. Taylor writes in the New York *Globe*, "we Americans are naive folks when it comes to census figures," and the New York *Evening Post* editorially holds out the hope that "some day a model city will furnish an original attitude toward the census; it will hail with joy the announcement that its population is not too great for its street-railways, its schools, and its homes."

What the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* characterizes as "disturbing factors" have entered into our census calculations. During the war-period immigration fell off to the extent of four millions as compared with the rate of entry before the war, and in addition to this almost that number left the United States for war-service in Europe. Continues *The Globe-Democrat:*

"The reduction in labor supply due to the decline of four million in immigration and the emigration of three million five hundred thousand, nearly every one of whom was an able-bodied worker, is reflected in our shortage of production and high cost of everything produced. It is also reflected in the wages being paid in all industries, including those employing foreign-born workers almost exclusively. Aside from labor-shortage and underproduction, why should a decline in the rate of growth be deplored? Why, in fact, should cities measure themselves with other cities by the census yard-stick? A business man might as well compare himself with a competitor by getting on the scales. The prosperity, the health, the happiness of the people within the limits of a city should mean more than a count of their numbers. Instead of estimating and speculating on the total the census will reveal, and being boastful or disturbed as it may be high or low, the people of the United States have on hand the far more important task of rehabilitation of the country and the creation of conditions of general prosperity and contentment."

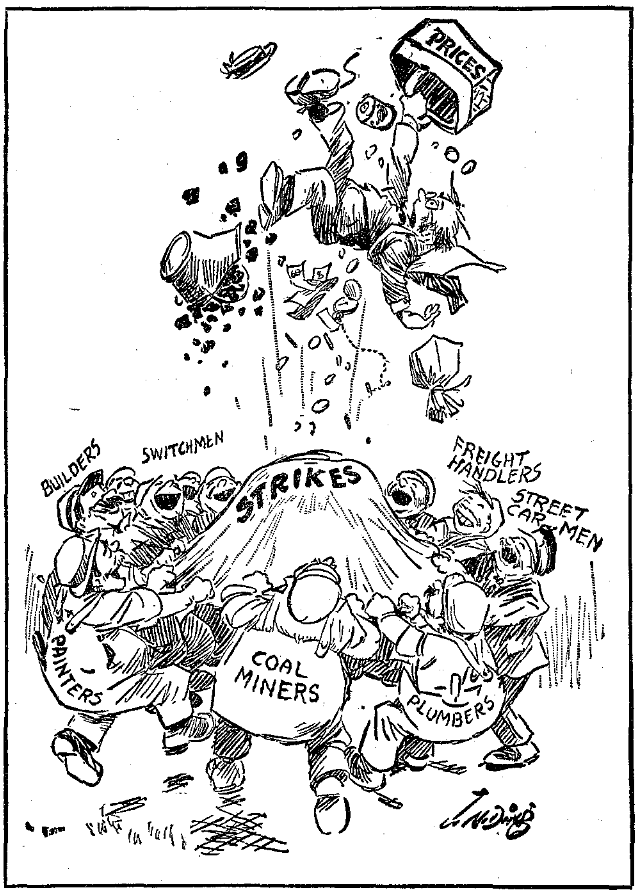
PRICES SLIPPING A NOTCH

REVELATION OF THE FACT that the public might have had lower prices long ago by just refusing to pay the high ones runs between the lines of all the editorials that lay the present ebb of prices to the public cessation of buying. True, the drop is not considered to be anything of a landslide, and it seems to depend somewhat on where you live whether it is coming your way or not, but evidence of an actual decline in the prices of certain staple commodities is contained in the latest report of the Federal Reserve Board. There are even marked indications that living costs have started on their long-awaited fall, altho in the latest estimate of the Department of Labor we are told that "while the average monthly family expenditure for food decreased in seventeen cities of the United States, it increased in thirty-two." However, what the Board calls "an important downward tendency" in the prices of all commodities, excepting food, "is evidenced in all parts of the country," we are told, "and a sharp reduction in the price of raw products also forecasts lower food prices." "But," darkly hints the Syracuse *Herald*, "there seems to be a difference of opinion on the question whether these reductions represent a permanent turn in the tide, or are only temporary." True, sugar is selling at ten cents a pound less than its early August price, but the price of hard coal has risen. And there still remains, as *The Herald* points out, the effect which recent freight-rate advances will have on retail prices.

Nevertheless, "a wholesome readjustment of prices is still going on in this country and is likely to proceed until costs to consumers get closer to the normal," is the cheerful view taken of the matter by the Philadelphia *Press*. But it is only "after the consumers have been mulcted of hundreds of millions of dollars in excess profits" that prices are approaching prewar figures, the Kansas City *Journal* reminds us. "Refusal of the buying public to pay the prices asked" is said by the Newark *Evening News* to be responsible for lowering prices, "just as it did last spring with retail clothing," and others hold that there is an accumulation of goods which must be sold at a reduction. The secretary of the National Association of Credit Men, who is in a position to know intimately the business condition of the country, has this to say of the possibility of lower prices:

"Expecting lower prices, the public decreased their buying. The retailer, therefore, was forced to sell commodities at sacrifice prices, and the wholesaler, in turn, was compelled to accept cancelations and the return of merchandise and dispose of stocks at figures below actual cost. Manufacturers quickly felt the shift of conditions, and, without orders sufficient to keep their plants running, have been compelled to dispose of many commodities at less than production cost.

"It is regrettable that our people are not better informed on those economic laws which indicate the natural trend of prices. The high costs proved almost unbearable and have occasioned apprehension. The psychological difficulties entering to make high prices could have been overcome. Fifteen per cent. of the advance in prices could have been lopped off if the people earlier had been induced to buy only moderate-priced goods and had not shown expectation, even eagerness, to pay high prices. What profiteering there was could have been eliminated, and thereby prices reduced to that extent."



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BUSINESS AS USUAL.

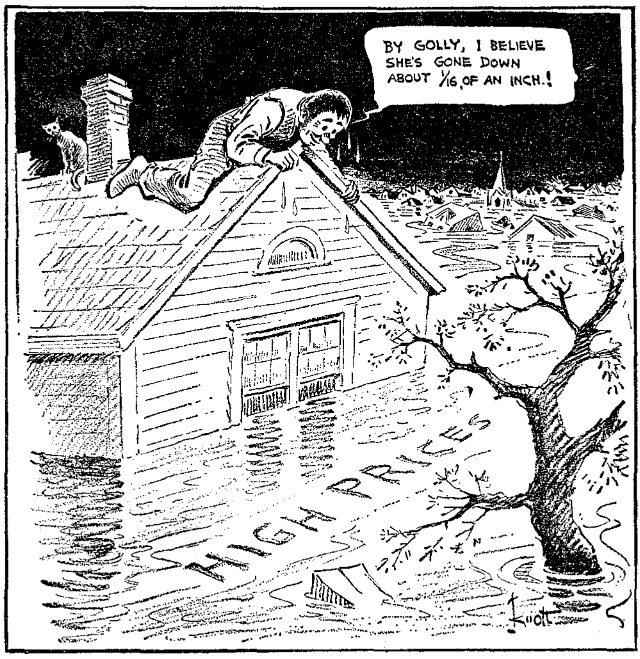
—Darling in the New York *Tribune*.

Economic experts see relief on the industrial horizon, we are told, but, in the words of the Buffalo *Commercial*, "the long-expected crash has not come—yet." "The demand for luxuries and semiluxuries has everywhere notably fallen off, and merchants are maintaining an attitude of caution in replenishing their stocks," says the New York *Times; The Wall Street Journal* sees hope in the passing of the railroads to private control, with an accompanying improvement in the distribution of coal and other commodities, and the Manchester *Union* points out that "the reduction in prices is taking place without the usual dislocation of financial and producing machinery." The New York *Evening Post*, in discussing this phase and the fact that "the fall in prices since last winter has been world-wide," introduces a new factor—the decline in ocean freight-rates—into the situation. Says *The Evening Post:*

"Behind these home considerations, and perhaps providing the main explanation for the fact that the fall in prices since last winter has been world-wide, stands the fact, of which too little account has yet been made, of the great decline in ocean freight-rates. With the world's tonnage of all types of ships now far in excess of the prewar total, and with commercial communications which had for years been partly or wholly blocked reopened to international trade, the influence both on supplies of goods and on cost of delivery at market can not fail to remain effective.

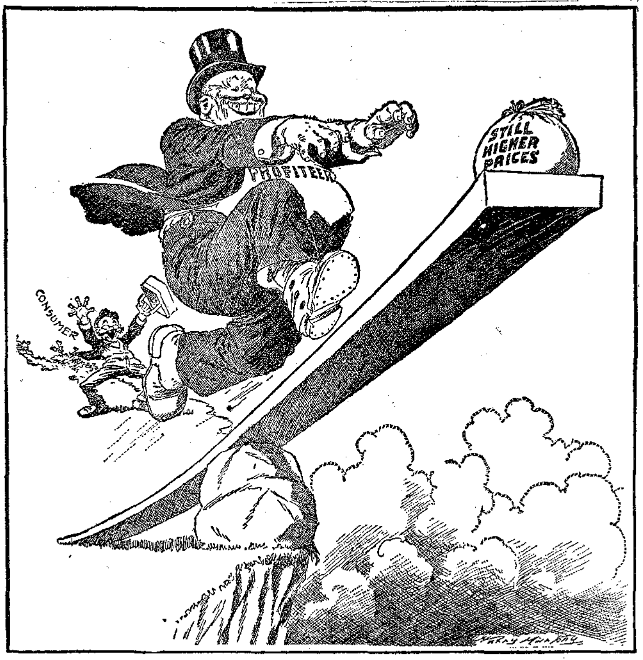
"The question is still discust whether prices may not suddenly rise again, when the usually active autumn purchases of the public begin; but the best business judgment seems to answer in the negative. No doubt there is a limit to the duration of the 'consumer's strike,' even in such articles as shoes and clothing. But the scarcity of credit, especially when asked for by speculative merchants and producers who would like to hold goods back from market, will be at least as great in the autumn as in midsummer."

"The individual sacrifices which the war imposed on the public in the form of higher living costs will be more than compensated for in the end," thinks the Washington *Post*, and the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* agrees that "in time the purchasing power of the dollar may be increased at least to what it was while the country was at war." But right here, thinks the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, enters the question of wages, and whether or


BY GOLLY, I BELIEVE SHE'S GONE DOWN ABOUT 1/16 OF AN INCH!
HIGH PRICES
Knott

THE OPTIMIST.

—Knott in the Dallas *News*.



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JUST BEFORE IT HAPPENED.

—Murphy in the New York *American*.

FALL STYLES IN PRICES.

not they are to come down in company with the cost of commodities. Says the Norfolk daily:

> "How far prices can fall without affecting wage-standards adjusted to the cost of living when it was at its peak is a question that will become increasingly important as the price-level sinks. From this there can be no escape.
>
> "It is impossible to pay war-time wages out of peace-time profits which have been brought about by the sharper competition of a stable market operating on a low-price level. The problem is already making itself felt. The first phase is unemployment. The second phase is reemployment at lower wages.
>
> "Falling prices, it is clear, are not all joy. They entail business problems of the first magnitude and they portend a coming personal problem for every wage-earner."

After all, "is the cost of living really high?" seriously asks the New York *Tribune*. The amount of income is just as important as prices, thinks *The Tribune*, and it further believes that "people as a whole are better off than they were five years ago." In those days, points out *The Sun and New York Herald*, increased exports to fighting Europe sky-rocketed prices, because of Europe's newly acquired purchasing power and the consequent increased demand on our production. Now that Europe is again producing goods and offering them for sale in this country, there will be a gradual change in the relation of supply to demand, we are told, with a resulting decline in prices. Continues *The Sun:*

> "The question of prices is not local but international. No sound judgment of what is likely to happen can be reached unless consideration is given to world-production as contrasted with world demand. Inflation, money stringency, and all other troubles of to-day are but side issues without effect except as they relate to supply and demand in the markets for food and materials.
>
> "Notwithstanding all the measures that have been taken to force prices down in the name of deflation the one cause for the decline, and the one indication that the Reserve Board's prophecy will be fulfilled, is to be found in the increased production of Europe as reflected in her larger exports to this country."

Richmond is one of the seventeen cities in which the high cost of living has taken a tumble. "Almost daily some fresh quotation appears which encourages the hope that the high level of prices is at last dropping lower," notes *The Times-Dispatch* of that city, and in a résumé of the decline of prices we are told by this paper that—

> "The good news began to appear in print when the wheat market broke; when, due to a resumption of competitive conditions in that field, with the passing of the United States Grain Corporation, wheat went 'off' point after point as the trading proceeded. Almost immediately the price of flour went down as was inevitable, and while this product costs enough now, it is cheaper throughout the country than it has been at any time since the government-guaranty price on wheat was established.
>
> "Thereafter came the decline in the market price of cotton, a decline not yet reflected in the price of goods manufactured under the old order, but which eventually must be felt all along the line. Almost simultaneously, the woolen industry felt a bump, and the price of shoes in most sections of the country has gone down somewhat.
>
> "On top of all this is the weakening potato market, due to the enormous crop now coming in, and cheaper vegetables, the immediate result of the favorable season. Taken all in all, there is much that is gratifying in the cost-of-living prospect."

Perhaps the most encouraging news of all is that prices for wool cloth, as announced by William M. Wood, president of the American Woolen Company, are to average from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. lower than last year, altho there has been no cut in wages. Said Mr. Wood at the opening of the spring exhibit on September 9:

> "It is time business started up again, and we are going after orders to fill our mills. We are going to attract buyers for woolen goods in a wool-wearing country. The way to start the market is to slash the price, and nobody can ask for lower prices than we have named."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

WOMAN'S sphere is no longer flattened at the polls.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

AMERICA is first in the running broad jump and standing high prices.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

POLITICS this year is about the only thing you can get a stomach full of at the old rates.—*Manila Bulletin.*

IT now appears that the Soviet's conquest of the Pole must be ranked with Dr. Cook's.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

THE initial mistake was made in the Irish problem when Ireland was located so near to England.—*Columbia Record.*

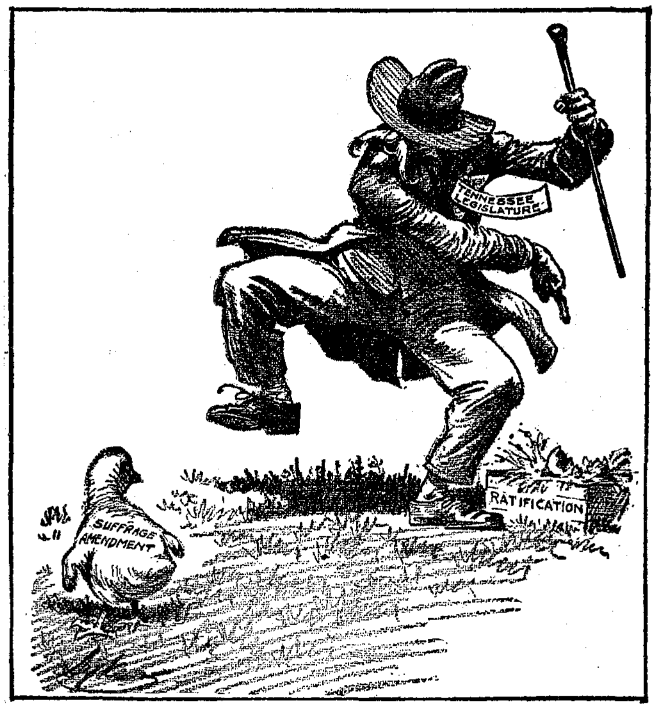
THE hair-tonic consumers must be the fellows who used to boast that they could either drink or let it alone. —*Detroit Journal.*

THE profiteers seem to be laboring under the impression that all of us have Carnegie's ambition to die poor. —*Associated Editors* (*Chicago*).

EVEN the most unmilitary can readily grasp what a strong barrier can be made of a combination of barb wire and Poles.—*Philadelphia North American.*

RECLAMATION is the key to the high cost of living, declares Mr. Roosevelt, thus adding another to a sizable bunch of keys. But none of them seems to fit.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE new freight-rates really offer very slight opportunity for further profiteering, but our sturdy American profiteers have been schooled from childhood in the art of making the best of things as they find them. —*Kansas City Star.*



"UNHATCH YO'SE'F!"

—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger.*

ACCORDING to reports the Bolsheviki ran out of ammunition and Poland. —*Brooklyn Eagle.*

ONE trembles to think what that town of Przasnysz would be without its "a."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

WE might build a memorial to war-prices if we could safely put up anything that high.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

SUGAR is just as sweet if not so dear.—*Omaha World-Herald.*

THE Russian invaders of Poland have eclipsed "Babe" Ruth's home-run record.—*Greenville* (*S. C.*) *Piedmont.*

GREAT BRITAIN is giving Egypt freedom to do anything Great Britain wants her to do.—*Greenville* (*S. C.*) *Piedmont.*

THE reason the Democrats are so virtuous is probably because money is the root of all evil.—*Philadelphia North American.*

"DEER to Supplant Beef," says a head-line, but the packers play that game by making beef dear.—*Greenville* (*S. C.*) *Piedmont.*

THE United States had better acquire a seat in the League of Nations before the best ones get into the hands of the speculators.—*Chicago Tribune.*

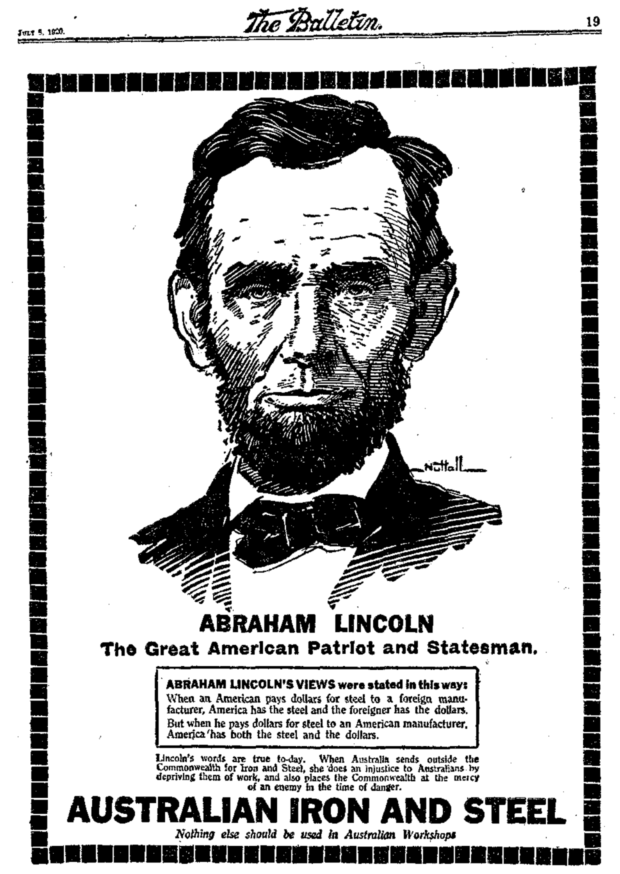
COMRADE DEBS declares, surprizingly, that the chief issue is the coal-shortage. We supposed Gene had got his coal in for the winter.—*Chicago Tribune.*

NOW we shall witness the spectacle of men who don't know a guest-towel from an embroidered napkin trying to tell their wives how to vote on important issues.—*Kansas City Star.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

AUSTRALIAN FEARS OF AMERICA

AMERICA'S "INVASION" of the Pacific and her possible designs on Asia are a familiar complaint in some sections of the Japanese press. Now begin to be heard "remarks" from various quarters in Australia and New Zealand, where the trade "aggressiveness" of Americans is the chief source of irritation. The Auckland *Weekly News* declares "it is beyond question that the thoughts of Americans are turning more and more to the British Dominions in the Pacific," where they see in "young nations of great potential development peoples of their own language and their own political temperament, and possible customers for the export trade which at the moment lies near to every American's heart." But Americans fail to realize that New-Zealanders and Australians are "first and foremost a British people, and can be friends only with friends of the family." They value American friendship deeply, but prize the British connection still more, we are told, and while they will gladly trade with America "Britain must enjoy their first trading preference." Another criticism launched against Americans is based upon the visit of Dr. Mannix to New York, where, in the impression of this weekly, "civic honor" was accorded to him, and it observes:


JULY 8, 1920. *The Bulletin.* 19

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The Great American Patriot and Statesman.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S VIEWS were stated in this way:
When an American pays dollars for steel to a foreign manufacturer, America has the steel and the foreigner has the dollars.
But when he pays dollars for steel to an American manufacturer, America has both the steel and the dollars.

Lincoln's words are true to-day. When Australia sends outside the Commonwealth for Iron and Steel, she does an injustice to Australians by depriving them of work, and also places the Commonwealth at the mercy of an enemy in the time of danger.

AUSTRALIAN IRON AND STEEL

Nothing else should be used in Australian Workshops

AUSTRALIA ADVERTISES LINCOLN.

But the full-page advertisement from the Sydney *Bulletin* here reproduced appears to be a warning against American "invasion."

"Americans would consider it an ill-judged compliment to them if the freedom of Melbourne were conferred upon an American who had opposed the draft law. This mistake will not occur, but if Australia, rightly or wrongly, permits his freedom to a man who strove to limit her war-effort and now affronts her most cherished ideals, she may reasonably expect Americans to refrain from making him the vehicle of compliments. To put the matter bluntly, America can not be friends with Dr. Mannix and with Australia and New Zealand at the same time; she can not, as has openly been suggested, be friends with the Dominions and be hostile or indifferent to the United Kingdom. If Americans have argued that the new international status accorded the Dominions by the Peace Treaty implies the breaking up of the British alliance, they are profoundly and tragically mistaken. Such an inexcusable error of judgment on their part could have no other effect than that of estranging all parts of the Empire, and that would be a calamity. Provided America seeks to make no distinctions between the British peoples, the Dominions will welcome her advances, and her friendship may become an important factor in the shaping of British policy and world events."

For instance, on many important points American sentiment corresponds closely with that of the Dominion, and the Auckland *Weekly News* cites the western American attitude toward Japan as "very much that of New Zealand and Australia." Moreover—

"We are not, as our transpacific cousins probably realize, enamored of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance in its present form, and if it could be enlarged to include America we should view it as a much more effective instrument of the world's peace. Fortunately we have not been faced with the problem of Japanese immigration, but we should regard it in much the same light as the Californians, while we share the American suspicion that Japan has observed neither the letter nor the spirit of the alliance in so far as it stipulates the maintenance of the territorial integrity of China and the preservation of equal commercial opportunity for all. . . . . .

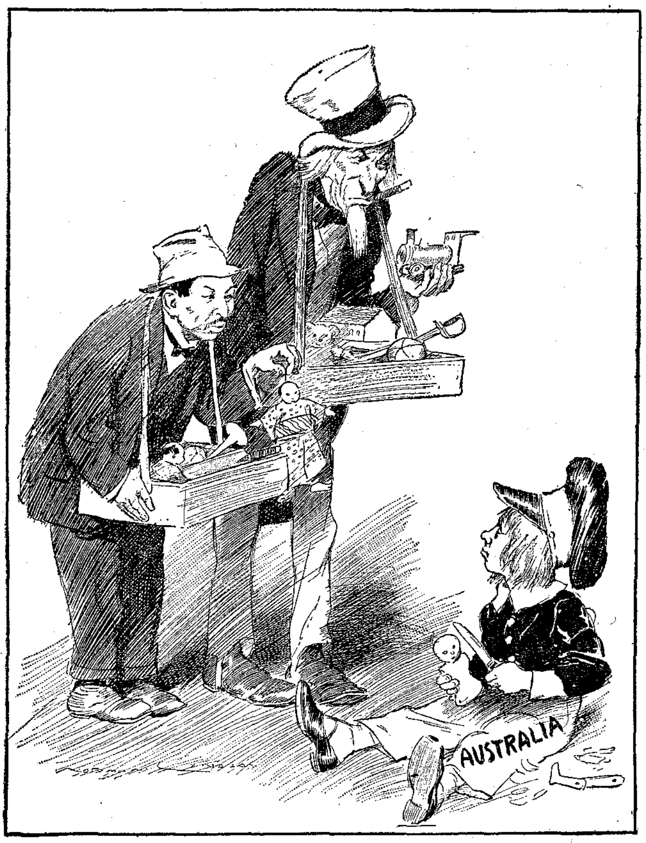
"If a halt is to be called in Japan's encroachment on China, Britain must express herself unequivocally before she renews the alliance. In so doing she would voice American opinion as well as the sentiment of the Dominions. Indeed, there is so much in common between the British and American view that imperial statesmanship might well aim at widening the scope of the alliance to include the United States. If, in so doing, it could remove causes of quarrel between America and Japan it would contribute very powerfully to the peace of the world. But America must understand that however much the British Dominions may desire her company, they can only accept it on condition that her friendship drives no wedge in the British alliance. Otherwise they choose allies which can also be friends of Britain."

But for a really refreshing onslaught on America and her products, we may turn to the Sydney *Bulletin*, which laments the fact that Australians are becoming utterly Americanized. Thus it tells us:

"According to the latest computation Australia has five and a quarter million people, of whom two and a quarter millions live in six coastal cities. And about two millions of the two and a quarter are undergoing a process of Americanization. They read American books and magazines, chew American gum, and wear American clothing. They sing American songs, dance American rags, and import large quantities of American music-hall performers to show them how to do it. They take an excessive interest in the deeds of American bruisers. Above all, they are munificent and credulous patrons of American moving pictures. In reality, the Americans are poor film-actors compared with the more emotional and mobile-featured Latin races, particularly the Italians and French, but, thanks to the picture combine and its press-agents, Australia is flooded with the gaudy productions of American 'studios,' and it crowds the biograph theaters to see self-conscious and flat-chested American actresses, who get far more adulation than is good for them, trailing their robes through pretentious travesties of art and life. There is an occasional protest against this cult of Americanism, especially when some whooping Yankee war-picture happens to meet a crowd consisting largely of returned Diggers, but the rising generation has got it bad."

So great is the vogue of the American novel and moving-picture that the youth of urban Australia "knows more about outback life in the United States than it does about outback life in the Commonwealth," avers *The Bulletin*, which adds that Australian youth is certainly more familiar with the romantic side of Western America as seen through the media of fiction and motion photography than it is with the romantic side, say, of Westralia, and we read:

"The bush has scenes innumerable of equal beauty, but, bemused with American fiction of the reeled and written order, the youth of the big cities is unaware of it. There is romance a-plenty in outback Australia, especially the northern part of it, but young Australia has contracted the habit of looking to America for its romance, and hasn't time to consider the superior attractions of its own country. Moreover, the songs it sings are mostly about Alabama and Tennessee, and its fashionable dances come to it from nigger-shanties on the Mississippi, with Barbary coast trimmings, and it is unpleasantly addicted to foolish ejaculations like, 'Sure!' and 'Gee!' and there are other respects in which it contrives to give a cheap and depressing imitation of the cheapest sort of Yank. America is a great country, but, after all, it is a foreign country, and regard for foreign countries can be overdone. To think too much of a foreign country is to think too little of one's own. And a people that relies upon another people to write its books, songs, and periodicals and make its moving pictures pays a poor compliment to itself."



MADE IN AUSTRALIA.

THE HAWKERS—"Don't bother making that thing for yourself, sonny. We can sell you one for sixpence."
THE BOY—"Quite so; but if I make it myself I'll have it and the sixpence, too."
—*The Bulletin* (Sydney).

The greatest of bugbears about America in the eyes of not a few Australian editors, however, is the so-called "Frith Act," under which they maintain "American trusts can buy the products of the cheapest markets of the world, take them to the United States in bond, stamp them as products of the United States, and reexport them." Several American concerns are said to be operating under this act, and it is these concerns that are reported to be investing capital in Asia. An authoritative denial of the existence of any such measure as the "Frith Act" appears in a letter addrest to the editor of the Sydney *Bulletin* by the Secretary of the National Foreign Trade Council (New York). A copy of this letter has been forwarded to THE LITERARY DIGEST by Mr. O. K. Davis, Secretary of the National Foreign Trade Council, because of the quotation in these pages of a statement of the Sydney *Bulletin* on the so-called "Frith Act." Mr. Davis writes:

"There is no Frith Act among our Federal Statutes. There is no member of Congress named Frith, either in the Senate or in the House of Representatives, and there is no person of that name in any prominent place in the Government. I am myself somewhat familiar with the statutes of the United States affecting foreign trade, and I never heard of the Frith Act until I saw it mentioned in these Australian publications. I have consulted several gentlemen exceptionally well versed in these matters and have found none who has ever heard of any such statute, nor is any one able to suggest to me any statute with anything like similar provisions to which the name of Frith Act might have been given erroneously.

"Moreover, the provisions ascribed to the Frith Act are, as a matter of fact, directly the opposite to what is the law in the United States. Sub-section 1, paragraph 7, section 4 of the Tariff Act of 1913, which is now in force in this country, requires the marking of the country of origin on goods imported into the United States and renders impossible the reexporting as American goods of the cheap products of the Orient, which is the procedure your article describes is possible under the so-called Frith Act.

"Of course, the importation of raw materials from the Orient and their manufacture in American factories entitle American factories to export the finished product as American goods. Certainly there would be a comparatively limited export of British goods if British manufacturers were required to mark their goods in accordance with the country of origin of the raw materials.

"It seems to me that it does not tend to promote Australian prosperity to publish articles apparently designed to create unpleasantness with regard to Australian-American trade. I doubt if you would be willing to subscribe to the proposition that it would not be a good thing for Australia to expand her trade with the United States. It is surely true that the more trade there is between the two countries, the more profit there will be for more Australians. At the same time, of course, there will be more profit for more Americans. But I don't know any Americans who are in trade with Australia who have the slightest objection to the Australians making every legitimate and reasonable profit out of the trade. Foreign trade is always, at least, a two-sided transaction, and it prospers best when it profits both sides. Nothing is gained for either side by promoting distrust and antagonism."

POLAND THE "KEYSTONE" OF EUROPE'S PEACE

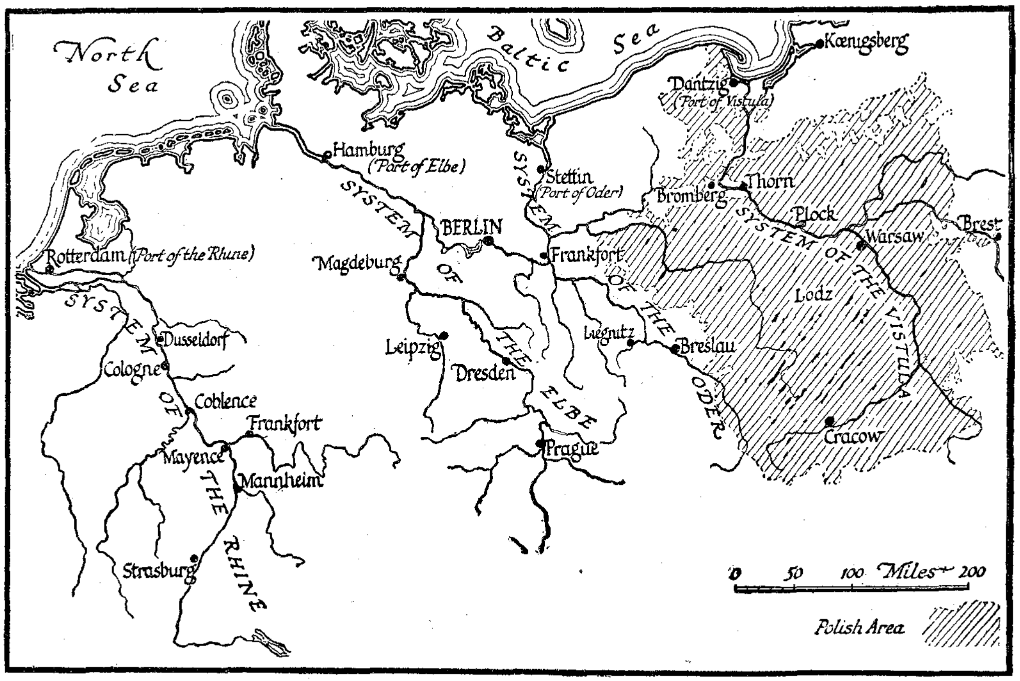
THE FUTURE PEACE of all Europe is bound up in the solution of the problem of Poland, and the future position of England particularly is implied in this solution, according to a British critic, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, who deplores the fact that "not one Englishman in a thousand yet conceives how so remote a discussion can affect him." The presence of Poland in Europe and the meaning and value of an independent Poland, a sovereign state of the Poles, he avers, is "a mixture of the political and geographical." Geographically, Poland he defines as the highly distinct and separate culture developed in the basin of the Vistula, standing inland, with but a narrow issue to the European seas upon the north, no issue to the European seas upon the south, and even by the narrow issue to the north debouching not upon the general seas of the world, but upon an enclosed sea. The political position of Poland, we are told, is that of a special state separate from its neighbors, which acts "as a sort of bastion of western civilization in the east of Europe." In *The Illustrated London News*, Mr. Belloc proceeds:

"If you look at a map of Europe, you will find that nature has provided four main regions. There is, on the east, the vast unbroken territory which continues the Asiatic system and produced what was known till recently as the Russian

Empire. On the west, you have the Atlantic region, which has been the product of the ocean. France has grown up under that influence, and so has this country; Norway and the low countries and the western coast of the Iberian peninsula enter the same category. Next you have, with a very different climate, very different opportunities, the seed-plot of all our civilization, our origin, the Mediterranean basin, which comprises most of the Iberian peninsula, a small strip of France, all Italy, Greece, and the Levant. Lastly, you have the division which specially concerns us in the matter of Poland—central Europe."

The characteristic of central Europe, Mr. Belloc goes on to say, is a system of four great rivers, three of them rising in the backbone of the mountains which run from the Jura and Savoy to the Karpathians. These rivers, the general course of which runs from south to north, have acted throughout history each as the nucleus, each not necessarily of a state, but of a way of living. Each has been a great highway, and each has had the power to spread outward, eastward, and westward from its banks, and along its tributaries, a social type of its own. All this is modified, of course, by a hundred accidents, but it remains true that the Rhine and the Elbe, and, to a lesser extent, the Oder and certainly the Vistula, as material causes have built up separate regions. In this geographical scheme the Rhine and the Vistula stand out at once, and Mr. Belloc points out that:

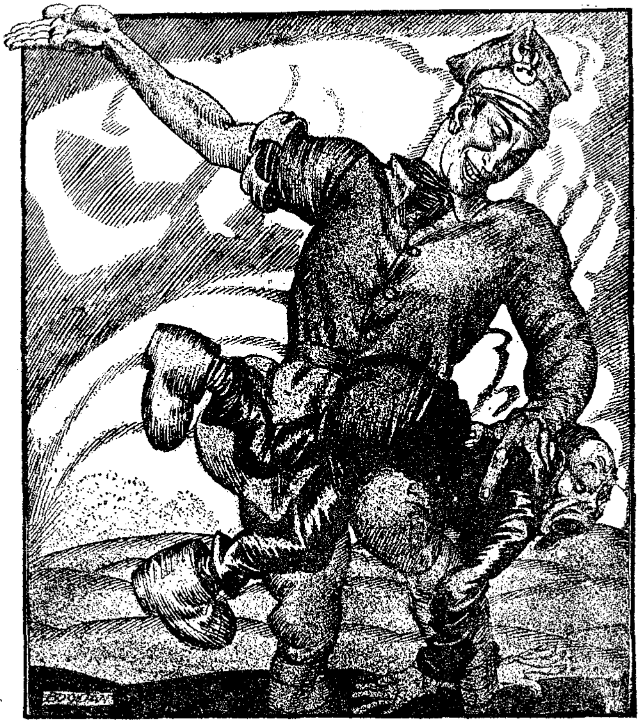
"The unity of the Rhine basin is marred by the weight of two strongly contrasted civilizations lying to the east and to the west of it. After an attempt to push to the Elbe, the Romans abandoned that effort and made the Rhine their boundary, and the political ambitions of the groups to the east and to the west of the river have divided its influence ever since. But it remains roughly true that the one or the other, at any one moment, dominates the valley as a whole. It is either, in the main, under French or under German influence, and it is the struggle to make it one or the other, the impossibility of making that stream an arbitrary line of division, which has characterized most of our recent western history."



From "The Illustrated London News."

A GEOGRAPHICAL ASPECT OF THE POLISH PROBLEM.

Central Europe as the region of the four great rivers, showing Poland as the country of the Vistula region.



Polish Soldier—"Oh, yes, Bolshevik, we'll negotiate—but on the present lines." —*Mucha* (Warsaw).

It is otherwise with the Vistula, where we have a completely individual system, and Mr. Belloc explains:

"No one has ever tried to make the Vistula a boundary; and the quarrels or agreements of contrasting dominant civilizations to the east and to the west, German and Russian, Protestant and Orthodox, have not had the effect of absorbing or dominating the region of the Vistula, but only the unnatural and temporary effect of dislocating it. It is bad enough that the great highway of the Rhine, with its natural unity, should be subject to political disunion, but there is behind that disunion a sort of historical necessity. In the case of the Vistula there is no such necessity, and no such tradition. The dislocation of the natural unity of the Vistula basin can only be artificially produced (as it was produced by the crime of Frederick the Great in the first partition of Poland), and such a dislocation produces a highly unstable equilibrium throughout the whole of eastern Europe. For more than a century the desire on the part of the Prussian and Russian empires—both predatory—to keep Poland divided has maintained eastern Europe in a sort of dangerous balance. There is no permanence in an arrangement of that kind; and therefore it is that Poland restored is essential to any permanent settlement of the East."

If this is the geographical argument in favor of what should be to all a clear political necessity to restore tranquillity to Europe as a whole, Mr. Belloc further informs us, there are also geographical points opposed to the true solution. The two chief geographical points thus opposed are, first, the absence of any natural boundaries—save a small strip of the Karpathians to the south—and, secondly, the absence of general access to the sea.

"The whole mass of the Polish state depends for the transport of its commerce upon either the lengthy and expensive land transport eastward through the plain, or upon the narrow issue of the Vistula mouth and the port of Danzig. The Vistula has not good wharfage along its banks, its delta is difficult and shifting; even modern art has not made of Danzig a good port, and the exit is upon a land-locked sea commanded by other Powers. Therefore, from this geographical point of view, the statesman who would guarantee Poland must artificially confirm boundaries which nature has not set, and artificially expand and improve the only gate into Poland, the gate of Danzig."

Turning from the geographical elements of the Polish problem to the political, Mr. Belloc reminds us that in Poland we have "a nation so sharply differentiated from its neighbors by tradition, by its culture, by its great past, and especially by its religion, that you can not subject it to alien rule without producing an equilibrium so morally unstable as to be a certain cause of unceasing trouble." The area of this sharply differentiated territory is not the area of a particular speech, we are told, still less the area of a peculiar physical type. The abused term "ethnographical Poland," which presupposes a race with sharp boundaries, does not apply, and Mr. Belloc adds:

> "The test is religion. To the west, the Polish influence, the Polish ideas, are coincident with the Catholic religion; the Prussian culture and the Prussian ideas are coincident with the Protestant religion. *That is true all along the border*, through Silesia to Teschen and the boundaries of the Czechs and the Moravians. It is not true of Bohemia, still less is it true of the quarreling civilizations of the Rhine Valley; but it is true of the civilizations of the Pole and of the German, where they are contiguous.
>
> "On the east the distinction is not quite so clear, because historical accident has there caused a great belt to be alternately Catholic and Orthodox. Austria took over an Orthodox belt and compelled its communion with Rome. The Russian Czars took over a belt in union with Rome and compelled its inhabitants, as far as they could, to a new communion with the Eastern Church. Alternating conquest has thus disturbed the simplicity of the religious boundary on the east; but none the less there is a true Polish border belt on the east, and that is formed by the distinction between the Latin and the Greek rite. The Poles follow the Latin rite, and that which follows the Greek rite, Uniate or Orthodox, is not fully Polish."

Advocates on either side could and would modify the above statement greatly, Mr. Belloc admits, but, if we eliminate advocacy on either side, the truth remains that "where you have the Latin rite you certainly have the Pole; where the Latin rite ceases, the Polish character is doubtful and can be contested." Here, then, would seem to be a simple political test, namely, that an independent Poland should mean what can thus be distinguished by "a fairly easy, applicable, obvious, and concrete measure—the test of Protestant and Catholic on the western side of the Vistula basin, of Latin and Greek rite on the eastern side." But there are three grave political difficulties, and we read:

> "The first is that the lines thus established are not clear-cut. The second is that a considerable population of Jews, who, in this part of the world, regard themselves as a separate nation, stands fluctuating and in common to what is certainly Polish territory, what is doubtful Polish territory on the west, and what is certainly not Polish on the east. The third difficulty is the fact that the port of the country, Danzig, is neither in race nor in religion assimilated to Poland; it is Protestant and German.
>
> "The line between the Protestant and Catholic on the west is not only extremely sinuous, it is also disjointed. It cuts off islands of the one religion and of the other; if you tried to follow exactly the distinction of religion, you would get an impossible frontier like so much fretwork, with little enclaves which would be quite out of reality in any settlement. To the east it is even worse. You can pass through large districts where the man to whom you speak may prove to be Orthodox or Uniate or of the Latin rite indifferently, and where it is even betting which he will turn out to be. It is clear that, in such circumstances, an arbitrary line averaging, but not exactly coinciding with, each individual case is all that can be expected.
>
> "The Jewish problem is insoluble. It can simply be taken as a *certainty that it will remain. Something* like half the Jewish nation lives within the boundaries of what used to be the great Polish State, and more than a quarter of it lies within what is definitely and admittedly Polish on the narrowest construction of that word. The Jews are confined to the towns, and mainly to the great towns. They have no part in the peasant life of the country, but nearly half of the population of Warsaw is Jewish. The third modification, the position of Danzig, is what I have stated. The sole port of Poland—and not a good port at that—is a town essentially German in tradition and culture."

ENTENTE "MEDDLING" WITH GERMAN TRANSPORTATION

THE TRAFFIC REGULATIONS of the Treaty of Versailles are plainly aimed at the subjection of Germany's rail and waterway systems, and are an exact counterpart of the drastic military regulations of the Treaty, writes Minister for Home Affairs Oeser, in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, but he points out at the same time that the rest of Europe will suffer as much as Germany from the dislocation of her transportation systems. An early and lasting recovery of the economic life of Europe is extremely difficult as matters now stand, says this German authority, who repeats the familiar complaint that Germany had to surrender not only her navy, but also her merchant marine, so that she might be cut off from world commerce after her colonies had been taken away from her. Yet the Entente knows that transoceanic commerce had begun to be a life necessity for Germany, especially for her working-class. Not content with such a privation, we are told, the Entente laid hands also on Germany's inland navigation which has remarkably expanded during the past twenty years and was bound to expand further. As the Entente could not take Germany's inland traffic away from her, it did the next best thing by "internationalizing" the more important streams, and this Mr. Oeser interprets as meaning that the Entente "assumes control over them." Thus the Entente "attempts to paralyze this phase of her economic life for an indefinite period, and to render Germany's provisioning more difficult," and Mr. Oeser continues:

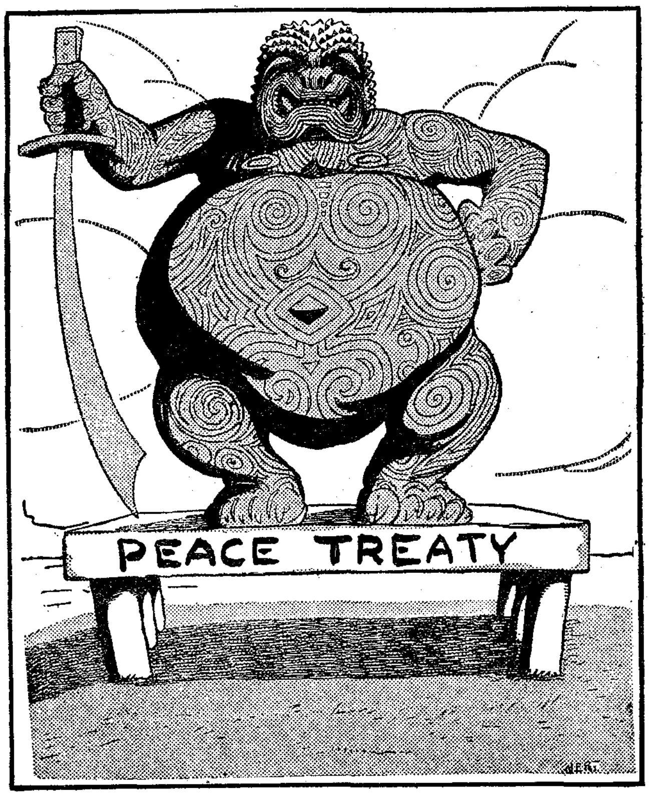
> "The internationalization of Germany's rivers is an interference with the management and utilization of their commercial and political values. The river states, which naturally are most interested in the streams, can no longer shape themselves, but must have the consent of an international commission for all necessary measures. The commercial enhancement of the waterways, as that of the inland, inures to the benefit of all international commerce, and every improvement increasing navigation's capacity is a gain that does not accrue solely to the country itself. The border states have actually been declared to be 'not of age,' and therefore disqualified to manage their own water traffic. Thus they lose their responsibility for their rivers, and with it, presumably, the delight in them. Whatever hereafter is to be done for these rivers will be done laboriously and with no joy in the work. The international commission will never be able to force the border states to incur expenditures for the improvement of streams, inasmuch as the condition of their budgets already offers sufficient obstacle to such outlay. It will be necessary to finance navigation improvements by other means, and if the streams are not generally to fall into ruin, there is every prospect that river taxes in one form or another must be resorted to. Socialization of inland navigation, which has often been recommended, is prevented by the Peace Treaty, as all flags must be permitted on the waterways, and competition between socialized German shipping and private capitalistic foreign shipping seems out of the question under present conditions."

Another wail of Mr. Oeser is uttered on the treatment the Entente dealt out to German railroads, and he tells us:

> "The tariff policy of the German railroads, which was governed by the powerful Prussian railroad web, was variously and bitterly opposed, but on the whole it was purposefully handled as an effective instrument for the maintenance of our domestic economy. Other tariffs were adapted to it and with an aim at equalization. Where some particular need or passing condition of distress existed, an effort at help was always made by an adequate adjustment of the tariff. As Prussian Minister of Railroads, I found it necessary to repeal all exceptional tariffs, even those in favor of German seaports, because the Entente had everywhere the most favorable conditions for her imports and exports as well as for their transit, as our guaranty to goods of the same kind in Germany (Article 365).
>
> "According to Article 326, Germany has no right to refuse her participation in tariffs which assure to the ports of one of the Allied Powers advantages similar to those which she grants to her own harbors or those of another Power. According to

Article 367 Germany has to provide arrangements and tariffs to promote transit traffic to Germany. Article 321 obligates Germany to make no distinction in the exaction of duties according to the owner or the state to which the article of transport belongs, and not to facilitate or hamper accordingly. These and the rest of the traffic definitions circumscribe the German tariff sovereignty, and they confer upon the Entente the possibility of encroachment. At all events, they prevent the shaping of the tariff for the special advancement of our domestic economy.

"The railroad, according to its very nature, needs to be handled as big business, on which account the Empire has placed all German roads under a unified administration. Railroad traffic realizes full value only when it is conducted on a large scale. The Peace Treaty also militates against this by transplanting 'Balkanizing' ideas into the railroad system. By thoroughly preconcerted design the boundaries are so arranged as to detach from Germany as many railroads as possible. And where this was not taken into consideration at the outset, as in Eupen-Malmedy, an illegal correction was later attempted. The loss thus accruing to traffic is revealed by the technically prominent railroad plant in Herbesthal when its former German and the present Belgian Government are compared; every railroader bemoans the present condition. Utterly unfortunate was the thought of detaching the railroad in the same region from the German administration, and to make it independent, since such a small enterprise must in the long run produce severe hurt and losses. Already traffic on the Sarre railroads has been subject to the direst stagnation, since the French have manned them totally inadequately."



THE TERROR OF VERSAILLES.
A colossus with feet of clay.
—*Wahre Jakob* (Stuttgart).

But the conditions in the east are described by Mr. Oeser as being utterly bad. He disclaims any purpose to represent the German border state policy of Brest-Litovsk, but from a technical point of view of transportation he declares it much more sound than that of the Entente, and this for the reason that—

> "Its tacit supposition was the maintenance of the railroads under German management. That would have resulted in a strong and capable connected railroad net, which would have proved advantageous to all the nations concerned; and a renewed economic strength could thus have been expected. What the Entente has now forced is a system of isolated, small, disconnected nets, the opposite of all this. It is the organized stoppage of traffic! Especially from the standpoint of traffic I must absolutely agree with Lenine in his insistence on a common boundary between Russia and Germany, which, from what I have said, lies altogether in the interest of the economic life of Europe.
>
> "Danzig and Memel, the totally miscarried miserable 'corridor,' Lithuania and Latvia, Poland, German-Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, etc., all of them small railroad systems with no present and without a visible future! Nowhere an organizing, constructive thought, everywhere miserable, bungling patchwork with no understanding of traffic! To be sure, Germany and her economic life are damaged thereby. But Germany alone? And whose is the advantage of this dismembering of international traffic which can only flourish where conducted on a large scale? It may safely be prophesied that the countries which have been blest thereby, altho under compulsion we have to a large extent equipped them well, will yet in the long run not spin silk on their railroads. The necessity of leaning somewhere for support seems inevitable, just as the Russian railroads without foreign aid will scarcely again acquire much life. To a traffic policy, conscious of its goal, this or that notable prospect might open up, but the present condition is simply intolerable."

In the Berlin *Deutscher Revue*, Ludwig Asch cries that the Pan-Germans are to blame for the Allies' harsh conditions.

ITALY'S AIM IN WORKMEN'S INSURANCE

TO LEAD ALL NATIONS in the extent and variety of insurance for its workmen is the proud aim of Italy, which she realizes in part in the law for compulsory insurance of workmen against disablement and old age, which took effect on July 1 of this year. So we are informed by a Milan newspaper, *Il Sole*, which tells us that the objects of this law are the grant of pensions in the case of disablement and old age, provisional monthly allowances to the widows and orphans of the insured, and the prevention and cure of disablement. In addition to this measure, it is related, the Government has in prospect bills for insurance against unemployment and against sickness arising from the insured person's employment. Such protection, it is said, will cost Italy more than two milliards of lire and will place her ahead of all nations as regards workmen's insurance. It is hoped to consolidate the various forms of insurance in operation and in contemplation, and also the various subscriptions payable by way of premiums. For the due observance of the law, it is stated, all those employing persons liable to insurance must provide themselves with cards equal in number to the persons in their employ on whom insurance is compulsory. *Il Sole* advises us further that the insurance is obligatory on persons of both sexes between the ages of fifteen and sixty-five who work under others in the following capacities:

> "1. Workmen, shop assistants, apprentices, messengers, assistants, clerks, overseers, and others employed in industry, commerce, and agriculture, including shooting and fishing, in the public services, in professions, including schoolmasters and private tutors, and those who work at home in the employment of others.
>
> "2. Domestic servants and those employed in private service under whatever designation."

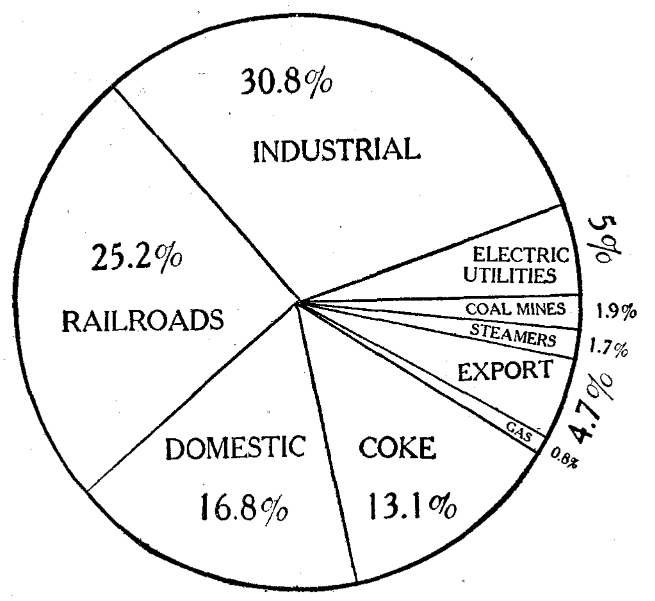
Compulsory insurance, however, does not apply to the following:

> "1. Employees and the like whose salaries do not (*sic*) exceed an average of 350 lire a month.
>
> "2. Tenant farmers at a rent and on the *métayage* system, whose annual profits from their holdings exceed 3,600 lire per annum.
>
> "3. Seafaring men for the term of their voyages on national vessels during which they contribute to the merchant service disablement fund.
>
> "4. Workmen agents and others employed by the state, provincial councils, parish councils, and public charitable institutions, to whom may be assured by law or regulation a period of retirement not less than that provided by this decree."

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

TO RELIEVE THE COAL SHORTAGE BY STOPPING WASTE

STOP WASTING COAL and the coal shortage will disappear. Production has dropt only about ten per cent. Most of our troubles are due to lack of cars. We shall have about nine thousand more of these when the Government appropriation becomes available, but that will only be a one per cent. increase—too small to count much; and even these cars will not be ready for next season. The only alternative is to save. According to F. F. Uehling, who contributes an article on the subject to *The Sun and New York Herald* (New York), we waste about one hundred million tons of coal a year—enough to keep every home fire in the country burning during that period. It ought to be easy, by reasonable saving, to offset any probable shortage, and it is Mr. Uehling's opinion that if our industrial plants, which do most of the wasting, do not voluntarily take the matter up, the Fuel Administration will be revived by the United States Government and the saving will be imposed upon the wasters. Mr. Uehling asserts that enormous fuel savings can easily be made in power-plants, and that these would not only benefit the plant-owners themselves, but would also help all classes of coal consumers by reducing the demand. He says:



WHAT BECOMES OF OUR COAL.

"The popular impression is that production has nearly halted, and the reader may begin to wonder how coal can be saved if it can't be bought. The truth is that present production is only slightly under normal, probably less than ten per cent. Hence an average saving of ten per cent. by every fuel user would more than counterbalance the shortage.

"Much greater savings can be made in general industry than in homes, because most of the coal is used for other than domestic purposes. The table illustrates this fact. It will be noted from the chart that domestic consumption is only about seventeen per cent. of the total, whereas twenty-five per cent. is utilized by the railroads and over thirty per cent. by industrial plants.

COAL CONSUMPTION IN UNITED STATES DURING 1917

BITUMINOUS COAL	*Net Tons*
Railroads	153,700,000
Industrial plants	176,366,000
Electrical utilities	31,693,000
Used at mines	12,117,000
For making beehive coke	52,247,000
For making by-product coke	31,506,000
For making coal-gas	4,960,000
Ocean steamers	10,884,000
Exports	23,840,000
Domestic purposes	57,104,000
Total bituminous	554,417,000
ANTHRACITE COAL	
Railroads, approximately	6,500,000
Industrial, approximately	20,000,000
Domestic, approximately	50,000,000
Exports, approximately	6,000,000
Total anthracite	82,500,000
Total consumption bituminous and anthracite	636,917,000

"Industrial, electrical utility, and mine plants consume about two hundred and forty million tons, or nearly forty per cent. of the total. This is not only the greatest field for fuel saving, but it is the easiest one to improve, for the reason that each boiler attendant consumes a relatively large amount of fuel, and to teach a small number of men to save a large quantity is easier than to teach a larger aggregation of domestic or other consumers to save a smaller quantity.

"The two hundred and forty million tons consumed in industrial and public-utility plants, costing, say, eight dollars and fifty cents per ton, totals over two billion dollars. Of this gigantic amount about ninety per cent. is dissipated in various ways, leaving but a remnant of ten per cent. of the energy originally in the fuel to be delivered in the form of light and power.

"The United States Bureau of Mines states that thirty-five per cent. of the coal is wasted up the chimney alone in the average boiler plant. When heat worth more than seven hundred million dollars escapes yearly from the chimneys of industrial plants alone it is time to sit up and take notice. My own experience convinces me that the Government's estimate of thirty-five per cent. chimney waste is most conservative, for I believe it to be nearer fifty per cent. Some waste is inevitable, but a material reduction can be effected; in fact, in very efficient plants the chimney waste is less than fifteen per cent. instead of thirty-five per cent., a saving of twenty per cent., by simply preventing some of the unnecessary stack waste."

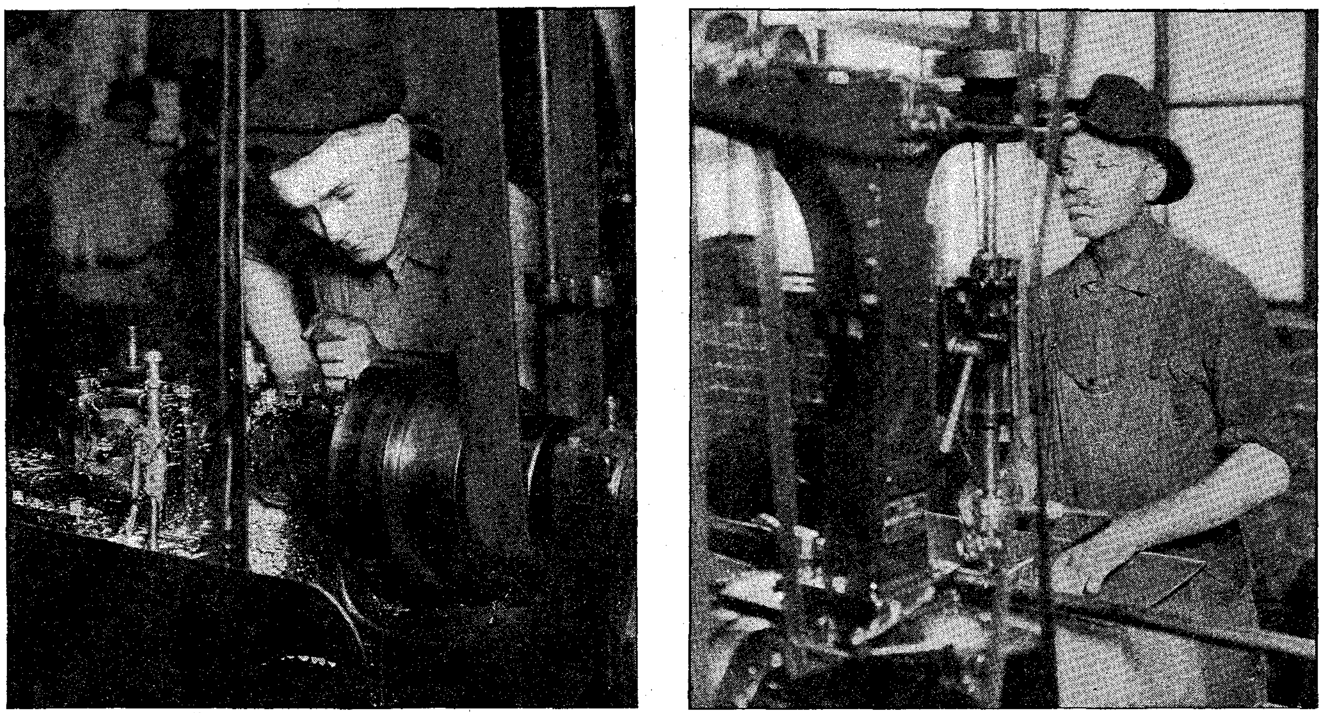
This saving is accomplished primarily, Mr. Uehling says, by burning fuel with the correct quantity of air. Maximum fire temperature requires a definite amount of air for every pound of fuel burned. Too much air reduces this temperature to an astounding degree and is responsible for most of the heat wasted up the chimney. He continues:

"A fifteen per cent. saving, which is easily obtainable in the average plant, would represent thirty-six million tons, or more than three hundred million dollars. Let us now see how far this saving alone could go in meeting our present fuel shortage.

"In 1870 the average consumption per person was 0.86 tons, whereas in 1918 the per-capita consumption was 6.44 tons. Production of coal has been increasing rapidly to meet this demand, as shown below, until the year 1919, when a deficit of nearly twenty per cent. resulted, largely owing to the miners' strike.

Year	*Pennsylvania Anthracite, Tons*	*Bituminous Tons*
1913	91,525,000	478,435,000
1914	90,821,000	422,704,000
1915	88,995,000	442,624,000
1916	87,578,000	502,520,000
1917	99,612,000	551,790,000
1918	98,826,000	579,386,000
1919	86,200,000	458,063,000

"The termination of the strike found us with a very small reserve supply, and ever since we have led a hand-to-mouth sort of existence. Present production is really not as bad as represented; in fact, it is considerably higher than during a corresponding period last year and is less than ten per cent.



Photographs by courtesy of "The Iron Age."

BLIND OPERATORS AT LATHE AND DRILL.

below normal. Still the lag in production is enough to prevent getting caught up and refilling our bins.

"This year's difficulties are due principally to the unusual shortage of cars.

"The Government contemplates spending seventy-five million dollars shortly for new freight-cars. Coal constitutes one-third of the total tonnage transported by rail, hence, if one-third of the above amount is used for purchasing coal-cars, this sum would purchase 8,333 cars at three thousand dollars per car, not counting locomotives to haul them.

"There are nearly one million cars suitable for transporting coal; therefore, such new cars would not help much because they represent less than one per cent., whereas ten per cent. increase or more is required. Furthermore, new cars can not be delivered in time.

"The alternative solution is, therefore, the reduction of waste in using fuel. This can be put into effect almost immediately. Furthermore, it would not be necessary to disarrange commerce through embargoes in favor of coal shipments, nor would it be necessary to adopt heatless days and lightless nights in order to accomplish the desired result.

"I do not mean by this that the idea of new cars should be abandoned; we must have them. Better transportation facilities are essential.

"All the needless waste in this country of coal alone has been calculated to be more than one hundred million tons per year—enough to meet the entire fuel requirements of all gas and electric utility companies in the United States for about three years, or to keep all the railroads in this country running for nearly eight months, or to keep every home fire burning for about a year.

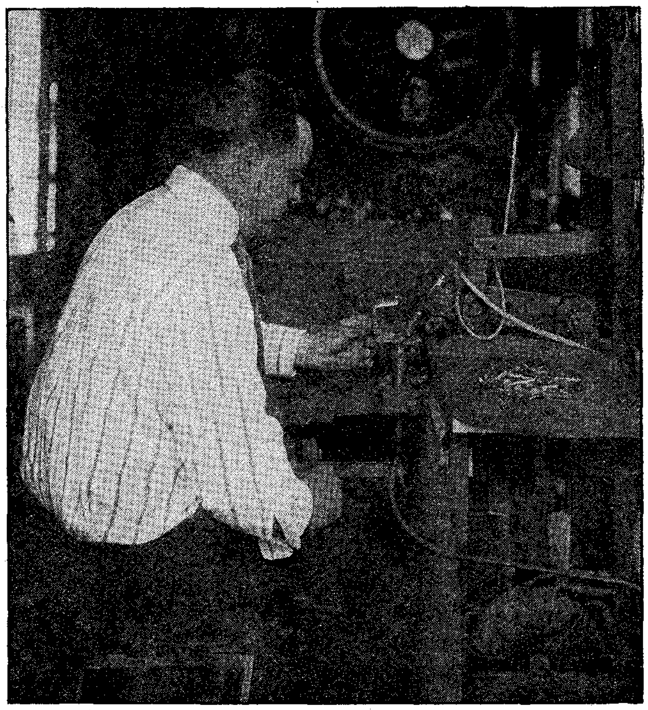
"Specific instructions for saving fuel need not be gone into here. They are available to all who seek them. The entire contents of many text-books, government bulletins, and technical periodicals are devoted to this subject.

"To-day it is compulsory by law to equip every boiler with a safety-valve and gage determining the amount of water. These precautions are necessary to prevent explosions. Plant owners are not, however, compelled to install appliances for saving fuel. Our present as well as our future prosperity involves this principle, for it is indisputable that nearly every necessity and pleasure of modern life is entirely dependent upon fuel."

BLIND WORKERS IN FACTORIES

SIXTY-NINE different manufacturing operations are efficiently performed by the eighty-one blind men and women employed in forty Cleveland factories, we are told by Eva B. Palmer in *The Iron Age* (New York), and these blind workers compete on even terms with fellow employees who have all their faculties. Thus Cleveland manufacturers are demonstrating that industrial activity for the blind need not be restricted to the time-worn trades of chair-caning, broom-making, and carpet-weaving. According to Mrs. Palmer, who is executive secretary of the Cleveland Society for the Blind, "the electrical field has so far revealed more practicable operations than any other, but the automobile industry, with its necessary machine-shops, will undoubtedly take the lead in time, especially since machine operations have been proved possible for blind workmen."

The three questions nearly always raised when the matter of employing blind workers is brought to a concern for the first time, according to this writer, relate to the danger of



BLIND DEMONSTRATOR USING ELECTRIC WELDER.

accident, the rate of production, and the problem of transportation. In regard to the first question she says:

> "A large percentage of Cleveland factories carry State insurance, but many insuring with private companies are interested to experiment with blind workers. In 1919 the following modification was made in the Ohio law: 'No agreement by an employee to waive his rights to compensation under this act shall be valid, except that an employee who is blind may waive the compensation that may become due him for injury or disability in cases where such injury or disability may be directly caused by or due to his blindness. The Industrial Commission of Ohio may adopt and enforce rules governing the employment of such persons and the inspection of their places of employment.'
>
> "It is interesting to note that only two concerns employing blind workers have availed themselves of this opportunity to escape paying compensation for possible injury. The blind man is easily the most careful in the entire plant, as loss of sight has doubled his caution, and as a result there have been no accidents so far.
>
> "As employers become educated to consider a man according to what he has left rather than by what he has lost, people with handicaps will not find it so difficult to obtain work."

Turning to the question of productions, he goes on to say:

> "The person having the responsibility of fitting the blind man into his job must not only be familiar with labor conditions, but must know blindness, its splendid possibilities as well as its painful limitations. When the blind man's production is up to normal it is because most careful selection has been made, first of the job for the man and then of the man for the job. A general error of the uninformed public is to consider that blind people have traits in common, owing to a common handicap. When the employer realizes that their abilities are as varied as possible, and when he has been shown that lack of sight is no hindrance on certain operations, he is willing to try one worker after another until the right person is found. Much of the success of the Cleveland work is due to the skill and personality of the young demonstrator who is seen at work in one of the accompanying illustrations. He went blind in January, 1919, and had had no factory experience whatever before losing his sight.
>
> "He is thus able to meet every objection on the part of employers, as he has learned the use of tools since becoming blind and goes everywhere alone. He tried out one hundred and fifty operations in thirty-one Cleveland factories during a period of three months and proved nearly all of them practicable. In many instances he exceeded the average speed for sighted workers. This is not exceptional, as in several cases blind men are maintaining a higher speed-rate than seeing people on the same jobs. In one large plant a blind man arranging carbon brushes on trays does almost twice as much as any one else and is paid accordingly. In the same factory a blind man does all the work formerly performed by two sighted girls with perfect vision.
>
> "In each instance the blind worker conforms to the rules of the shop. If piece-work is the rule, he receives the same rate as the other workers, while if day work is the rule he is paid in proportion to his production and receives his bonus if such is given to others in his shop."

"But how in the world will he get here?" asks the skeptical employer. And Mrs. Palmer replies:

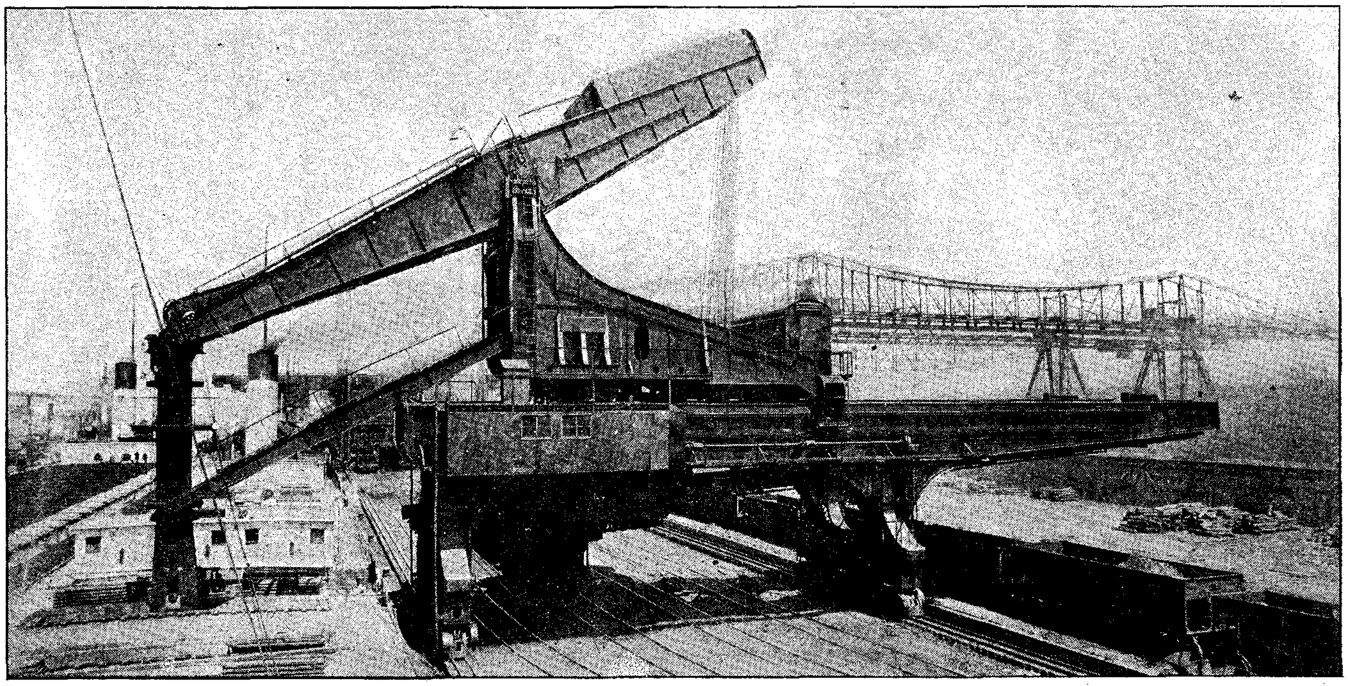
> "Here again the skill of the placement agent must be shown. Every effort is made to place the workers in shops accessible from their homes, and while most of the blind men and some of the women go to and from work alone, in some instances this is impracticable. There are several ways of handling this difficulty.
>
> "Sometimes another member of the family is placed in the same shop, or search is made throughout the factory for an employee who lives near the blind person's home and can act as guide. In several cases the entire family has been moved near the factory."

She concludes her article with a long list of "operations successfully performed by Cleveland blind," among which we find the assembling of parts; bench work involving cleaning, clamping, counting, and cutting; etching electric-light bulbs; nutting bolts; operating more than a dozen varieties of machines; and various operations of wrapping, packing, and taping.

IS THE HUMAN MIND TIRELESS?

WHAT IS "MENTAL FATIGUE"? Can reading or study tire the mind as running or hard labor tires the body? Dr. Percy G. Stiles, assistant professor of physiology at Harvard, thinks not. In an article on "Types of Fatigue," contributed to *The American Journal of Public Health* (Chicago, August), Professor Stiles tells us that physical fatigue is due to the flooding of the tisses with the waste products of muscular exertion. With mental exertion there is no such flood of waste. What we call mental fatigue is a nervous phenomenon—a reaction against monotony, not an actual poisoning of the organism. This is why emotion tires us more quickly than purely mental work. Sometimes, too, what we call mental fatigue is merely the loss of some one of our many systems of self-control, shown by unrest or "nervousness." Or it may depend simply on the formation of bad habits, not only in conduct but in trains of thought involving anxiety or fear. The cure, Dr. Stiles says, is discipline. In other words, one may be drilled into a state of mental quietude and normality. We read:

> "When fatigue is mentioned one thinks first of the muscles. This is natural enough. However much the mental may have entered into modern human life most people's activity is still measurable in terms of mechanical work. The muscles form about half the body, and . . . when they are vigorously employed all the tissues are flooded with their waste-products so that there is a sympathetic depression of glandular function and probably of the cerebral currents which attend the intellectual processes. The massive proportions of the muscles must be not forgotten. . . . Bodily fatigue can unfit one for application to mental tasks—but the pursuit of mental work can not develop great quantities of end-products that shall saturate and narcotize the muscles. A period of mental stress may make one disinclined to exercise, but disinclination is not the same thing as incapacity. If there is any loss of power in such a case it is probably not represented in the muscles, but at their seat of government.
>
> "Cerebral processes involve but very small masses of protoplasm, and they are doubtless conducted with extreme economy. Is there a condition which can be accurately described as 'mental fatigue'? We usually assume that this is a possibility. If, however, we analyze our own experiences we have to admit as a rule that what we call fatigue in connection with the steady performance of some monotonous mental operation is the tendency to seek relief in novelty—to admit new and irrelevant ideas. Unless the trial is carefully regulated there will be elements of eye-strain or postural discomfort which are neuromuscular rather than mental in nature. To be sure, we eventually need to sleep, but frequently the drowsiness comes sooner to the indolent than to the diligently working brain. Some of our ablest experimenters doubt whether we can surely demonstrate mental fatigue.
>
> "Such a doubt might encourage the belief that mental processes are definitely metaphysical and make no demand upon the material organization of the brain. This does not follow. . . . Analogies in this field are decidedly clumsy, but the suggestion may be ventured that the multiple equipment of the cortex is at least remotely comparable to a typewriter in which each key is necessarily idle when another has its turn. . . . If this is true it may well nullify fatigue in gray matter where the rate of disintegration appears to be low.
>
> "When an emotional element enters into the experience the inception of fatigue may be far more obvious than in calm, straightforward mental work. . . . An important feature is the involvement of glands of internal secretion, notably the adrenal and probably the thyroid. When these have been exercised depression is to be expected. The glands may be exhausted so that for a time the delivery of their products is subnormal. . . . . .
>
> "Consideration of what is commonly called nervous fatigue suggests two factors in the condition which should be kept in view. . . . Maturity in the individual and civilization in the race depend on the subjection of many primitive reactions to control. A late acquisition is a relatively insecure possession, and its loss as a result of many forms of wear and tear is too often observed. A nervous system which has suffered this loss is said to be fatigued tho it shows many signs of overactivity.



Illustrations by courtesy of "The Iron Age," New York.

AN AUTOMATIC UNLOADER THAT SHIFTS ORE BY FIFTEEN-TON BUCKETFULS.

It is, in a sense, a defect of the highest organization that it does not regularly incline to rest when rest is needed. This perversity can be explained in part on the basis of lessened inhibitory powers, but there is still another element which should be given due consideration. The property referred to is that of canalization.

"The utility of this factor in adaptation to the circumstances of life is readily recognized. In the human nervous system, far beyond any other, reactions are more easily executed as they are repeated. The principle is that of habit-formation. A path may be pursued by nerve-currents until [there is] resistance to continued transmission. . . . But such fatigue is transient, and, when it has passed, the net result is a greater facility for conduction in the path that has been traversed. This adaptive quality is the basis of accomplishments of every kind as well as of mannerisms and unfortunate habits. Canalization in the association systems must be at the root of scholarly attainment as surely as, at lower levels, it is the condition of manual skill. It appears that the power to form pathways of ready transmission—in short, the power to learn—and the establishment of overruling [controls] are alike characteristic of higher as contrasted with lowlier nervous systems. A simple organism may have a few standard reactions which will be serviceable in all probable contingencies, and no provision for their repression may be necessary. The need for inhibition comes with development. . . . . . .

"Now the picture presented by the victim of what we call nervous fatigue suggests two difficulties. One is the want of inhibitory control. This is exhibited in the familiar unrest, and, on the afferent side, as hypersensitiveness. The second feature of the trouble is canalization. The 'tired' nervous system has formed bad habits. These are discovered not only in conduct but in unhappy trains of thought, incessant anxiety, and self-pity. Important as it may be in such cases to build up the general health, we can see that the critical need is discipline. Change of scene and sanatorium life may be chiefly useful as they favor the disruption of the nerve-paths so excessively employed. Psychotherapy may effect this. . . . The more insight one gains into the workings of the nervous apparatus the less one is surprized by the comparatively rapid readjustments which may often be accomplished in it."

Professor Stiles sums up as follows:

"The ordinary cause of diminishing mental efficiency is the desire for change. In a reasonably trained system this is a wholesome impulse. What we call nervous fatigue, referring to a condition which is pathological and often of long duration, is due primarily to lessened inhibition. Many of its features are symptomatic of bad habits established in the ill-controlled system. . . . Recovery from nervous fatigue is a matter of . . . desirable habit-formation."

HANDLING CARGO IN BULK

THE OLD METHODS of loading and unloading vessels by the handful have passed into antiquity in all up-to-date ports. Anywhere from fifteen to one hundred tons at a time is now handled on our big docks. The improved machinery for bulk cargo-handling, described by a contributor to *The Iron Age* (New York), makes the old methods look like stoking a furnace with a teaspoon. The writer notes that in the past four years several factors have caused interest among shippers in a cheaper and more rapid scheme of handling heavy commodities. The manufacturers of apparatus started a movement in this direction twenty years ago, and succeeded in getting a limited number of plants installed as early as 1902. The development of plants for handling large tonnage of coal and iron ore was the most obvious necessity and it was the first attacked on a large scale. We read:

"The necessity for such development centered around the Great Lakes region and the pioneer installations were put in in this vicinity. . . . The coal supply of the States bordering on the iron-ore region was largely taken from the lower lakes on the return trip of the ore boats. In order to perform this task with the minimum of equipment and operating costs per ton, it was plainly necessary to provide machinery for cheap and rapid discharge of cargo from ship to dock or railroad and *vice versa*, the length of time the ship was tied up to the dock being a vital factor in costs. The result has been a high state of development and concentration of bulk cargo-handling plants in the Lakes region.

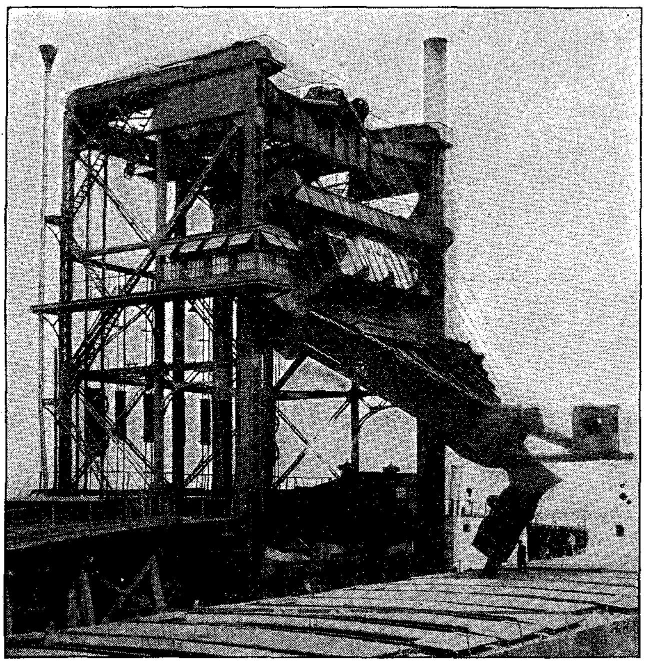
"In the late nineties the Wellman-Seaver-Morgan Company brought out its ore-unloader, each machine capable of handling ore at from five hundred tons per hour upward. At about the same time the car-dumper, for overturning standard railroad-cars and dumping their contents, was developed. The latter have been evolved until at present they will handle thirty dumps per hour and upward, some installations handling as much as three thousand tons per hour of net material, two cars in tandem.

"Conditions largely due to the European War caused a more general interest to be developed along our coast-line in these methods. Prior to our participation in the war a few installations had been made on the Atlantic coast, especially in the line of loading cargo and bunker coal. Rising labor costs and necessity of rapid 'turn around' on the comparatively few vessels available brought the issue of improved dock facilities to the forefront. . . . In this connection two contracts . . . may be noted. One is with the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company and covers an automatic ore unloader carrying a fifteen-ton clam-shell bucket on the unloader leg and designed to make a complete cycle or round trip in fifty seconds. The machine is electrically operated throughout and is similar to that shown in an accompanying illustration.

"This unloader consists of a main framework mounted on trucks which travel along runway rails. . . . The girders of the main framework form a support for runway rails on which a trolley travels. This trolley supports a balanced walking-beam, from the outer end of which a stiff bucket-leg depends. At the lower end of this leg is the bucket, which is operated by machinery located on the walking-beam. . . . . .

"Only two operators are required for the entire operation of one of these machines. . . . Some idea of the capacities of unloading by this method may be derived from a record which was made in Ashtabula by eight machines of this type having a capacity of fifteen tons each, unloading seven boats having a total capacity of 70,000 tons in twenty-two hours. . . . . .

"In addition to the vertical movement, which is given to the bucket-leg by the walking-beam, it also has a motion of rotation around its vertical axis. This motion is introduced to enable the machine to reach along the keel of the boat and clean up ore between hatches. The distance from point to point of bucket-shells when open is approximately twenty-one feet. About ninety-seven per cent. of the ore is removed from the boat without hand-labor.



A DEVICE FOR "DUMPING" RAILROAD-CARS.

This view shows a W-S-M lifting-type car-dumper on the docks of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Sandusky, Ohio. The cradle containing the car to be dumped is elevated before being overturned.

"Records of fifty machines in operation indicate that this type of machine will handle ore at 2½ to 4½ cents per ton, including all fixt charges, and records of as high as 783 tons of ore per hour per machine from tie-up to cast-off of boat have been made.

"The other contract is with the Western Maryland Railroad Company, covering a Wellman car-dumper to handle one-hundred-ton road-cars at Port Covington, Baltimore. It is the first electrically operated lifting dumper for seaboard coal-loading to be negotiated. The lifting feature is designed to raise the road-car high enough before overturning to cause the coal to run down the apron and chute into the ship's hold as illustrated. Dumping directly into the ship eliminates breakage and waste due to rehandling. The entire cargo is trimmed without the use of hand labor.

"The machine consists essentially of a rectangular framework supporting a rotating cradle in which the loaded railroad-car is held while discharging. An entirely automatic counterweight device clamps the car to cradle which is inverted by the revolving mechanism, carrying the car with it."

USING ALL THE WOOD

ONLY FORTY PER CENT. of our cut timber is utilized; the rest is thrown away. This sounds as if we were wilfully wasteful; it means really that the unused sixty per cent. is in such shape that it would not pay to use it. The problem of utilizing waste material, we are told by James D. Lacey, writing in *The Lacey Timber Digest* (Seattle), is that of making its utilization profitable. This problem, he says, is being rapidly solved, in the case of timber wastes, by the work of chemists; for chemistry affords the chief key in this instance. The enhanced value of timber to-day is making profitable the conversion of waste into merchantable products—hence the activity of those who are studying those products. Not impossibly, Mr. Lacey thinks, the by-products of the sawmill will outvalue, in the near future, the finished lumber. Alcohol, tanning extracts, turpentine, pine-oils, fiber for all sorts of fabrics, "wall-board," insulating materials—these are but a few of the products that may be obtained from sawmill waste formerly thrown away. Writes Mr. Lacey:

"It is not altogether improbable that the time may come when the by-product distillates of wood will rank in value with the product of the coordinate sawmill operation. No one knows just when the production of petroleum may begin to fall below the tremendous and constantly increasing demand for oil. Whenever a serious shortage sends oil prices above a certain point, however, ethyl (grain) alcohol distilled from wood will afford an efficient substitute for many purposes for which oil products are now used, including the operation of internal-combustion engines for the automobile and other automotive machinery. Grain-alcohol may be produced from any wood at relatively low cost and by a process which yields other products of value as well. Wood-alcohol, produced by destructive distillation, is one of the pioneer by-products, but one for which the demand is increasing rapidly, but for direct use and to serve as a denaturing agent for grain-alcohol distilled for industrial use.

"Relatively few of the important chemical by-products can be produced from any one wood. Tanning extracts, for example, are obtained chiefly from the bark of oak and hemlock. Turpentine is reclaimed from those woods possessing the necessary resinous content. Pine-oils, as the name implies, are produced from the pines. But chemical scrutiny demonstrates that practically every wood possesses important by-product possibilities that may be greatly magnified as experts explore further the field of organic chemistry.

"During the war the range of by-products was greatly increased. In Germany fabrics of many varieties were developed and manufactured from wood. Wood-fabric rugs and carpets of serviceable character were produced. Bags and sacks, fiber silks, imitation leather, and many other articles of utility found market as substitutes for materials that were no longer obtainable. In the United States, too, recent years have seen remarkable development in the use of wood in manufacture of wall-board, an industry of great and growing size, and in the production of linoleums, heat-insulating materials, etc., thus creating important industries that are totally dependent on our forests for their primary raw material.

"Progress is dependent upon the chemist's pioneer work plus commercial development and exploitation that create demand and find markets. Until these things began to be done, the lumber manufacturer necessarily limited his utilization to the conversion of his raw material into lumber and other primary products which he could make and sell with profit.

"Much of this chemical pioneering has been done, but far more is coming, and as it comes it will steadily cut down the percentage of waste. Less of the tree will be left in the woods to rot. Less will be discarded as valueless at the mill. And a constantly increasing volume of other products than lumber will develop out of the sawmill industry, with resulting increase in the profits of sawmill operation and proportionate enhancement of the value of timber.

"It is not unreasonable to suppose that eventually the value of chemical by-products may very nearly equal the value of the direct products of the sawmill."

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND INVENTION CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

SWEDEN'S GREATEST PAINTER

VIGOROUS AND VITAL are words applied to the art of Anders Zorn, the Swedish painter and etcher, whose recent death has been announced. Outside of Sweden he is perhaps best known as an etcher, tho he has been a visitor to this country and painted a few portraits here. The Brooklyn Museum is at present exhibiting his portrait of Prof. Halsey Ives, of St. Louis, which the New York *Times* art-critic calls "one of the most fortunate of his portraits on canvas, with nothing of either the superficiality often found in his portraits of women or the heaviness of execution that in a number of his peasant subjects contradicts the swift spirit of his work in etching." In spite of the fact that Zorn had long been a sick man, "no malady," declares this same critic, "invaded his vigorous and vital work, rich in northern energy and filled with the expression of a healthy mind and a fresh, enlivening spirit." We read more of this:

"He communicated in his paintings, and still more in his etchings, a sense of well-being and mental and physical efficiency. The thought of disease and death hardly can enter the mind in the presence of such life-enhancing art.

"For this reason, more than any other, it is safe to predict for Zorn a long fame. He anticipated the modern reaction from the languors and doubts that beset the world in the nineteenth century, the effort to subdue irresolution and return to the classic ideal of the sound mind in the sound body, the present impatience of what is invalid and overrefined. His work is tonic.

"His painting is known less well than his etching, and perhaps is less worth knowing, altho examples exist among his portraits of an execution as bold and swift as the characterization is searching; and there are other examples of dusky interiors filled with the mystery of cross-lights and moving figures, and outdoor subjects on the seashore with the movement of sunlit waves for their theme, in which he proves himself a technician masterly in the medium that came closest to mastering him—the fastidious, exacting medium of oil paint.

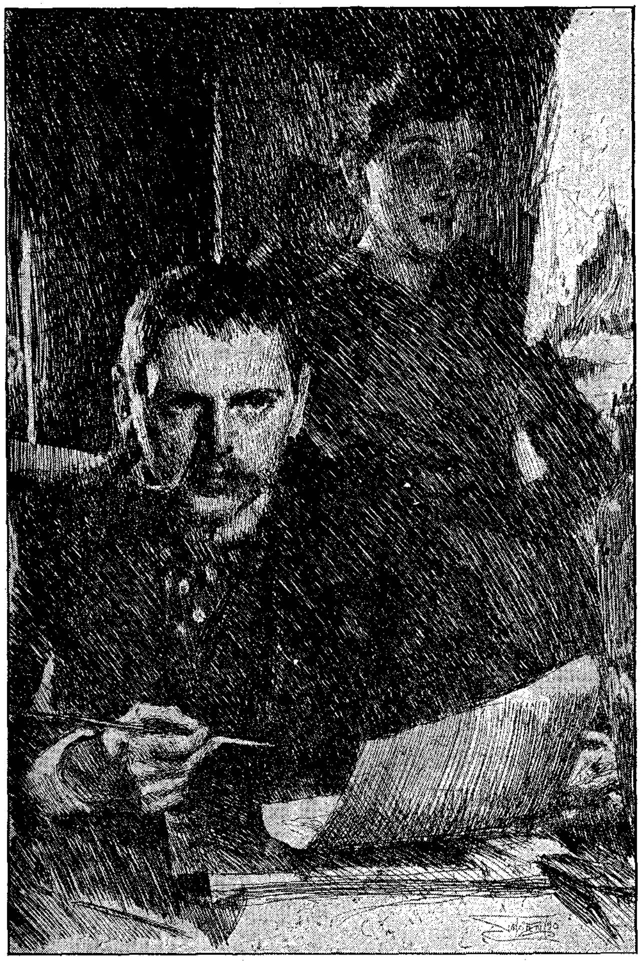
"In his etchings there never can be a doubt as to which is master, he or his medium. He used pure etching, and often deepened his lines with dry point and occasionally called upon aquatint to help him out; but he arrived at his goal in the most direct way, with a rigid economy of means, with concentration upon the significant features of his subject, and with a spontaneity irresistibly persuasive. His etched portrait of King Oscar II. on board his yacht is an example of his manner with royalty. Nothing could be simpler than his presentation of the burly sailor on deck, the detail of the boat suggested with long, swift lines, the light beating upon the face and sending shafts of illumination into the deep shadow. Among his subjects are the peasant girls of his native place bathing in the sea. Here again are simplicity and health and the joy of untrammeled life, with an absence of self-consciousness that links modernness to antiquity."

Emphatic as these characteristics are in Zorn's work, it is pointed out that they are not all of it. "They hint at a naïveté that would be only childlike without adequate intellectual balance." But—

"Such portraits as the great etching of Renan show the working of a strong brain. It is interesting to know that this was the result of an hour's study of the sitter, then ill and aging, but there is nothing in it to pin one down to questions of time. It is a deep reading of a profound character which says of Renan just one word more than his own writings. And a single line of sophistication would have destroyed its power to move us.

"Zorn's experience was cosmopolitan. His eye was trained in the museums of France and Italy and Spain; he traveled for a number of years constantly and met new scenes with youthful receptivity and a mighty power of assimilation. Whatever he saw became a part of his professional equipment. But he was born a provincial, and a provincial at heart he remained—to his art's salvation. Perhaps the best proof of genius is to be able to learn of the wide world in order fully to express one corner of it. Zorn spent the most of his sixty years of life in distilling the essence of a remote Swedish province for a public that will know it mainly through him."

A poetic tribute is offered him by an American friend, Mr. Thomas Walsh, who suggests in his lines the painted work of Zorn seen only in its completeness in the gallery of Stockholm, and executed for the most part during his yachting trips among the islands of the Scandinavian shore:



Etchings by courtesy of Frederick Keppel.

ANDERS ZORN AND HIS WIFE.

Sweden's greatest artist in the act of making a portrait of himself.

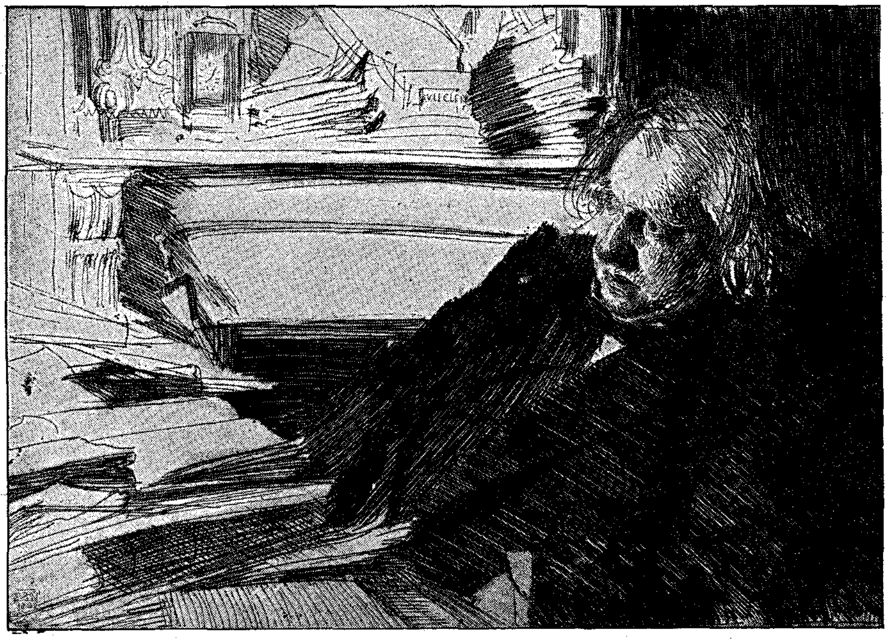
TO ANDERS ZORN
(1860–1920)

Beyond Siljån there is no silver sail;
The gulls are lonely on Dalcarlia's blue;
The isléd rocks are more empurpled through
A night that falls with a majestic wail,
The mountain pines and scarlet valleys fail
Of some wild magic that they lately knew—
O mighty Anders!—they are lorn of you,
As of the olden gods' remembered trail!

Let build your tomb a lonely rock amid
The white sea-women's breasts that heaving play
Their pearl and gold of morn where you lie hid!
High Sweden's royal mantle let them bid
In folds of ermine wrapping you, to say—
"Last of the Vikings, endless is your sway!"

ART UNDER SOVIET RULE

GLIMMERS that now and then lighten the Russian darkness break forth from odd sources. How the fine arts fare in this land of political upheaval is a matter of continual concern, for with their destruction the world is permanently impoverished. Of course, the Bolsheviki, like the Germans, have been quoted as saying that what is destroyed is well lost, for given a free field, they will replace with better; that is, works that represent the new spirit. On the other hand, we occasionally hear that the "Reds" have constituted themselves jealous guardians of the past. *The Western Worker* (San Francisco) gives a specific case where one "Ivan Morozov, a wealthy cotton-spinner, owned before the revolution a world famous art-collection." Its history under the new dispensation is not such as to cause heartburnings. We read:



ONE OF ZORN'S MASTERPIECES IN ETCHING.

"A deep reading of a profound character," Ernest Renan.

"The Bolsheviki took over his palace, factories, and his art, and appointed Boris Ternovetz, the noted sculptor, to take charge of the collection of art, and made the former owner associate director, which has proved perfectly satisfactory to him. He was made a guide, also, to explain his wonderful paintings, collected from all parts of the world. His palace is now the 'Second Museum of Western Art.' His daughter, Madame Yekaterina Keller, is in charge of the 'First Museum of Art.' Thus the family has been highly honored by the Soviet Government, and the lie that they have destroyed all art and high ideals is thoroughly exploded.

"The wife of Leon Trotzky is in charge of a committee that is seeing to it that none of Russia's fine art shall be destroyed by the war forced upon Russia by the capitalist nations. Many wonderful paintings have been found in outside villages because of this committee, and for the first time a catalog has been made of the paintings of Russia, and the art-galleries are now open to all the people every day of the week.

"This is only one of Russia's glorious moves in behalf of the workers. Education is the first dream in Russia, and her authors and artists are the chosen leaders in all lines of education."

The New York *Tribune* quotes recent words of Maxim Gorki, which seem to contradict this. When the "program" of the Bolsheviki is read the argument appears to be with them; but Gorki writes that "never in the history of Russia have we worked so badly, so dishonestly, as we are working to-day." He goes further:

"Everything has now become the property of the people, but meanwhile the work of annihilation is not only not diminishing, but becomes more menacing every day. . . . They [the Bolsheviki] are destroying buildings and using up valuable antique furniture for firewood. They are packing up parcels in canvas from unique old pictures. And they are boasting of 'putting an end to the past.' We have no longer any respect for our national treasures. Stupidity, ignorance, lack of respect for one's own work make us destroy our treasures and overturn the national economy of Russia. And we are told that all these things are only minor details, of no importance to us, who desire to teach and reveal to the world a new social order of life!"

The situation in the Russian theater is interestingly set forth in the London *Times* by Theodor Comisarjevsky. The first impulse of the revolutionaries was to continue the state-subsidized theaters as well as the "Town Theaters" supported in part by the municipalities. But the scheme worked badly:

"The first revolution, in March, 1917, made very little difference to theatrical conditions. The private theaters underwent no change. The imperial theaters became state theaters, and Telyakofski, the director, was simply removed in favor of another man. Neither the companies nor the repertories of the imperial theaters were altered. However, fearing possible interference with their rights, the companies of these theaters and the workmen employed there formed committees, which were to play a fatal part in the life of the theater. After the Bolsehvik revolution in October, 1917, when power was placed in their hands, they could never agree as to the management of the theater. Personal interests, artistic jealousy, intrigues, and desire of vengeance, often quite unprovoked, against those formerly in authority, besides the pressing question of daily bread, occupied their whole time. Every day there were meetings—meetings without end; and the rules framed by the committees sometimes made work completely impossible. Unexplained absences of actors at the time of the performance became frequent. I once gave a performance of the opera, 'Le Coq d'Or,' with only one person instead of eighty in the chorus! There were continual refusals to work on the part of both artists and workmen. At one of the Moscow theaters the controlling committee consisted of twenty-five per cent. of artists, against seventy-five per cent. of people without the slightest knowledge of art. In the end the obstruction became so obvious that the Soviet Government limited the powers of the committees."

In a short time, so we are told, a new society, the "Proletculte," that is, culture for the proletariat, was founded and began to spread fast through Soviet Russia, and the old theaters were put under a ban:

"The representatives of this society conducted a campaign against the existing theaters—'*bourgeois* theaters,' as they called them; and advocated the opening of theaters in which the actors should be amateur workmen, who would give to the stage the psychology of the factory and the machine. Among the members of this society were apostles of the theory that every member of the community should act, and not merely the chosen few. The society opened dramatic schools on its own lines, and gave performances, but was not able to do without professors and actors from the 'old theaters.'

"The Proletculte was supported by several very influential members of the Soviet Government. There were even persons of importance in Communistic circles who wished all the '*bourgeois* theaters' to be closed forthwith. Lunacharsky held the view that the '*bourgeois* theater' should be allowed to exist with certain modifications, and that its aims should be demonstrated to the proletariat, so that from it the future Socialist theater might be evolved. I believe that Lunacharsky was supported in this by Lenine and others. The general opinion was that the theater was a great factor in social life."

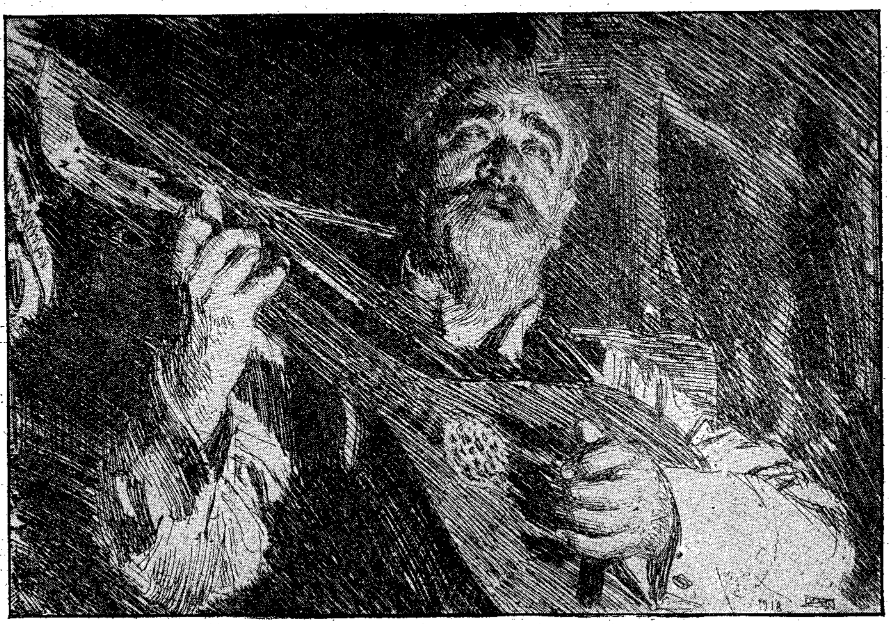
GUESSING THE DURABLE BOOKS

PROPHETS SUFFER THE DISADVANTAGE of having men live after them. As a literary prophet Macaulay had the weakness to set a time for his predictions to mature. He happened to say once that "nothing had been published in England between the years 1800 and 1850 which would be read in 1920." Mr. R. Ellis Roberts, writing from London to the Boston *Transcript*, observes that "it must seem to most of us that his judgment erred on the side of pessimism even when it was made." Mr. Roberts makes out a rather formidable list of books that prove the futility of Macaulay as a prophet. They are all books that the general reader will claim some familiarity with, while the specialist will no doubt add to it in considerable volume:

> "Among the volumes which he assigned to so speedy an oblivion are many of the best of the Waverley Novels, the poems of Shelley, of Keats, of Byron, and of Landor; the novels of Jane Austen, the essays of Lamb, of Hazlitt, and De Quincey; Carlyle's 'Sartor Resartus,' Coleridge's Essays, notably the 'Biographia Literaria'; Newman's Sermons, and the essay 'On the Development of Christian Doctrine'; Leigh Hunt's volume, 'The Town'; Keble's 'Christian Year'; and, to end with three very different books, appealing to different readers, Marryat's 'Mr. Midshipman Easy,' Stanley's 'Life of Arnold,' and the Ingoldsby Legends. Tennyson's 'In Memoriam' was only published in 1850, but Browning's 'Bells and Pomegranates' came out in 1841 and Tennyson's poems in 1842."

A later writer, Sir Leslie Stephen, was led into the same dangerous path, tho he proceeds with caution, a quality that has never been charged up to Macaulay. "I fancy," said Sir Leslie, "that it would be exceedingly difficult to make out a list of a hundred English books which, after publication for a century, are still really familiar to the average reader." If Mrs. Asquith's forthcoming autobiography becomes widely read, one of its effects may be the popularization of literary parlor games, to which she shows her set in London have been addicted. Mr. Roberts's discussion of Sir Leslie Stephen's dictum may assist in such a pursuit:

> "Directly one begins to examine it, one is forced to ask what the critic meant by 'book,' by 'really familiar,' and by 'average reader.' If one is allowed to take each play of Shakespeare's as a separate book one would have a collection which already would bring one near one's half-century. Of course, I don't suppose that 'Love's Labour's Lost' or 'Pericles' is really familiar to the average reader, except by their titles. I am very suspicious, however, of the assumption of superior academic critics that they only read the classics, while the average reader is content to gloat once more on such rubbish as 'Blue Braces,' by the author of 'The Scarlet Suspender.' Not a bad method of discovering how much truth there is in Stephen's complaint would be to challenge the average reader, when you caught him, to name a hundred books more than a century old which he still reads with pleasure. I suggest this as a pleasing evening round game—one of those fascinating, terrifying little games in which people sit around armed with a piece of paper, a stub of pencil, a worried look, and a damp tongue and furiously compose lists against each other.
>
> "In order to show that I am not afraid of my own suggestion, I am at this moment startling Egeria by telling her that she has got to name at least fifty books more than a hundred years old while I name another fifty. I won't disclose who names which, as Egeria insists that her taste is her own business, and anyway she has no head for dates. We will start with Shakespeare:
>
> The Tempest.
> Hamlet.
> King Lear.
> Macbeth.
> Romeo and Juliet.
> Othello.
> Measure for Measure.
> Merchant of Venice.
> Much Ado About Nothing.
> Taming of the Shrew.
> As You Like It.
> Henry IV.
> Henry V.
> The Sonnets.
> Midsummer Night's Dream.
> Richard III.
>
> "It wouldn't be fair to go on too far with Shakespeare; so we pass hastily to other books and authors:



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel & Co.

THE LUTE-PLAYER.

One of Zorn's studies of robust and joyful life.

> The Pilgrim's Progress.
> Paradise Lost.
> Grace Abounding.
> Bacon's Essays.
> Tom Jones.
> Amelia.
> Tristram Shandy.
> Sentimental Journey.
> Robinson Crusoe.
> Gulliver's Travels.
> Religio Medici.
> Boswell's Johnson.
> Pepys's Diary.
> Pride and Prejudice.
> Mansfield Park.
> Sense and Sensibility.
> Waverley.
> Guy Mannering.
> Heart of Midlothian.
> Bride of Lammermoor.
> Keats's Poems.
> Byron's Don Juan.
> Tale of a Tub.
> Irving's Sketch-Book.
> Wordsworth's and Coleridge's Lyrical Ballads .
> The Wealth of Nations.
> Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.
> Leviathan.
> On the Human Understanding
> Hume's Essays.
> Analogy of Religion.
> The Beggar's Opera.
> Hero and Leander.
> On the Sublime and Beautiful.
> Æsop's Fables.
> Lay of Marmion.
> Areopagitica.
> Jeremy Taylor's Holy Living and Holy Dying.
> Izaak Walton's Compleat Angler.
> Peregrine Pickle.
> Humphrey Clinker.
> Rape of the Lock.
> Mallory's Morte d'Arthur.
> She Stoops to Conquer.
> The Rivals.
> The School for Scandal.
> The Vicar of Wakefield.
> Addison's Essays.
> Joe Miller's Jest-Book.
> Shelley's Alastor and Other Poems.
> Southey's Life of Wesley.
> Percy's Reliques.
> Grey's Poems.
> Herrick's Hesperides.
> Blake's Poems.
> Burns's Poems.
> Walpole's Letters.
> Moore's Irish Melodies.
> Castle Rackrent.
> Hazlitt's Essays.
> Wesley's Journal.
> Canterbury Tales.
> Vathek.
> Froissart's Chronicles.
> Pamela.
> Clarissa Harlowe.
> Samson Agonistes.
> Comus.
> Hudibras.
> Cowper's Letters.
> Everyman.
> Marco Polo's Travels.
> Sir John Mandeville.
> Cobbett's Rural Rides.
> Law's Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life.
> Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.
> Childe Harold.
> Mary Wortley Montague's Letters.
> Evelyn's Diary.
> Fanny Burney's Recollections.
> Utopia.
> Erasmus's Praise of Folly.
> Dr. Johnson's Dictionary of the English Language.
> Alexander Cruden's Concordance.

Coming up gasping, Mr. Roberts sputters out, "You wouldn't believe what a trouble it was to make out that list!" He had but two rules, and shows us something of the mental efforts of those pundits who devise lists of the "hundred best books":

> "I didn't put in anything that I hadn't read or Egeria hadn't heard of. It was her idea that this was the way we should arrive at the opinion of the average reader. We excluded all sacred books, and we also excluded translations from Greek and Latin classics; and we excluded books from literatures other than English and American, except in cases of genuine nationalization, such as Marco Polo. I hope no one will think

that the last two names in the list indicate any kind of impatience. It seemed to me a pity that two volumes with so large a circulation should not be included in the list. If any one thinks that we are evading our responsibilities by including works of reference, I will substitute the names of two or even three books which everybody ought to be familiar with, a sound knowledge of which is, indeed, of inestimable benefit in this world and the next: that treatise of almost unknown antiquity, 'De Tribus Impostoribus'; the treatise of the Blessed Joachim of Flora on the 'Everlasting Gospel,' written in Dante's lifetime; and 'The History of Mr. John Decastro and his brother Bat, commonly called Old Crab, the merry matter written by John Mathers, the grave by a solid gentleman, published in London in 1815 and shortly afterward in Boston.' The edition which I have was published by the Irwin Press in Pittsburgh, Pa., in 1902. Egeria says that I have dropt into flippancy; I need hardly say that she has never read the history of John Decastro, the essay of the Blessed Joachim, Abbot of Flora, nor the occult treatise 'De Tribus Impostoribus'; her suggestion for alternatives to our books of reference are the Poems of Anne and Jane Taylor and Mother Goose's Nursery Rimes."

"FOR PROPHECIES, THEY SHALL FAIL"

PROPHECY IS CONTAGIOUS; Macaulay's temerity is imitated to-day on a lesser scale by an unnamed critic who ventures the opinion that "no great sonnets are being written to-day." As reported by the genial Christopher Morley of "The Bowling Green," in the New York *Evening Post* his tone was "morose" in asking, "What is there in the way of a recent sonnet that is worthy to take its place in the anthologies of the future beside those of Sir Philip Sidney, Milton, Wordsworth, Keats, Mrs. Browning, Rupert Brooke, or Lizette Reese?" Mr. Morley is the wise old philosopher in rejoining, "How can you tell?" For—

"It takes time for any poem to grow and ripen and find its place in the language. It will be for those of a hundred or more years hence to say what are the great poems of our present day. If a sonnet has the true vitality in it, it will gather association and richness about it as it traces its slender golden path through the minds of readers. It settles itself comfortably into the literary landscape, incorporates itself subtly into the unconscious thought of men, becomes corpuscular in the blood of the language. It comes down to us in the accent of those who have loved and quoted it, invigorated by our subtle sense of the permanent rightness of its phrasing and our knowledge of the pleasure it has given to thousands of others. The more it is quoted, the better it seems.

"All this is a slow process and inscrutable. No one has ever given us a continuous history of any particular poem, tracing its history and adventures after its first publication—the places it has been quoted, the hearts it has rejoiced. It could only be done by an infinity of toil and a prodigal largesse to clipping bureaus. It would be a fascinating study, showing how some poems have fought for their lives against the evaporation of Time, and how they have come through, sometimes, because they were carried and cherished in one or two appreciative hearts. But the point to bear in mind is the whole question of the permanence of poetry is largely in the hands of chance. If you are interested to observe the case of some really first-class poetry which has been struggling for recognition and yet shows, so far, no sign of breaking through into the clear light of lasting love and remembrance, look at James Elroy Flecker.

"Generally speaking, one law is plain: that it is not until the poet himself and all who knew him are dead, and his lines speak only with the naked and impersonal appeal of ink, that his value to the race as a permanent pleasure can be justly appraised.

"There is one more point that perhaps is worth making. It is significant of human experience that the race instinctively demands, in most of the poetry that it cares to take along with it as permanent baggage, a certain honorable sobriety of mood. Consider Mr. Burton E. Stevenson's great "Home Book of Verse," that magnificent anthology which may be taken as fairly indicative of general taste in these matters. In nearly four thousand pages of poetry only three or four hundred are cynical or satirical in temper. Humanity as a whole likes to make the best of a bad job: it grins somewhat ruefully at the bitter and the sardonic; but when it is packing its trunk for the next generation it finds most room for those poets who have somehow contrived to find beauty and not mockery in the inner sanctities of human life and passion. This thought comes to us on reading Aldous Huxley's brilliant and hugely entertaining book of poems called 'Leda.' There is no more brilliant young poet writing to-day; his title-poem is nothing less than extraordinary in pagan and pictorial beauty, but as a whole the cynical and scoffish tone of carnal drollery which gives the book its appeal to the humorously inclined makes a very dubious sandal for a poet planning a long-distance run."

CHOOSING A WAR-MEMORIAL

THE PROPER MEMORY of the dead is best kept alive by remembering the claims of the living. So Mr. Hamilton Fish Armstrong looks upon the whole question of memorializing the dead in the late war; and he finds his supporting argument in the decision of France to postpone all such efforts for at least ten years. "It was argued that the present moment, with its wars and rumors of fresh wars, its housing and fuel and food shortages, its swollen labor and building costs, its constant and not-to-be-denied appeals to succor distress in all parts of the world, was not propitious for undertaking the construction of a sufficiently noble and impressive monument to commemorate France's fearful sacrifice." Even beyond these considerations was the conviction that "the artistic genius capable of designing a suitable memorial should be discovered by means of competition and investigation through a long period of years, that all designs and plans should be weighed and considered by leading critics and the general public, and that bustle and haste should be scrupulously avoided, as it has always been avoided in evolving the really great and enduring works of man." The same feelings are not to be observed in the procedure either of ourselves or the English, and in Mr. Armstrong's view, exprest in the New York *Evening Post*, "New York seems faced with a more terrible choice than any other American city yet heard from." Thus:

"We are offered a 'massive iron and steel bridge, symbol of the Iron Age in which this war was fought, and capable of carrying double streams of traffic on its two levels, one of which would be devoted to foot, horse, and motor traffic, the other to the use of freight- and passenger-trains and trolley-cars.' Or a 'colossal globe,' poised on a concrete island two miles down the bay, to be reached from the Battery by twin subways, and providing for those who assemble there to muse over the deeds of their fathers in France, a music-gallery, a swimming-pool, a skating-rink, an aircraft landing, a dance-hall, a restaurant, and a movie auditorium—all at a cost estimated by its ingenious sponsor at not more than eight hundred and seventy-one million dollars. Then there is G. G. Barnard's less detailed suggestion for an elaborate sculptural treatment of the vast rocky ridge lying between Broadway and Riverside Drive, known as 'God's Thumb,' in connection with an art school for 'attracting American youth.' We have seen what 'elaborate sculptural treatment' has done to the Plaza, and the idea of what it might do to a whole mountain-ridge is overwhelming, even without details other than that there would be an appendant art school.

"It would seem that human ingenuity had been severely taxed in contriving these schemes for honoring New York's dead, but a certain Mr. Lafferty is not content, claiming that the people want something with 'more kick in it.' He therefore suggests a tremendous tower to be erected in the center of Columbus Circle, and equipped (if we understand the plan in all its magnificence) with powerful search-lights, which would play across the roofs of New York's sky-scrapers, and, piercing the shadows of the trees, remind even Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica on a park bench that 'it was a famous victory.' Mr. Lafferty would place in the top of the tower, also, a great organ, the playing of which would amuse the persons gathered about the foot of this battle-shrine."

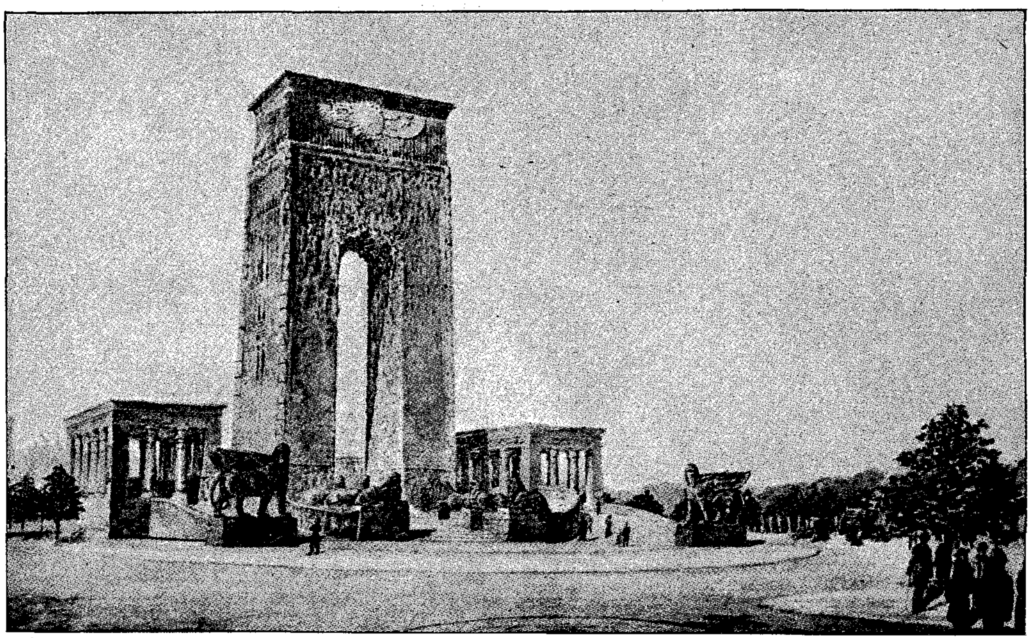
Without quoting the details of Mr. Barnard's architectural scheme, we give from the New York *Sun* his plea for the utilization of the site:

"On a bold ridge at the northern extremity of Manhattan Island, God or Nature, as you will, has laid down a pedestal suitable for a gigantic epic in marble and bronze. I prefer to call it the power of God, who laid his hand on this ridge with the thumb rising or tending upward at its northern end. Here should stand a nation's memorial to its heroes, where nothing would be permitted to lessen its magnificence or the greatness of the lessons it should teach.

"The land, as we know, has been offered as a free gift to the city. At an earlier day the Hudson encircled this bluff, and it should again be carried around the eastern base to constitute of the plot a peninsula. The sloping sides should be made more precipitous and from the summit, by the process of siphoning, water should be drawn to fall again in leaping cascades into the Hudson. The Inwood valley would furnish space for building a great amphitheater for people to come and view the monument as well as pageants that might be produced here, and a circular harbor built to serve as a landing-place for spectators who should elect to come from the teeming city to steep themselves in aspiring thought and reminiscence. Small steamers like the passenger-boats that ply the Seine in Paris would bring them here at no more than a street-car ride costs.

"These simple improvements, which are due anyway, quickly dispose of the criticism so lightly given by those persons who say, 'The site is, of course, magnificent, but no one would go to see a monument erected there.' All the world would go to see it!"

From London recently came the word that members of Parliament were evincing "extraordinary interest" in a design for a national memorial drawn up by the chief architect of the Department of Works. But the announcement was soon smothered in a cloud of newspaper protest. We read again in *The Evening Post:*


"MADE AN IMMENSE IMPRESSION ON THE HOUSE OF COMMONS."

Design for a proposed British war-memorial to stand at Hyde Park Corner that some opinion condemns as "vulgar pomposity and boastfulness."

"The drawing, it was said, was making 'an immense impression on the collective feeling of the House,' and it was intimated that little remained to do except start digging the foundations. It was reported that the Government planned to erect the memorial on Hyde Park Corner, just in front of the Marble Arch, a site open to much criticism from the fact that the war-monument already possest by London, the plain and impressive white Cenotaph, is only a mile or so away. (The Cenotaph, it may be remarked, contrasts strongly with the gingerbready, *papier-mâché* arch which we put up in Madison Square, altho both were finished in time to receive the salute of the returning victorious troops and their tribute to their dead comrades.)

"When the complete design for the proposed British war-memorial was reproduced in the London *Times* the critics said their worst fears had been justified. It calls for the erection of a mammoth pylon or gateway, in the Egyptian style, flanked by two colonnaded temples *à la* Karnak, and guarded by rows of strange, winged beasts that look as tho they had been patterned after the creatures St. John saw at Patmos. The pylon (set slightly higher than the flanking temples) towers one hundred and sixty feet above the ground, while each of the temples measures fifty-eight by twenty-eight feet; the decoration and sculpture are on a proportionate scale. On each side of the heavy central pylon two broad stairways approach, pass through the temples, and by a platform sweep around and enter the arch from the back. Immense bas-reliefs march parallel with the stairways, each describing some phase of the war-effort of the British Empire. From these bas-reliefs, as they reach the entrance to the arch, there fly upward to the lintel a sculptured 'cloud of shadowy spirits of the dead,' which pour out also across the face of the arch toward a gigantic scarabæus or other symbol of immortality. At the base of the pylon, and facing its center, is placed a single bronze figure of a young man, who gazes upward at the flying forms of the dead. We are told that he represents 'the new manhood learning the lesson of the sacrifice of the race in the war.' The whole thing is planned, in the words of the architect, Sir Frank Baines, to be 'the most distinctive object in London.'"

The answer of many a "plain person," it may be imagined, could be found in the protest addrest to the London *Times* by Mr. Stephen Paget:

"During the war there was talk of a huge stucco 'war-shrine,' to be put up by the Office of Works, in Hyde Park, near the Marble Arch. Happily, nothing came of it. Now, there is talk of a still huger 'War-Memorial' at Hyde Park Corner. And the design proposed for it is rather terrible. Quiet Londoners whose memories of the dead are personal and homely—who are fond of Hyde Park Corner as it is and hate to see London overcrowded with gigantic buildings and are sick of aggressive art—these millions of us, more truly than the present House of Commons, represent the collective feeling of London. And if it were possible to ascertain the collective feeling of the nation, there would be an overwhelming majority against this national war-memorial."

Sir Sidney Colvin, also writing, sees a memorial of such dimensions throwing out of scale not only all the neighboring buildings, but the areas of the adjacent parks themselves. He continues:

"So much from the mere point of view of visible and material proportion. From that of worthy feeling and imaginative propriety, surely such a scale will leave on our posterity, whether the greatness of our realms and fortunes wanes or waxes in the future, an impression of vulgar pomposity and boastfulness. If our recent victories, however dearly bought and won in a war however righteous and necessary, are to be commemorated on so tremendous a scale, on what scale shall we need on some future day to commemorate that hoped-for final victory of peace over war itself, an inviolable agreed peace among the nations, which, given the new means of destruction and extermination furnished by science, seems to promise the only hope for the survival of civilization on our planet?

"Again, if there is to be any such single monumental structure commemorative of our victories in the recent struggle on behalf of human right and liberty, surely it should not be in a style derived from that which commemorated the despotism and the conquests of the Pharaohs. Such a style, however grandiosely conceived or ingeniously adapted, is not only alien in itself to all our Western conditions and traditions, but could never be combined with imagery such as would appeal to the native instincts and emotions of ourselves or our posterity."

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IN "THE LAND OF SANTA CLAUS."

Russian refugee children looking at the New York sky-line from the *Yomei Maru*, on which they are journeying home.

A RUSSIAN CHILDREN'S ODYSSEY

EXILED BY FAMINE, seven hundred and eighty child-refugees from Russia are embarked on a strange and pathetic Odyssey in order to reach their homes in Petrograd. But for the American Red Cross they might still be on the Siberian steppes, prey to pestilence and hunger; and the New York *World* notes that "a glimpse of the little globe-trotters, happy and hearty in their temporary camp at Fort Wadsworth, ought to afford an illuminating idea of the range of American philanthropic activities in the war-area." This ship-load of human freight is a concrete example of Red Cross work, and "is quite as impressive in its way as a captured German cruiser at anchor in the North River as an index of how great and beneficent these far-reaching humane activities were." In the summer of 1918, according to newspaper accounts, these children were sent to Siberia with their teachers by a committee of parents organized under the sanction of the Department of Education of the Soviet Government. Siberia was better supplied with food, and it was the intention of the parents and the Government to send the children for the summer vacation period only. But the fighting between the Czecho-Slovak and Bolshevik armies cut off the children's colonies in the Ural Mountain cities from access to Petrograd. The American Red Cross workers found some of these colonies at the end of their means and in some cases reduced to serious straits. As winter came on they became almost entirely dependent on the Red Cross, and in January the Ministry of the Interior of the Siberian Government under Kolchak transferred the colonies to the care of the American Red Cross entirely. But they had undergone severe hardship and were deep in Siberia before the relief expedition reached them. The Siberian Commission of the American Red Cross planned to send the children home by railroad, but military circumstances prevented. Eventually they were embarked at Vladivostok on the *Yomei Maru*, a Japanese steamship chartered by the Red Cross, and were brought to this country, first to San Francisco, where they were entertained by the Junior Red Cross for three days, and then, via the Panama Canal, to New York, where they were taken to Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island, pending their embarkation for Bordeaux on another leg of their two-year journey home. The eldest of this migrant colony is a girl twenty years of age, and the youngest is Dimitry Dallas, a girl who has just turned four. As *The Red Cross Bulletin* points out, every kindness and attention have been given to the Russian children. "'Amerik,' the land of Santa Claus, exceeded even their wildest dreams." Automobile trips and theater-parties were given for them in both San Francisco and New York, and "they will take home with them into Russia the memory of kind faces and gentle hands."

The chief surgeon in charge of the children, Dr. H. O. Everbole, who has been in Russia for several years with the Red Cross, will accompany them to Petrograd to aid in the search for their parents. But for many of these waifs the home-coming will be the saddest part of their journey. According to all accounts, the children appeared to be in the best of health and spirits and evinced no desire to leave their floating home. "It is good to know that they are having a fine voyage and have enjoyed excellent health," says the Springfield *Republican*, and it remarks:

"It is a splendid humanitarian undertaking and reflects great credit on the Red Cross, but the most difficult and it is to be feared the most sorrowful part of this children's Odyssey is still to come. The chief surgeon in charge, Dr. H. O. Everbole, will go on with the children to Petrograd and help them to search for their parents, but the search may bring some heart-rending disappointments. It may be taken for granted that the Red Cross has made certain that conditions have improved since the lifting of the blockade and that Petrograd is no longer perishing of hunger. But the city is hardly more than the ghost of its former self, and what with war, typhus, influenza, and migration only a third of its population remains. For many of the children it will be a sorrowful home-coming, and for others a long quest may be required to find their parents. Yet these are the fortunate ones who have found help; let us not forget the endless thousands of waifs in the war-ridden lands whose plight is no less tragic and who have still to find protectors. There is no kind of charitable work that should make a stronger appeal."

What Russian children must endure is told by Catherine Breshkovsky, "the little grandmother of the Russian Revolution," to Alice Stone Blackwell, who says in a letter to the New York *Evening Post:*

"She writes that the peasants of Russian Karpathia have 'clear minds and good hearts,' and are eager to learn, but are utterly destitute. She has started an orphanage at Uzhorod, and begs her friends in America to send clothing, paper, pencils, pens and ink, slates, maps, scissors, knives, and other tools, playthings, materials to be made up by the children, paints and brushes, and instructive pictures. She says:

"'Clothes for children are indispensable. Coarse and second-hand garments would do, for they are naked, and the winter begins in November, and in autumn we have rain. We shall be grateful for every donation to our naked and hungry, ignorant but very capable children. It will be such a delight to see them rationally occupied, working with their minds and hands, instead of wandering from door to door imploring for a bit of coarse bread or a cold potato, and never learning anything!"

ONE OF THE TRAVELERS.

CHINA'S MORAL ADVANCE

CHINESE MORALITY very nearly accords with that taught in the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule, and beneath his yellow skin the Chinaman is very much like his white brother, subject to the same influences and to the same reactions. At least after thirteen years of experience with the younger generation, and after traveling thousands of miles in China, Dr. C. K. Edmunds, of Canton, has come to the conclusion that the distinction between the Oriental and the Occidental lies in technique and knowledge, not in intellectual caliber, we are told in an article in the Hongkong *Daily Press* and reprinted in *Millard's Review* (Shanghai). But China is moving forward, and a decade ago Prof. Edward Ross, of the University of Wisconsin, is said to have prophesied that in forty years there would be "telephones and moving-picture shows and appendicitis and sanitation and baseball nines and bachelor maids in every one of the thirteen hundred *hsien* districts of the Empire. The renaissance of a quarter of the human family is occurring before our eyes, and we have only to sit in the parquet and watch the stage."

Heretofore the dominating influences in Chinese education have been religion, government, and reverence for antiquity. "The whole nation has been molded by the remarkable system of competitive examinations which has been such a striking feature of their national history." Under this democratic system the path to honor and position was open to all. Behind it lay the theory that only the most learned would reach exalted positions and that the most learned, being wise, would be moral. Chinese philosophy is usually synonymous with Confucianism, and this proceeds on the theory that man

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RUSSIAN CHILDREN BEING ENTERTAINED BY THE AMERICAN RED CROSS AT STATEN ISLAND.

is originally good, which "is more comforting than the idea, prevalent in Europe for many centuries, that by nature man is evil." The Confucianist, like the Christian, sums up the whole matter in the injunction:

> "'Do to others as you would they should do to you.' But the struggle for existence in China has been so great that the stern laws of nature, which at the last resource impel man to fight for the life of himself and his dependents, has brought about a struggle between physical and moral influences. The Chinese are often accused of an excessive desire for money-making, but in that respect, again, we must remember the intensity of the struggle for survival. 'The whole wits of nearly every living Chinese man (and woman) seem to be devoted to turning to pecuniary profit every incident in which he has had, or has, or may have a hand, direct or indirect.' That is the verdict of Prof. E. H. Parker, of the University of Manchester, formerly one of his Britannic Majesty's Consuls in China. And yet the generosity of Chinese individuals has not been inconspicuous."

Perhaps the Chinese have faults and vices in addition to those which are also known in the monogamic West; "but, generally speaking, human nature, under similar circumstances, is not so very different in China from what it is in America or Great Britain, as is generally supposed." It may be true that—

> "The great mass of the Chinese are, indeed, sunk in material interests, but a large majority of Europeans are also open to the same accusation. But in China, as in America and Europe, there is a minority actuated by higher motives, aiming at loftier ideals. There have been notable examples of the admirable work of this minority in Chinese history. The fact is that the Chinese are a nation, like the British, which is composed of men and women exhibiting many varieties of character, both in degree and in quality, which many other collections of men and women called nations exhibit. In general it is common for many of us to associate the word morality with just one special type of morality. It is quite true that the oriental outlook concerning women is different to that of the West. For the present we must leave a discussion of that fascinating subject and conclude by suggesting that, for all the rapid changes which are taking place in material matters in China, it will take much longer to change entirely the Chinese conception of life's value. And yet it would be foolish to ignore the symptoms which show that many of the new generation are discontented with the old ideals of conduct which have been established in China for centuries."

THE SALVATION ARMY'S "LOST DRUNKS"

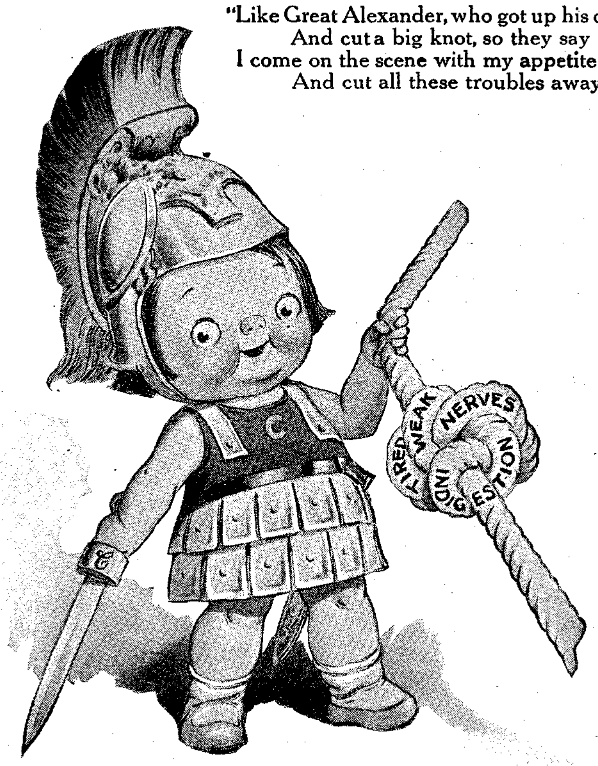
WHEN THE SALOON WAS OUTLAWED, few were in a better position to appraise the results than the Salvation Army workers who had given food and shelter and the gospel message to the "down-and-outers," to the throngs of "lurching bravos from the ditches dank" attracted by the music of drum and tambourine. So the Salvation Army's report on the effect of prohibition on its work is an important aid to the full understanding of the practical results of the new order of things. Prohibition, according to a Salvation Army officer quoted in the press, has relieved the Army of its self-assumed task of salvaging the men who had wrecked their fortunes and their lives in the corner saloons. In the deserted appearance of the Army's industrial homes is seen "the best proof that can be offered of the effectiveness of the prohibition amendment." Indeed, the "loss" of the drunks may necessitate the hiring of labor to do the Army's work, for many a man who was saved from the gutter could handle a saw, mend a clock, or do some jobs that required technical knowledge. But the change in conditions does not mean that the Salvation Army will curtail its appointed task. In the place of the toper comes the drug addict, who presents a problem no less engrossing than the confirmed inebriate. Other work will be extended, and the Army expects to take up new burdens now that one of its old responsibilities is gone. But for years its work had been directed toward the regeneration of men and women who had stumbled and had been unable to pick themselves up, says Col. William Peart, the Army's Commissioner of the Middle Territory in the United States, in an interview with a writer for the New York *Times*. Assistance was given to all who needed it. Seventy-five per cent. of the men who worked in the industrial homes were confirmed drunkards:

> "The wrecks of men would be assigned to the various departments in the workshops. There was a department for packing old paper, a department for assorting furniture, a department for mending clothes, a department for everything, in fact, that came out of a home or an office. Let me say in passing that this work of gathering old clothes and old furniture is exceedingly successful in this country. Americans continually change their clothes and their furniture. Our wagons are kept busy gathering the cast-offs of families who have acquired a bit of riches and put them into new dining-room or parlor suites.
>
> "Among the vast army of confirmed drinkers were representatives of all trades and professions. We'd get doctors, lawyers, teachers, clock-makers, upholsterers, cabinet-makers, carpenters—all types, in fact, that could turn their hands toward making salable articles out of unsalable ones. A clock-maker who had lost caste in his vocation because of an over-fondness for drink would come in and in a short time set all the clocks in the warerooms ticking. A carpenter would come in and mend all the furniture. The upholsterer would bolster up sunken seats and backs. In a measure, they were doing to the furniture what we were doing to them. The professional men would, as a rule, be assigned to the sorting and packing of papers. Out of this enterprise the Salvation Army, it was figured out, made an income of more than a million dollars a year. All of this money was put into greater expansion of personal service.
>
> "In the year before the war we had about nineteen thousand men working in our industrial shops, 75 per cent. of whom attributed their status to drink. With the coming of war, these 19,000 were reduced to six or seven thousand. Some of them enlisted, some went into war-factories, some were drafted. The work in the shops was almost entirely carried on by old men and cripples who had always come to the Salvation Army for work.
>
> "The war ended. Then the prohibition law went into effect in July, 1919. Our warerooms, except for those whom we always will have with us, were soon deserted. The drunkards had disappeared.
>
> "Christmas came. That was the time when our halls were always filled to the last square inch with men who were picked up in the streets in all states of inebriety. But last Christmas we could hardly corral a handful. And the dead calm in our workrooms and in our dormitories has continued. There are no men to fill the places. The sorting and the mending and the polishing and fixing are piling up. It seems as if we'll have to hire outside help to continue that branch of the service."

What will this lack of drunkards mean for the Salvation Army? Just this:

> "It will free our hands to perform other service which is necessary. Up to the present the drunkard has been the type most in need of help. Now he has virtually gone from us, but he has left another who is just as sorely beset as he is, if not more so. That is the drug addict. It is true that the number of addicts does not in any way come up to the number of drunkards of the past, but it is not a matter of numbers in which we are interested. It is human beings. If they need help we are ready to give it to them.
>
> "The Salvation Army is not going to worry because the young man is not getting any more booze. We are going to worry because some young men are getting drugs. Just now we are planning a building for the housing of drug addicts.
>
> "There are other things that we are going to do. The young man in the war grew to like us and trust us. We are going to keep that liking and that trust. The man in civvies is not different from the man in khaki, and if we appealed to him in the trenches there is no reason why we can't appeal to him in his office. We intend to establish clubs in the big industrial centers where the service men and the ex-service men can come for the same kind of cheer that we gave them on the battle-field.
>
> "The boy problem is another to be tackled. If it is a good thing to save an old man, it certainly is a worth-while thing to save a child. We have always wanted to stretch out into this branch of service, but we never had the funds to do it.
>
> "The building of hospitals, of relief centers, of meeting-houses, of units, all of these things are being contemplated for the near future. The day of the meeting-room in the steamy room above a Chinese laundry is past. We are not building cathedrals, but we are building clean, hygienic houses."

"Like Great Alexander, who got up his dander
And cut a big knot, so they say
I come on the scene with my appetite keen
And cut all these troubles away"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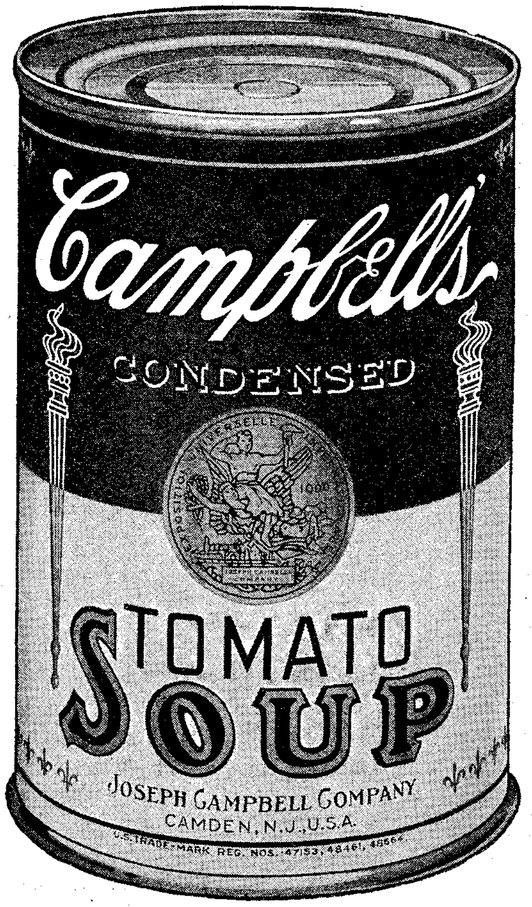
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Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

CURRENT - POETRY

THE words which Elijah mockingly addrest to the Prophets of Baal might seem to stand for the Muse of German verse, "Call Him louder for perchance He sleepeth." The ineffectual earlier hymns of hate are no bar to further efforts in the same line if, perchance, one but "call Him louder." Here is one which is sent to the New York *Tribune* by Mr. George Palmer Putnam, with this preliminary note: "As a matter of general information and rather quaint historic interest, I quote as follows a translation of a German-made 'Hymn of Hate' which appeared in the German press of Silesia about a year ago. It indicates pretty well the attitude of the German population, backed by the Polish-hating powers that be at Berlin, toward Poland and the Poles. This sort of thing at least indicates some of the reasons why Poland almost inevitably is confronted with trouble. In the face of such bitterness even the most Christian advocate of 'turning the other cheek' can not expect the Poles to conduct themselves too decorously in Silesia."

HYMN OF HATE IN SILESIA

We Germans of Upper Silesia!
O God, help the German cause, the just cause!
Let not German men be servants to the Poles.
Give us strength to break the Polish power, that we
May obtain an awful revenge with blood and fire.
Send sickness and disease, and seal their land
 with plague.
Let poisonous fruit grow on their trees!
You devil's brood! You filthy, dirty Poles!
May hell and devil take hold upon you.

If Silesia becomes Polish,
Then, O God, may children perish like beasts
 in their mother's womb.
Then lame their Polish hands and their feet,
 O God!
Let them be crippled and blind in their eyes.
Smite them with dumbness and madness, both
 men and women.
May groaning and sorrow, not sounds of joy, seize
Poland's country, both in town and village.
Thus may God prove the Germans' wrath.

Then Thou, Almighty One, send Thy lightnings!
Let dwellings and cottages become ashes in the
 heat of fire.
Let the people in hordes burn and drown with
 wife and child.
May their seed be trampled under our feet;
May we kill great and small in the lust of joy.
May we plunge our daggers into their bodies.
May Poland reek in the glow of fire and ashes.

There lives a God of vengeance and justice,
And this God must destroy this brood of Poles.
You children are devils and the sons of devils.
You, the God-accurst, tried to rob us of our
 German land,
Such things can not allow a German heart to
 become softened.
Not peace, let hatred between the two countries be,
And, should I ever arm myself for battle unto
 death,
May I with my dying breath exclaim:
"O God, make the Polish land a desert!"

There is much in Aldous Huxley's new volume named "Leda" (George H. Doran Company) that would not do to read out in mixed company. Considering that the young man is a grandson both of Thomas Huxley and Matthew Arnold, his work presents a pretty problem in heredity. The two we select are void of offense. The permanence of art and the transitoriness of life have been often exprest, but this has a neatness of phrasing that recommends the point anew.

LIFE AND ART

BY ALDOUS HUXLEY

You have sweet flowers for your pleasure;
 You laugh with the bountiful earth
In its richness of summer treasure:
 Where now are your flowers and your mirth?
Petals and cadenced laughter,
 Each in a dying fall,
Droop out of life; and after
 Is nothing; they were all.

But we from the death of roses
 That three suns perfume and gild
With a kiss, till the fourth discloses
 A withered wreath, have distilled
The fulness of one rare phial,
 Whose nimble life shall outrun
The circling shadow on the dial,
 Outlast the tyrannous sun.

THE following is an excerpt from a poem in memory of John Ridley, killed in the war. The author describes Ridley as "an adolescent who suffered from that instability of mind 'produced by the mental conflict forced upon man by his sensitiveness to hero suggestion on the one hand and to experience on the other' . . . that characteristic inability which makes adolescence so feebly skeptical, so inefficient, so profoundly unhappy":

FROM "SOLES OCCIDERE ET REDIRE POSSUNT."

BY ALDOUS HUXLEY

The crowd, the crowd—oh, he could almost cry
To see those myriad faces hurrying by,
And each a strong tower rooted in the past
On dark, unknown foundations, each made fast
With locks nobody knew the secret of,
No key could open: save that perhaps love
Might push the bars half back and just peep in—
And see strange sights, it may be. But for him
They were locked donjons, every window bright
With beckoning mystery; and then, Good Night!
The lamp was out, they were passed, they were
 gone
For ever . . . ever. And one might have been
The hero or the friend long sought, and one
Was the loveliest face his eyes had ever seen
(Vanished as soon), and he went lonely on.

Then in a sudden fearful vision he saw
The whole world spread before him—a vast sphere
Of seething atoms moving to one law:
"Be individual. Approach, draw near,
Yes, even touch: but never join, never be
Other than your own selves eternally."
And there are tangents, tangents of thought that
 aim
Out through the gaps between the patterned stars
At some fantastic dream without a name
That, like the moon shining through prison-bars,
Visits the mind with madness.

"PARABALOU" is a word that immediately connotes Yale, so when a group calling themselves "Young American Poets" issue a small collection of verse, "Parabalou" (Will Warren's Den, Farmington, Conn.), we find them all Yale poets. The little brochure will repeat itself in a second number "if called for by its readers." As a specimen of its quality we quote three from a group of poems, distinctive among our war-verse for revealing in each case the emotional reaction of some woman immediately affected by the service of her lover or husband.

THREE POEMS

BY JOHN CHAPMAN FARRAR

MARY

Why did they bring me up so cold and stern?
All that was mine he could have had, and yet,
Longing to give, I never could forget
The primness they had taught me. Oh, how brave,
How very brave he was! What love he gave!
And I so slow to learn.

He said, "I'm going out to-night, and I,
I love you. Could I carry with me, this,"
He touched me gently, "This great memory of a
 kiss?"
Oh, to have given him what was mine to give!
Great memory? What pale emptiness to live,
Having sent him thus to die!

ALICE

I knew he would be brave. So when they said
He led them like a furious demigod,
Shouting before them through the burning sod,
Up first, through first—it wasn't a surprize;
But it was what might linger in his eyes
That made my heart afraid.
They sent him back disabled, from the line.
I heard him coming. Would he be the same?
Had love been warped to bitterness by flame?
Blindly I trembled into his embrace,
Then, slowly, searched the wonder of his face—
Unalterably mine!

LUCILE

I'm never lonely now when I'm alone.
You grieve because he's dead. He did not die,
Not slowly blotted out, as you and I,
But, swift, shell-shattered as he struggled there,
His soul uplifted suddenly in air,
Like snow—wind-blown.
You can not rightly know—nor ever see
His vivid eyes, his lips that cover mine.
He's changed? Yes, grown a little bit divine,
Yet, oh, so natural! He's dead, you say?
No! No! He's just come back at last to stay,
His soul grown part of me.

So far as one vivid aspect of city life is concerned the transformation of the fire service by motor-traction completes an era. The horses pass, and who will deny that their participation in the fight against fire the destroyer is worthy of a poetic tribute? The New York *Evening Post* publishes one:

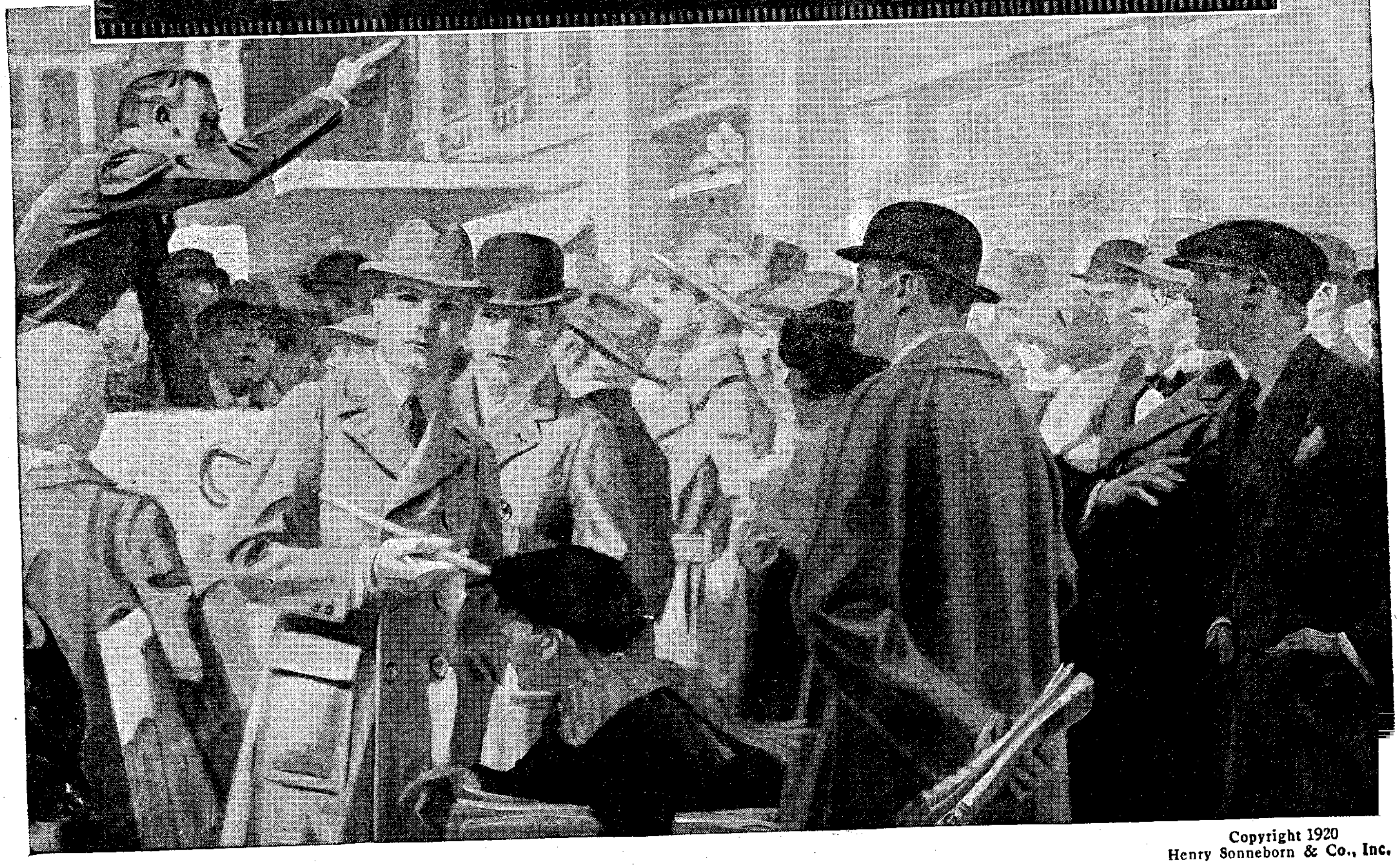
ON THE PASSING OF THE LAST FIRE HORSE FROM MANHATTAN ISLAND

BY KENNETH SLADE ALLING

I remember the cleared streets, the strange suspense
 As if a thunder-storm were under way;
Magnificently furious, hurrying thence,
 The fire-eyed horses racing to the fray;
Out of old Homer where the heroes are,
 Beating upon the whirlwind thunderous hoofs,
Wild horses and plumed Ajax in his car:
 Oh, in those days we still possest the proofs
Men battled shouting by the gates of Troy,
 With shields of triple brass and spears of flame.
With what distended nostrils, what fierce joy,
 What ring on stone and steel, those horses came.
Like horses of gods that whirl to the dawn's
 burning,
They came, and they are gone, and unreturning.

Styleplus Clothes

Trade Mark Reg.



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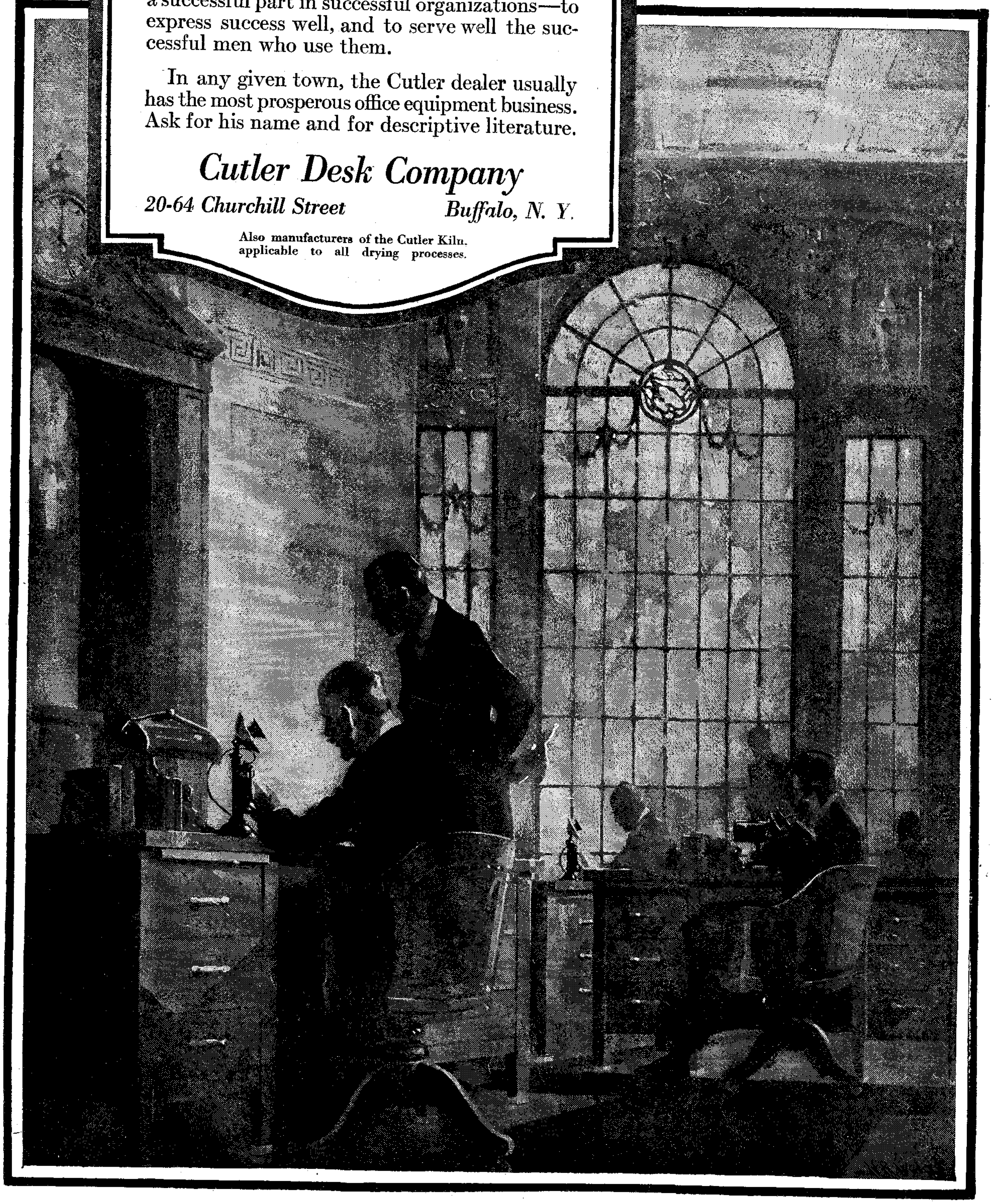


WORLD-WIDE - TRADE - FACTS

COTTON PRODUCTION AND CONSUMPTION

(From *The Americas*)

OF ALL WORLD INDUSTRIES, cotton is the most wide-spread. Of all commercial romances, cotton and its affiliated industries supply the greatest amount of interest. Since 1800 no other branch of business has witnessed such an expansion, and it is difficult to conceive of any commercial enterprise which has a greater or more assured future.

It is estimated that more than six million persons are directly engaged in the production, manufacture, and distribution of cotton, while reliable estimates have placed the amount of capital invested in the business at $30,000,000,000. The amount of cotton produced in the world has shown a remarkable increase. While statistics of such a wide-spread industry are necessarily more or less approximate, it is believed that cotton production has grown from 500,000,000 pounds in 1800 to 1,500,000,000 pounds in 1850, 7,500,000,000 pounds in 1900, and 14,000,000,000 in 1913, which is the last year that can be called normal. The most interesting phase of the figures just quoted is the practically doubled production since 1900, showing that even in these modern times great capacity for the expansion of cotton-consumption exists. Since 1914, however, little increase in the world's cotton-production has taken place and one of the greatest problems now confronting the industry, and one which is receiving a great deal of serious attention, is the increase in the area allotted to cotton cultivation necessary to keep up with increasing consumptive demand.

Cotton Production of the World

(In bales of approximately 500 pounds)

Year	*Total*	*Year*	*Total*	*Year*	*Total*
1800	1,040,000	1885	9,396,000	1903	17,015,000
1810	1,110,000	1886	10,077,000	1904	20,706,000
1820	1,250,000	1887	10,623,000	1905	18,256,000
1830	1,670,000	1888	10,413,000	1906	22,467,000
1840	2,600,000	1889	11,376,000	1907	18,640,000
1850	2,875,000	1890	12,522,000	1908	22,271,000
1860	5,102,000	1891	12,842,000	1909	20,536,000
1870	6,150,000	1892	10,590,000	1910	22,829,000
1875	6,735,000	1893	11,771,000	1911	26,168,000
1876	7,271,000	1894	13,619,000	1912	26,044,000
1877	7,216,000	1895	11,923,000	1913	27,703,000
1878	7,037,000	1896	13,501,000	1914	23,866,000
1879	8,252,000	1897	15,959,000	1915	17,609,000
1880	9,285,000	1898	16,442,000	1916	18,095,000
1881	8,538,000	1899	14,394,000	1917	20,880,000
1882	10,260,000	1900	15,513,000	1918	20,660,000
1883	9,028,000	1901	16,739,000		
1884	8,876,000	1902	17,636,000		

Cotton Production of the World and Average Quantit Per Capita

Year	*Crop (Million Lbs.)*	*Population (Millions)*	*Average Lbs. Per Capita*
1800	500	640	.8
1810	550	700	.8
1820	650	780	.9
1830	835	850	1.0
1840	1,300	950	1.3
1850	1,490	1,075	1.5
1860	2,550	1,200	2.1
1870	2,875	1,310	2.3
1880	4,643	1,440	3.1
1890	6,261	1,490	4.2
1900	7,566	1,570	4.7
1910	11,414	1,650	6.9
1913	13,850	1,700	8.1
1914	11,933	1,706	7.0
1915	8,800	1,710	5.3
1916	9,067	1,715	5.4
1917	10,440	1,721	5.9
1918	10,280	1,729	6.0

Approximate Share of World Cotton Crop Consumed United States

(Bales of 500 pounds)

Year	*World Crop (Bales)*	*U. S. Consumption (Bales)*	*Per Cent. of World Crop Consumed in U. S.*
1860	5,102,000	841,000	16
1870	5,750,000	796,000	14
1880	9,285,000	1,501,000	16
1890	12,522,000	2,518,000	20
1900	15,513,000	3,687,000	23
1910	22,829,000	4,759,000	21
1914	23,866,000	5,943,000	21
1917	20,880,000	7,721,000	37
1918	20,660,000	7,732,000	37

Cotton-spindles of the World, 1850 to 1918, by Princip Countries

Year	*United States*	*Great Britain*	*Continent of Europe*	*India*	*Japa*
1850	3,998,000	21,000,000	6,000,000	....	...
1860	5,236,000	33,000,000	10,000,000	....	...
1870	7,132,000	36,000,000	13,000,000	....	...
1880	10,653,000	41,000,000	21,460,000	1,461,000	...
1885	13,375,000	43,000,000	22,750,000	2,146,000	...
1890	14,384,000	43,750,000	25,460,000	3,274,000	...
1895	16,100,000	43,187,000	27,130,000	3,810,000	1,300,
1900	19,472,000	42,460,000	31,920,000	4,946,000	1,333,
1905	23,687,000	45,973,000	36,112,000	5,163,000	1,402,
1910	28,267,000	57,732,000	41,011,000	6,196,000	1,897
1915	31,964,000	59,905,000	43,216,000	6,779,000	2,657,
1918	34,543,000	57,243,000	44,019,000	8,861,000	3,277,

Cotton-Mills of the World

Countries	Year	Mills	Spindles.	Looms	Consumption (Bales)	Hands Employ
Great Britain	1915	2,009	59,904,873	808,145	3,881,230	655,00
United States	1915	1,451	32,400,792	689,840	6,065,686	379,00
Canada	1915	42	1,405,656	31,979	184,685	18,05
Germany	1914	372	10,162,872	230,200	1,979,958	375,00
Russia	1915	99	7,665,654	213,179	1,400,000	370,00
Poland	1914	38	1,322,257	31,000	.325,000	50,00
Finland, etc	1914	6	236,752	5,741	25,000	6,85
France	1914	430	7,400,000	108,000	1,120,000	160,5
Austria-Hungary	1914	160	4,941,320	170,000	842,591	175,00
Switzerland	1915	62	1,385,441	21,561	99,000	21,0
Italy	1915	480	4,600,000	140,000	850,000	170,0
Spain	1915	257	2,100,000	55,000	420,000	70,0
Portugal	1914	35	428,000	12,000	56,000	25,0
Belgium	1914	53	1,775,000	24,000	250,000	11,0
Holland	1914	65	606,646	39,800	105,000	25,0
Sweden	1914	49	461,764	12,442	100,000	11,8
Norway	1915	13	81,814	2,626	14,255	2,8
Denmark	1914	5	88,700	4,350	27,500	1,1
Bulgaria	1914	5	19,539	350	5,000	6
Turkey	1914	9	70,000	......	40,000	2,0
Cyprus	1915	1	1,574	......	500	
Greece	1914	19	73,898	1,160	23,250	3,5
Egypt	1914	1	20,000	525	7,000	5
Asia Minor	1914	7	41,000	......	47,400	3,0
India	1914	271	6,778,895	104,179	2,143,126	260,2
China	1913	34	1,000,000	4,755	525,000	...
Japan	1915	175	2,657,000	25,443	1,553,919	111,7
Indo-China	1915	5	700,000	500	27,000	3,0
Philippines	1914	1	7,440,000	272	1,560	3
Brazil	1913	171	1,520,000	50,000	330,000	106,2
Argentina	1914	6	9,000	1,200	....	1,6
Uruguay	1911	3	....	300	....	....
Chile	1911	3	5,000	400	....	...
Peru	1910	7	52,250	1,750	12,600	...
Colombia	1914	9	20,000	941	3,520	2,5
Ecuador	1911	4	5,000	200	....	...
Venezuela	1915	4	19,000	500	6,216	1,8
Guatemala	1911	1	8,000	250	2,000	5
Mexico	1913	139	762,149	27,019	160,000	34,5
Total	....	6,483	150,737,290	2,819,607	22,633,996	3,059,6

ENERAL WRANGEL, SUCCESSOR OF KOLCHAK AND DENIKIN

‘THE NAME OF GENERAL WRANGEL,” as one of the foremost critics of Russian affairs observes, “has been thrust upon the attention of the public a context that is suggestive not so much of patriotic exploits of a bad pun.” Nevertheless, “the really remarkable thing” out him is said to be the bare possibility” at he may not share e fate of his prede- ssors, Kolchak, Yu- nich, and Denikin. e General's way has t been made smooth him by such gener- s aid from the Allies was freely advanced his predecessors. en good anti-Bolshe- n, having seen three ti-Bolshevik leaders down to defeat in cession, did not have ch enthusiasm left the latest claimant the honor of chasing Bolsheviki out of ssia. In view of the lapse of leaders who rted with brighter spects, it was argued n by a number of ssians exiled to other ntries because of ir anti-Soviet views, y should anybody rsist in a course of on which could only to the embarrass- nt of the Western wers?” France stirred up much lively opposition, especially England, by recognizing Wrangel, and when Moscow dis- ches recently announced that he had suffered a severe re- se, there were plenty of conservatives, as well as radicals, cry, “I told you so.” However, later reports showed the eral still very much in the ring and planning to cooperate h the Poles in a general offensive. Dr. Harold Williams, one he best informed of Russian correspondents, credits Wrangel h better chances of success than were enjoyed by his recent decessors in anti-Bolshevik campaigns. According to Dr. ams, writing in *The New Europe* (London):

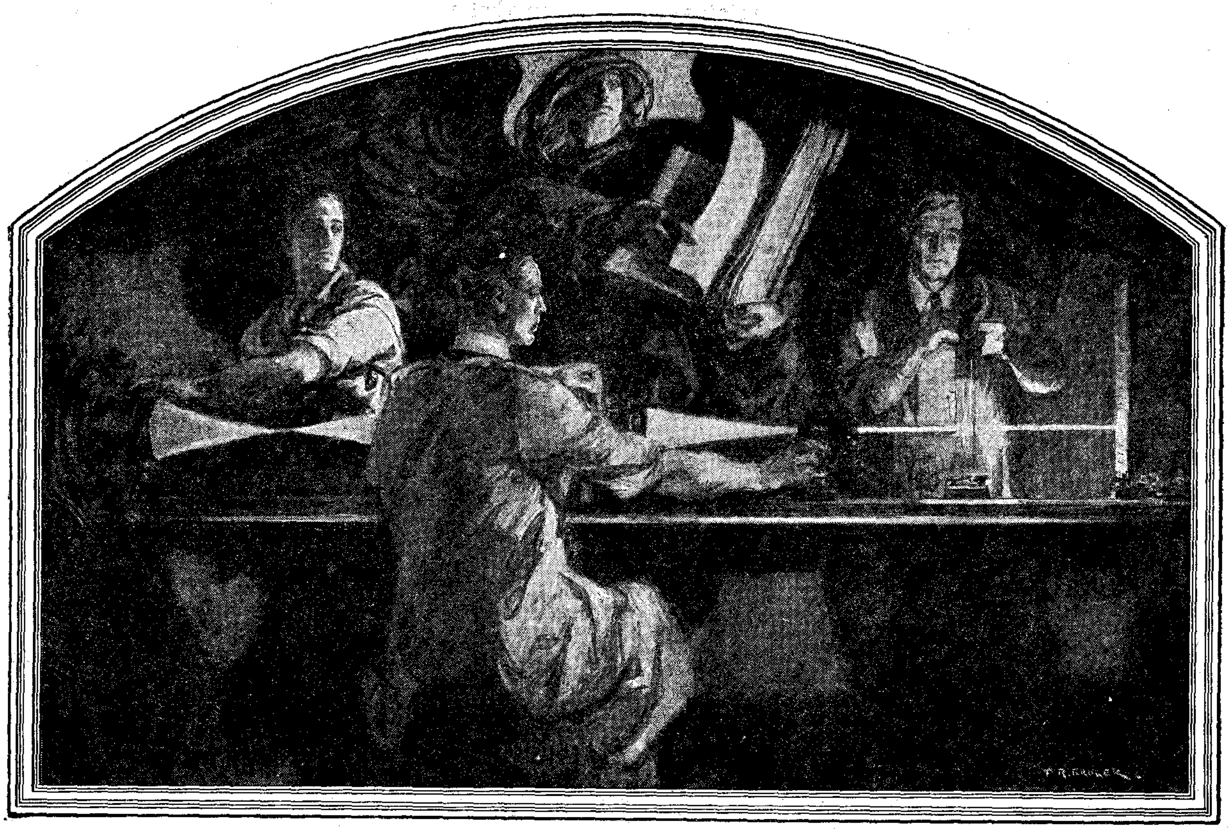
WILL HE MEET THE FATE OF HIS PREDECESSORS?

This recent photograph of General Wrangel, from *L'Illustration*, of Paris, shows the anti-Bolshevik leader as a much older man than his only previously published portrait in this country. His best friends agree that he will need all the military genius at his disposal to beat the Bolskevik forces now arrayed against him.

> he Bolsheviki are anxious because, as they say, Wrangel ifferent from any of the “White” generals who have so far cared. That is perfectly true, and, in addition, he has the er experience of his predecessors before his eyes; he is able rofit by their mistakes. When he assumed the command he Crimea early in April, after the departure of Denikin, ad no intention of attempting the impossible. He did not himself to march to Moscow and reconquer Russia. He pted a new method. He regarded his army as merely one he elements in a big general process which must lead to the of Bolshevism. Two facts he regarded as indisputable. first was that Bolshevism in itself was war, that peace and hevism were incompatible terms, and that civil war must itably continue in Russia so long as Bolshevism lasted—the only question being as to whether civil war should assume the form of endless and ruinous anarchy, or whether the process could be hastened and rendered less painful by intelligent organization. His other immutable conviction is that since the Bolshevik régime in Russia is bound to fall, it is necessary to have an armed force in readiness to assist in directing events when that critical moment comes.
>
> Wrangel does not aim at a huge military expedition on Kolchak and Denikin lines. He is an ambitious man, but his claims are modest. He knows that his enterprise is the last standby of the Russian patriots, but he does not claim to have All-Russian powers or to be the head of an All-Russian Government. He goes step by step, carefully feeling his way as he goes, and adapting his policy to the actual conditions. One of the great defects of the policy of his predecessors was the conception that they had inherited in a certain sense the prerogatives of the All-Russian government, that they represented legitimate authority in contradistinction to the Bolshevik usurpers. This is not the place to discuss the rights and wrongs of this conception, but in practise it led to grave difficulties. Denikin's government, for instance, was cumbrous and overweighted with a sense of immense responsibility. Instead of concentrating on practical administrative work, and learning little by little by experience what the actual needs and demands of the people were, it engaged in long theoretical discussions on questions of constitutional principle, and tried to legislate on the assumption that its decisions were valid for the whole future of Russia. The result was that administration was inefficient and the whole policy rigid and unpractical. Moreover, the conception of an All-Russian prerogative vitiated the relations of the Denikin Government with its neighbors and possible allies in the struggle with Bolshevism.

Wrangel, on the other hand, is called a “realist.” As an instance of his realism, it is said that he rejected a highly involved system of land distribution prepared by experts in favor of a simple plan of direct grant, proposed by the peasants themselves. This attitude toward the land may not recommend him to the large landholders of Russia, whose aid might have been considered useful to any anti-Bolshevik movement, but it brought him the support of the peasants. The bitterly anti-Bolshevik London *Morning Post* says of the new leader:

> The agrarian quest is the root question in Russia. The peasants desire to be the indisputable proprietors of the land that they till—not on a communistic basis, but having each his own holding. What the Bolsheviki have given is something very



"Without research no scientific discoveries or inventions have been made."

ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA

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MAZDA Service has made possible many things. Its outstanding achievement is the MAZDA lamp. The modern X-ray tube, powerful, adaptable and reliable, is another result of the search of these men for the perfect incandescent electric lamp, and the study of the thermionic emission of its filament. This is one example of the far-reaching influence of MAZDA Service.

What part this influence played in the use of electricity in the war; what it has contributed to wireless communication, through the improved vacuum tube; to surgery, in X-ray development; to the art of lighting, with electric lamps as large as melons and as small as peas; to industry and commerce, to the progress and comfort and health of humanity, is a story that has not been told.

Because it has entered deeply into everyday life, because the benefits it has brought are universal, the story of MAZDA Service is worth telling, and worth hearing.

RESEARCH LABORATORIES OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

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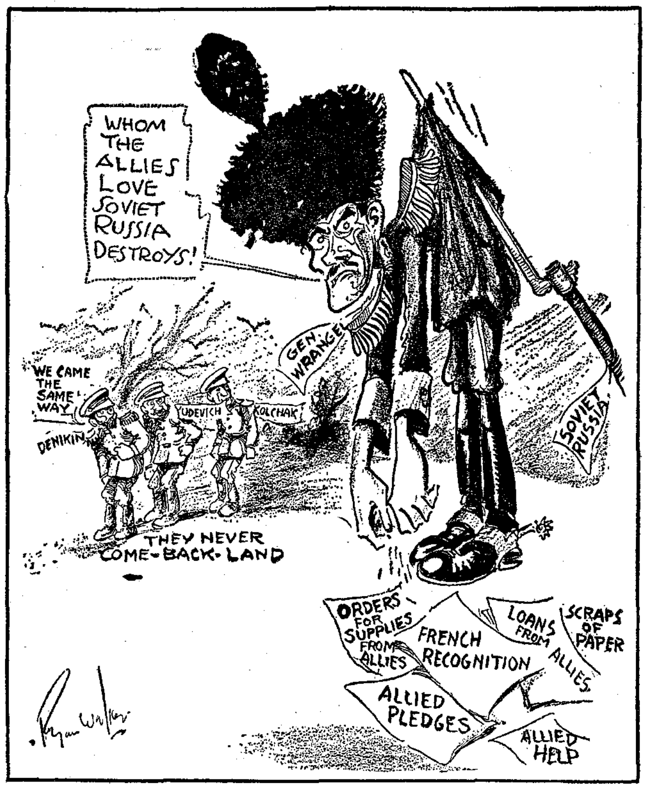
different. To each village community a state commissary is appointed who controls production. He makes the peasant work at a fixt price and commandeers the produce for the state. Thus the peasant in effect finds himself reduced to the status of a serf. He has no longer any voice in the conditions of his labor. He is the slave of the commissary taskmaster. This odious system the Bolsheviki euphemistically describe as the nationalization of the land.

It is the passionate revolt of the peasants in South Russia against this system that has made General Wrangel's movement so formidable. He has known as none of his predecessors have known how to attach the mass of the people to him by satisfying their dearest wish—which is to possess a recognized, indefeasible title to their lands. In the past this aspiration has been resisted by academic liberals and revolutionaries because it was held to lead inevitably to the pauperization of the small holder and the gradual absorption of the land into the hands of a wealthy landlord class. But the successful establishment of the cooperative movement in Russia now averts that danger by placing at the service of the small cultivator all the resources for transport and marketing of the large capitalist. It leaves the peasant owner free as an individual and socializes only the operations that are beyond his capacity.



THE FATE PROPHESIED FOR WRANGEL BY THE "REDS."
—Walker in the New York *Call.*

The General is hailed as a "real democrat," in spite of the titles he is privileged to prefix to his name, by several of the British and American newspapers who have championed his cause. The one picture of him that had appeared in this country until recently suggested a distinctly young and handsome and rather reckless type of man, but a photograph in the Paris *L'Illustration,* probably taken later, suggested an older and less swashbuckling character, one much more in keeping with the cautious campaign Wrangel seems to have conducted so far. The Paris photograph is reproduced on page 44. Inspired by the earlier photograph, the Butte *Bulletin* put forward the following remarkable suggestion:

> A comparison of pictures of the late Prince Joachim, of Germany, with that of General Wrangel, who stept into the vacant shoes of Denikin and Yudenich and Kolchak, brings to light a remarkable resemblance. The only differences seem to be the latter wears a Cossack uniform instead of that of the former Imperial German Guard and is minus the mustache *à la* Kaiser that Joachim sported. It will be recalled that Wrangel appeared on the horizon about the time Joachim, alleged suicide, was buried. Stranger things have happened than that the Wrangel of the present may be the Joachim of late and unlamented memory.

In opposition to any such romantic theory, the Kansas City *Star* presents this detailed biography of the leader, beginning with his ancestors:

> Gen. "Baron" Peter Nikolaevich Wrangel, the young dictator of the South Russian Government and anti-Bolshevik leader, has not only a bellicose name but he comes of a fighting lineage. For centuries the Wrangels have borne a distinguished part on the battle-fields of Europe, and, by all historic accounts, they seem to have sprung from an ancestry of "soldiers of fortune," for they have fought under many flags. Altho the family was probably, in its remote origin, of Teutonic stock, the original strain of fighting blood seems to have been derived from the Russian Wrangels, who were settled in Esthonia, one of the Baltic provinces, as early as the twelfth century. From this parent stem came the Wrangels of Russia, Germany, Sweden, and Spain, and in every country to which their destiny led them some member of the family achieved distinction in a military career.
>
> The Swedish branch of the family was especially distinguished both on land and at sea. Away back in the early campaigns of the Thirty Years' War there was Herman von Wrangel, who was field-marshal under Gustavus Adolphus and rendered valiant services in many a hard-fought campaign. His son, Karl Gustav von Wrangel, also followed the fortunes of the "Lion of the North," distinguishing himself when only twenty years old as a dashing cavalry captain in the early wars against the Poles, winning his way to a field-marshalship in the Wallenstein campaigns. This Wrangel fought as well by sea as on land. In 1644 he commanded a fleet which defeated the Danes in a signal victory, and a few years later he succeeded the famous Tortenssen as commander-in-chief of the Swedish Army in Germany, which post he held during three of the campaigns of Adolphus in Germany.
>
> With the great French general, Turenne, this Karl Gustave Wrangel commanded the allied Swedish and French armies that marched and fought in Bavaria and Wurttemburg, and again we find him commanding a fleet in a second Polish war, with the title of admiral, and later serving on land again with the "Great Elector of Brandenburg" in a three days' battle before the gates of Warsaw. Numerous Baron Wrangels followed him in the Swedish service, some field-marshals, some admirals, some military engineers, and some—like the father of the present Russian Wrangel—mining engineers.
>
> The branch of the family that settled in Germany—far-back cousins of the Swedish and Russian Wrangels—also proved their fighting stock. There has been a Wrangel on the military roster of Germany for hundreds of years. One of the most picturesque warriors of this German line of Wrangels was Friedrich Heinrich Ernst von Wrangel, who earned the familiar title of "Papa" Wrangel by a continuous service in the German Army of more than seventy years. He also began fighting when a mere boy and fought his way to a field-marshalship. As a subaltern he won the order of merit in the campaigns against the first Napoleon, achieved the iron cross at Leipzig, and ranked as colonel in 1815, the year of Waterloo. It was this Wrangel who, as Governor of Berlin, during the revolutionary movement of 1848 "swept the streets with canister," ousted the liberal president and members of the chamber, and throttled the revolution in its initial stages.
>
> At eighty he commanded the Austro-Prussian forces in the Denmark campaign in 1864, and was still in the saddle "taking a keen interest in the reorganization of the cavalry" when the Franco-Prussian War broke out. He lived to be ninety-three.
>
> An inquiry from the *Star's* Washington correspondent to the Russian embassy at Washington discloses the fact that while the present Baron Wrangel, who is taking such a prominent part in Russian affairs, is not a direct relative of the old Prussian field-marshal nor of the Swedish Wrangels, all the Wrangel family strains go back to the same Esthonian branch that settled in the Baltic Provinces many centuries ago, and that General Wrangel is a direct descendant of the line that cast their fortunes with Russia and became thoroughly Russified through centuries of service under the Imperial Government.
>
> Ruvigny's genealogical work on the "Nobility of Europe"—a recognized authority—establishes a more direct connection, however, with the Swedish Wrangels, tracing the descent of some of the present-day Russian Wrangels back to that amphibious fighter, Karl Gustave, who fought with Gustavus. The Swedish title of "Baron Wrangel" became extinct in 1833, but was revived by the Russian Wrangels and confirmed by the Russian Emperor Alexander II. as late as 1865. But from whatever collateral branch of the family the Russian leader may derive his descent, he seems to be proving that the blood of the "fighting Wrangels" is in his veins and the spirit of the "soldier of fortune" as well.
>
> He started his military career in Russia as a "buck private."

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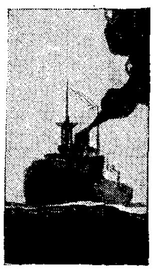

When Consolidation Coal is supplied you, the efficiency service of our testing engineers follows it into your plant, if you desire. Where waste exists, a way is found to produce the same number of heat units from fewer tons. Better firing methods are devised to meet special demands for power. Such investigation multiplies utility per ton.

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THE CONSOLIDATION COAL COMPANY
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> The son of a mining engineer, with a baronial title, he was graduated as a mining engineer himself from the institute of Petrograd and was called to the colors in 1902 to perform the ordinary military duties of conscript service as a private and non-commissioned officer in the Horse Guards regiment at Petrograd. He did not achieve his commission until 1904, in the Russo-Japanese War, when he volunteered for active service and was gazetted a second lieutenant in the Cossack division under General Rennenkampf. His services in that war won him a number of decorations and a promotion to a captaincy in the Horse Guards, and at the outbreak of war in 1914 he was made a squadron commander in the same organization. While in this command, on the east Prussian front, he distinguished himself by heading a charge on horseback against a German battery, which he succeeded in capturing, and for this exploit he was awarded Russia's highest decoration for bravery in the field—the order of St. George, being the first Russian officer to receive it in the Great War.

Later he became aide-de-camp to the Czar and served in the Imperial army as colonel in command of the Ussuri Cossack regiment, and later, in 1916, was made a general, taking over the command of a brigade of Cossack cavalry, in the management of which he exhibited marked skill as a leader of mounted troops. Later this fact caused complications:

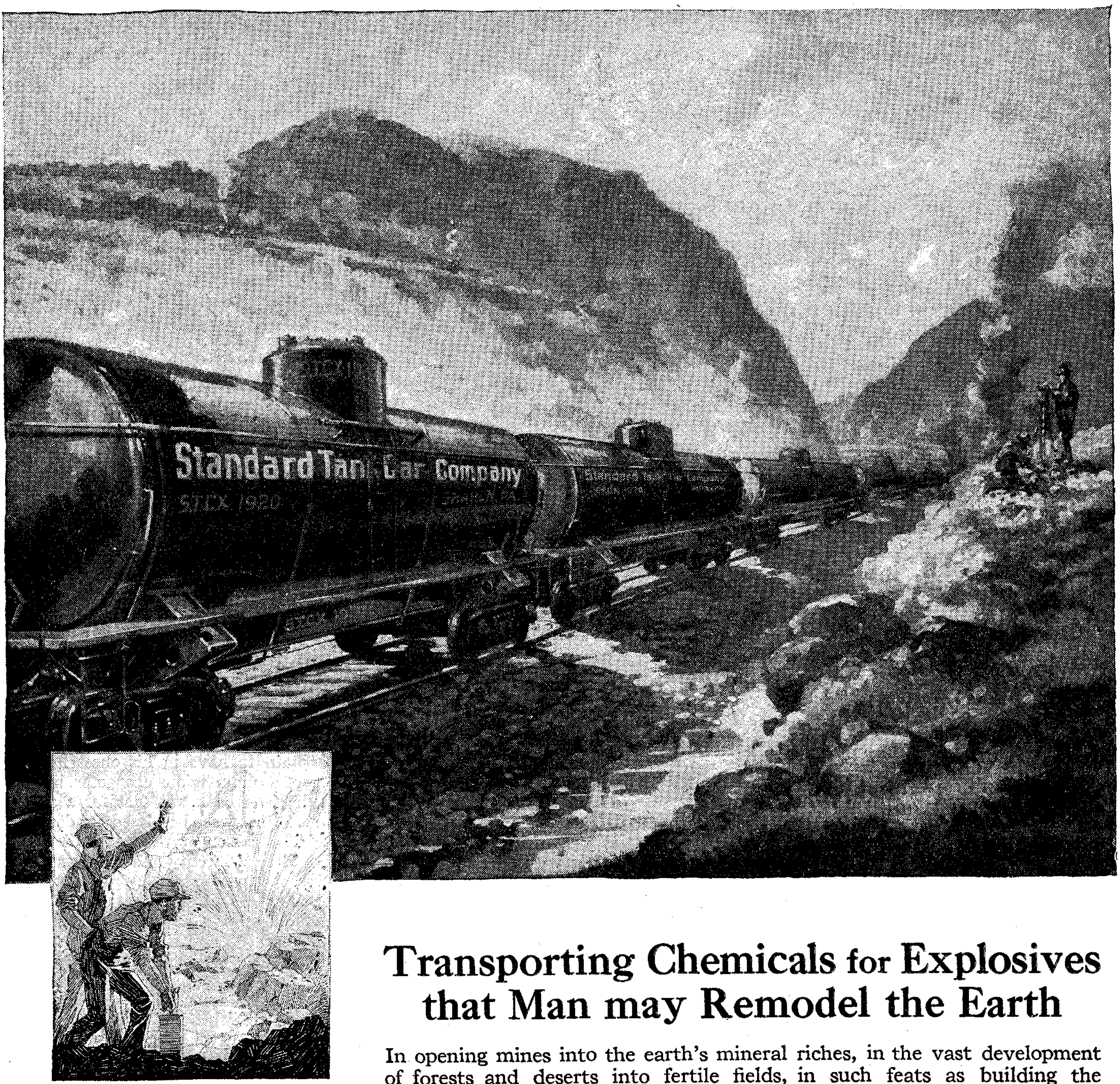
> With this military record and aristocratic lineage behind him, it is not difficult to understand why, on the one hand, he is an object of special animadversion on the part of the Bolshevik Government, and, on the other, a perplexing problem to the Allied nations. What are his aims? Is he a reactionary, paving the way for a reestablishment of the old régime, or at least a conservative semblance of it? Is he playing the part of a modern General Monk? Or is he a real patriot and democrat, seeking to bring order out of anarchy and to establish his country upon the foundations of a real republican representative government? These are questions that are being anxiously debated in European councils, but, so far, Wrangel's plans and purposes are the subject of much guesswork and mystification. That France has been willing to take a chance on him by official recognition of his *de-facto* Government would seem to indicate that there is something more behind his movements—a something buried deep perhaps in diplomatic closets—than America has been apprized of, or that has even come to the surface of international circles in Europe.
>
> There is one thing about this stalwart young scion of the fighting Wrangels that there is no doubt about—he is displaying an ability and an adaptability in military and political tactics that distinguish his enterprise notably from all anti-Bolshevik movements that have heretofore been put forth. When a little more than three months ago he returned from Constantinople to take charge of Denikin's defeated army, it was little more than a demoralized rabble, worn out and dispirited by its reverses and disintegrating over the country in pillaging and outlaw bands. When Wrangel took charge he wrought a change as sudden and effective as that brought about by Napoleon when he delivered his "whiff of grape-shot" in the barricaded streets of Paris. His mere presence seemed to act as a stimulus. His energy and quickness of decision restored confidence.
>
> He was popular with the peasants. He made an immediate hit with the civilians by forbidding forced conscriptions into the volunteer army. He checked demoralization in the army by the sternest of disciplinary measures, including even the public hanging of looting officers and soldiers. He increased the pay of his army, saw that his troops were well fed and clothed, went to work to improve the fortifications in a systematic manner, completely reorganized the corps of army officers, established a Government that really functioned at home and made a bid for recognition abroad, and in this way soon won the confidence of the civilian population of the Crimea, his base of operations.
>
> When it became necessary to forage for grain—the great need of the Crimea—he launched a bold attack against the Bolshevik stronghold in the Taurida peninsula, riding gallantly to the attack at the head of his troops, captured several important grain centers, and in a well-organized campaign, supported by a fleet along the coast of the Sea of Azof, made steady advances until practically all of the Taurida province came into his hands. The Bolsheviki, in spite of their Polish campaign, were compelled to send a continual stream of reenforcements against him, and at last reports Wrangel was holding in check ninety-three Soviet regiments on his front.
>
> Meanwhile Wrangel is extending his organization by a policy of forming cooperating alliances with the numerous bands of guerrillas, who, under the leadership of so-called "Atamans," have been roving about in the Ukraine harassing the Bolsheviki, and has come to an agreement with Mahnko, the bandit leader and a sort of Russian Raisuli, who is the real master of a vast area of country east and south of Ekaterinoslaf. These bands represent the most active elements of the Russian peasantry of the south, and Wrangel's policy in dealing with them seems likely to result in strong accessions to his forces and at the same time to restore order in a much harassed and lawless region.
>
> Wrangel's strongest appeal to the peasantry is his land policy—a policy that seems to indicate that his aims are really democratic. He is substituting real private ownership of the land in the peasants to the Bolshevik plan of communal property, which has never been popular. Soon after taking power he drafted a law enabling those who actually cultivate the soil to secure it in fee simple and had committees appointed to determine the division of the land. This law is being actually put into operation in the Crimea and is winning over the peasantry to his side.

J. Donald Adams, writing in *The Sun and New York Herald*, is not so optimistic with regard to Wrangel's chances. He reviews Kerensky, Kolchak, Denikin, and Wrangel to this effect:

> Kerensky, brilliant, eloquent, riding along the eastern front, stinging the tired, disorganized armies of Russia to fresh endeavor with burning words, for a time seemingly destined to go down in history as the savior of his nation, then showing sudden and unexpected weakness, fleeing before Trotzky and Lenine—a refugee. He makes a dramatic appearance in England, speaks to British labor, and disappears completely.
>
> Kolchak, another "strong man," taking heroic stature as the world hears how he flings into the sea the golden sword given him for the defense of Port Arthur rather than turn it over to the rebellious sailors of his fleet, gaining in power while Europe waits on his victories, then beaten back, broken, betrayed, and shot by his own soldiers.
>
> Then Denikin, not so commanding a figure as the others, but an able general who had considerable success against the Bolshevik armies, and who appeared able to unite the tribal divisions of southern Russia. Last spring, upon the culmination of a plot against him, in which Wrangel appears to have been the controlling influence, he gave way to the man whose favoring by the French and whose aggressive attitude toward the Soviet armies have suddenly made him an international figure.
>
> All these men rose suddenly from the Russian chaos, but Gen. Baron Peter Wrangel has flashed on the world more abruptly than any. He is only thirty-nine. An official report received at Washington states that he is of German descent, but that his immediate ancestors came from the Baltic provinces.

According to the Russian anti-Bolshevik newspapers that are published in Paris, says Mr. Adams, General Wrangel is laying the foundations for a united Russia:

> He is said to have a comprehensive program, the most important feature of which has to do with the land question. If the accounts which have come through with regard to his plan to give the Russian peasantry legal title to the land are correct, there is some hope that Wrangel will succeed where the others have failed, provided, of course, that his military strength is sufficient to withstand the Bolsheviki.
>
> The volunteer army of which he now has command is recruited largely from the Cossacks of southern Russia. When Russia began to break up after the failure of the Provisional Government the first attempt at reconsolidation was made in the southeast by means of federating the various territories in one "Southeastern Union" which embraced the Don, Kuban, and Terek provinces and the mountain tribes of the Caucasus.
>
> V. A. Kharlamov, who was the deputy of the Don Cossacks in all four Dumas, was elected President of the Union. Invasion by the Bolsheviki wrecked the federation, but when Wrangel succeeded in liberating the Don province in 1918, Kharlamov was elected President of the Cossack "Krug," or Parliament, a post which he still holds.
>
> Kharmalov on a recent visit to Paris issued a statement in which he declared that "the Cossacks are unable to accept the Soviet régime; they are organically incapable of becoming communists. The Cossacks are in their overwhelming majority thrifty farmers. The Cossack is by nature an individualist, holding very dear his personal liberty."
>
> The three leaders who emerged before Wrangel all failed because they were unable to convince the mass of the Russian people that they were unselfish and democratic in their aims.
>
> Can Wrangel succeed where these failed? Russians with whom the writer has talked are not oversanguine. His very name, they say, which is German, will count heavily against him, for hatred of Germany is still strong in Russia. And the fact that he was a high officer under the Czar is not in his favor, either. These people think that perhaps the regenerator of Russia will come from the peasantry, as many of her great leaders in the past have come.



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THE "AFRICA FOR AFRICANS" EXPERIMENT THAT WAS TRIED IN LIBERIA

THE ACCOUNTS of the "Africa for Africans" movement, under fervid discussion at a recent negro convention in New York led by Marcus Garvey of purple-robe fame, have recalled the fact that this is not the first time the idea of an all-African population for the Dark Continent has been under consideration. A little over forty years ago, when the last of the reconstruction governments and the negro power had been overthrown in the Southern States, there was widespread agitation for the establishment of a negro nation in Africa, to have its seat in Liberia. The glowing oratory in evidence at the convention reminds one of the reports that have come down of the vivid word-pictures painted by the agitators for the Liberian exodus. True, Mr. Garvey denies that the object of the present movement is an exodus to Africa. He says they only plan to send pioneers over there to prepare for the eventual independence of the four hundred million blacks of the world. But be this as it may, the dream of "Africa for Africans" does not appear to be strictly new, and at the time of the Liberian exodus a real attempt was made to make the dream come true. This first attempt was not a success, however, as appears from the following account of it, written from personal knowledge by A. B. Williams for the New York *Times Magazine.* Says Mr. Williams:

> A number of negroes organized a movement for wholesale emigration of their race to the black Republic of Liberia, on the west coast of Africa. The idea spread fast in South and North Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama. The "Liberian Exodus Association" was created as a stock company. Special appeal was made to the religious tendencies of the people. The negroes were to go out of America as the children of Israel went out of Egypt. Africa was their promised land, flowing with milk and honey, which they were to possess, Christianize, redeem, and govern, civilizing and utilizing the natives, instead of fighting and destroying them as the Israelites did with the inhabitants of Canaan. Many preachers seized the suggestion with racial enthusiasm and expounded it with apostolic zeal. With sweat pouring over their faces they let loose their imaginations and exhausted their vocabularies before congregations in churches and at camp-meetings.
>
> Unknown thousands of shares of stock were sold, par twenty-five dollars, each share good for passage to Liberia. A great fleet was to be bought, owned, manned, and managed by negroes for the benefit of their own race, here and in Africa. Race resentments, political hopes, cupidity, indolence, religious spirit, were enlisted. The ships were to carry emigrants and bring back African products in ceaseless streams until the white people were left to themselves to do their own work or perish. Of course figures demonstrating vast and certain profits were rolled out by the yard. The primal emotions and crude ambitions of simple hearers were stirred by every device of persuasion and oratory and all the tricks of voice and gesture.
>
> The plan began to take definite shape in the latter part of 1877. A "ship" with which to start the exodus was bought and paid for. To the inland negro there was no difference among things that would float and carry him, and the journey across the sea to the land of equality, rest, happiness, and wealth seemed but a few days of pleasure and novelty. The purchase was an old clipper-built bark, constructed for the fruit trade between the Azores and Boston, four hundred and twelve tons. To most of the stockholders this was a tonnage almost inconceivable, and the announcement that the association actually was in possession caused wild rejoicing and triumph. As no negroes capable of navigating were available, it was necessary to accept a white man for the captain, and the two mates also had to be white, but assurance was given that this defect would be remedied. All others of the crew were negroes or Filipinos—"Minilamen," as the deep-water people called them then.
>
> When it became known that the exodus ship was actually in Charleston Harbor and supposed to be ready to sail, a frenzy of fervor and faith was aroused. Probably five thousand negroes of all ages—the number never was accurately obtained—swarmed to Charleston to take passage on a vessel permitted by law to carry two hundred and six. Later it became known that many of the intending passengers had been induced to take stock, or extra stock, by private assurances that they should be included in the first voyage. There was intense and piteous confusion. Families who had sold their little farms or few possessions for anything they could get, following the example of the Chosen People by departing in haste, camped on docks and wharves.
>
> There they sat in silent groups day after day, looking at their ship which was to bear them to the almost heavenly home of which they had been told. Many of them prayed continually that the lot might fall on them to be on the passenger-list, for it was understood by that time that all could not go immediately. If they had been white people, rioting and attempts to lynch would have been inevitable. As it was, the illustration of docility and credulity was remarkable. The few murmurs and pleas for special consideration, for one cause or another, were meek enough. Even these were silenced when the leaders and some of the preachers—who probably believed all they were told to say—went among the forlorn multitude with many promises.
>
> More ships were to be bought. The Almighty was to assure a marvelously quick trip, and all would be ready for another contingent in six weeks. Meanwhile, those to be left behind were to find work as they could and wait patiently. The promises were accepted, the exhortations obeyed.

On Easter day, 1877, the bark set out amid the cheering and gospel-hymn singing of thousands of negroes at the dock to see their lucky brethren off. Before the ship was well under way, however, government officials went aboard and demanded that several hundred passengers leave the vessel, owing to its being overloaded. However, we are told:

> Nobody ever knew accurately how many were left aboard. Men and women stowed away everywhere and their friends joyfully helped them hide and clamored and crowded to make a census impossible. The nearest count made the souls, including children, after the vessel was at sea, around four hundred and fifty, something over double the proper number.
>
> Provisions and water ran short, of course. No doctor had been provided, and the supply of medicine consisted of what regulations required the captain to have in his chest for the crew. The enterprise being of a semireligious character, liquors of all kinds were prohibited. The bark was fast for a sailer, but winds were capricious. She was becalmed under the equator twenty days out. The passengers began to die, first one a day, then two, then three. Twenty-one of them were given sea burials in ten days.
>
> Ship fever developed, and there was a pint of water in twenty-four hours for each person and a scanty dole of rice and beans. On a faint nightly breeze the bark was worked slowly into the British port of Sierra Leone. The colonial authorities took charge efficiently. Fresh foods, medical supplies and attention, and new objects of interest stopt the deaths. Before that, men, women, and children had simply crawled into bunks and died, without noise or complaint, apparently not even interested in life or death. Departure from Sierra Leone under sail was forbidden. The medical men declared that another ten days at sea would probably mean the death of all hands. Then it was discovered that the more than four hundred passengers among them could not scrape together the six hundred dollars needed for a tow to Monrovia, the Liberian capital. They had been drained dry. The tow was arranged, nevertheless. Unfortunately, the Liberians had gathered from the occasional English newspapers they saw the impression that a colony of rich and philanthropic American negroes was on the way to their country. When the bark was dropt by the towing steamer in the roadstead at Monrovia all the native politeness of the negro was needed to veil the mutual disappointment. When the arrived immigrants looked at the heavy tropical foliage bordering the coast, they sang together, in a kind of ecstasy, "Land ahead! Its fruits are waving o'er its fields of endless green." When they went ashore they noted, with consternation and astonishment, natural to people brought up with strict notions of decorum, scores of their future fellow citizens stark naked, male and female, calmly disporting themselves in the water. They found a shabby, scattered town, its approaches overgrown with wild verbena six feet high, its stone warehouses, built long before by American philanthropists, desolate, abandoned, and crumbling.
>
> The Liberians on their side met, instead of the expected finely drest colonists with pockets filled with money, a dingy crowd of tatterdemalions, poverty-stricken and hungry, yet happy, hopeful, and eager. The immigrants included a couple of ex-politicians, a pair of missionaries, two or three skilled mechanics, the rest small farmers and field-hands with little more than they stood in. It was to the credit of the involuntary hosts that they accepted the unpleasant surprize with good grace and good humor and offered really kindly and hospitable welcome.
>
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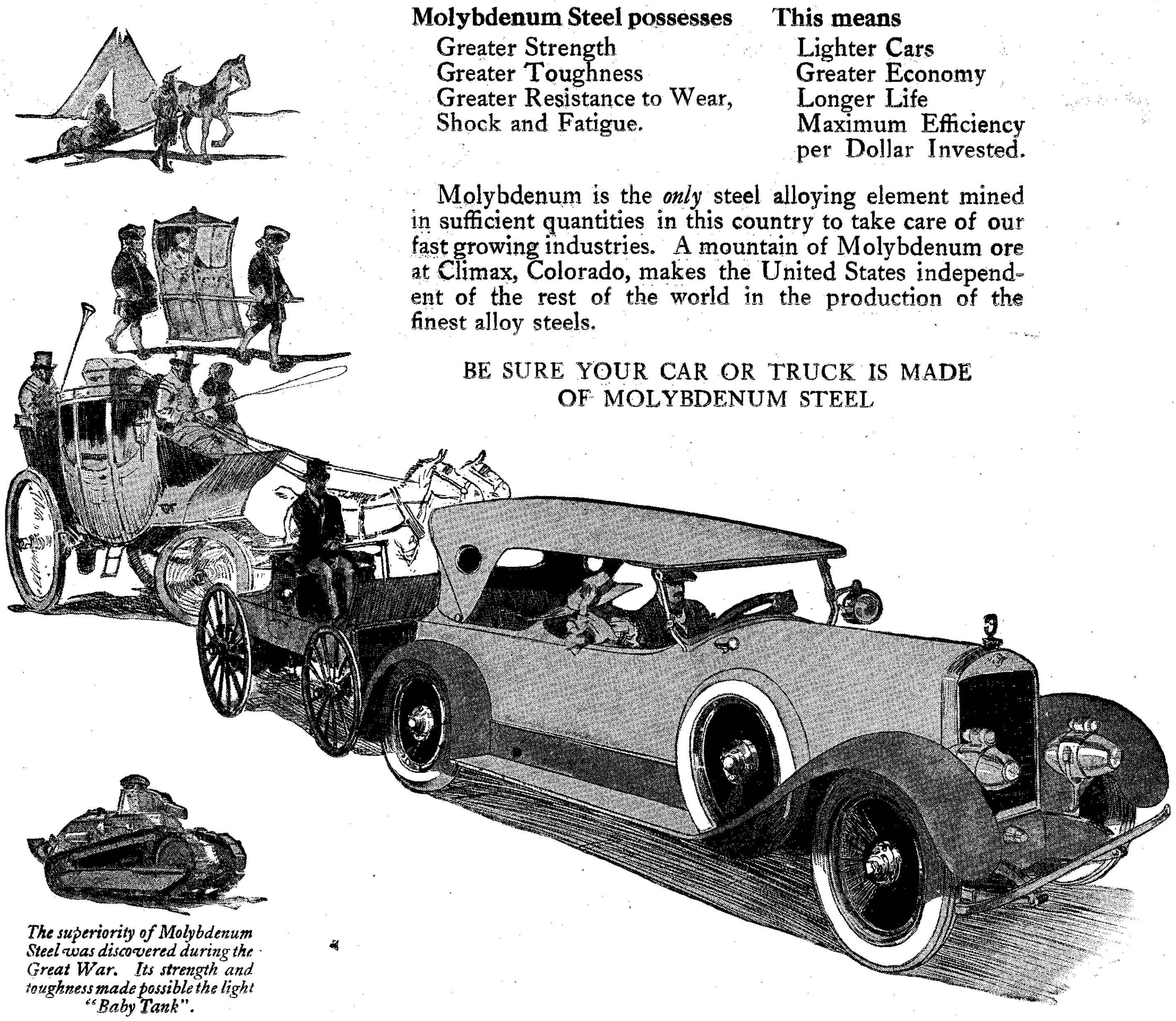

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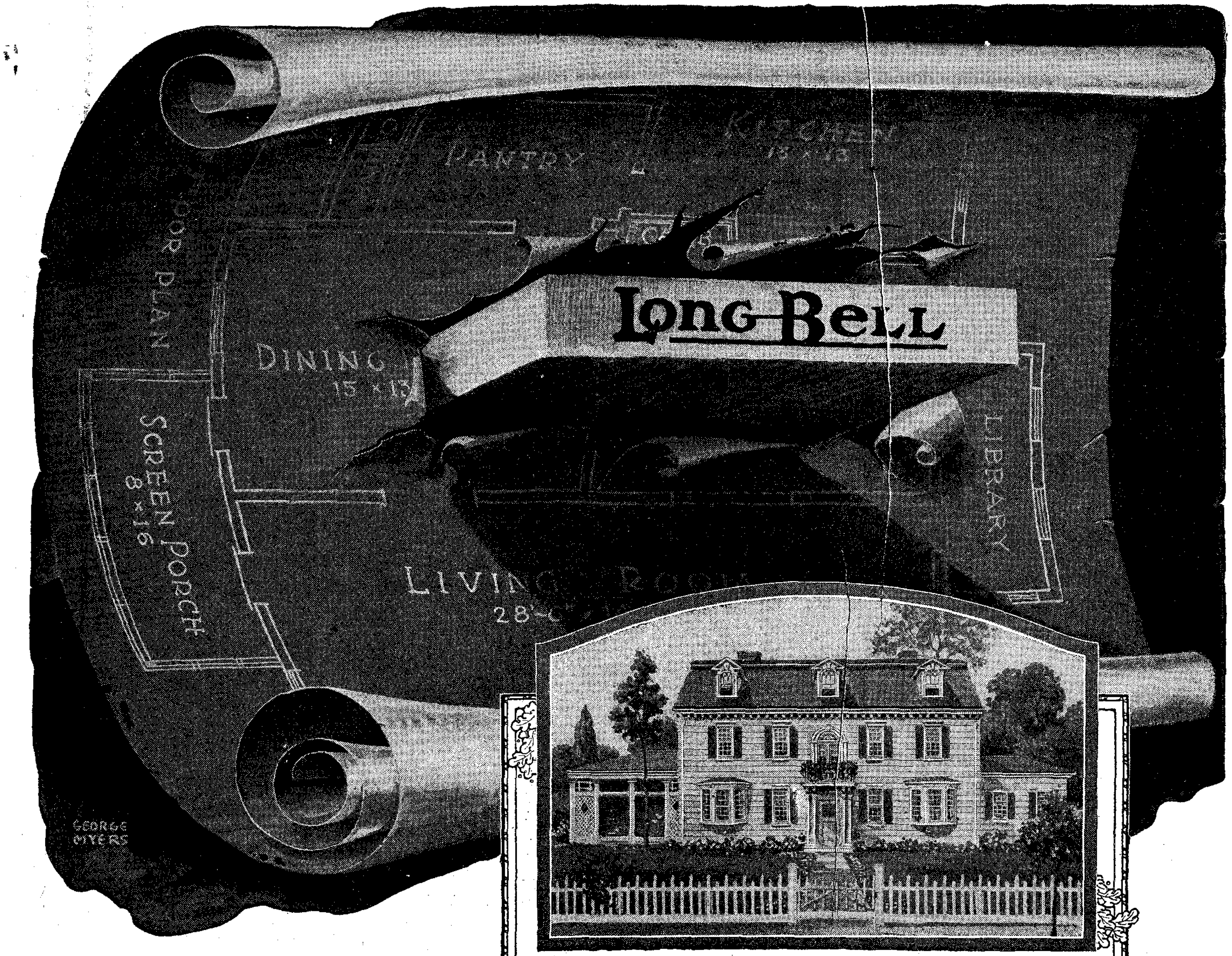

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one instance at least—in a family with a historic Virginia name, the rosewood case of regulation dueling pistols on the shelf over the Waverley novels, in the room described as "the library." They were to learn later that some of the most successful residents had prospered by slave labor, hiring from chiefs in the interior for a few annual barrels of home-made rum all the help they might need for making crops.

The bark got back to Charleston somehow. She was sold under the bonds put on her for provisions, tow, and wages, and never made another voyage except as a coaster, always changing crews. While she lay in harbor awaiting sale, the first mate, a Massachusetts Yankee of practical and inquisitive mind, went below one day, kicked a hole through her hull with the heel of his boot, and then went aft and resigned. He said he didn't understand how her mainmast ever had stood up. She had been sent to sea in that condition, crammed with passengers.

About a third of the immigrants died in six months of acclimatization fever and reckless use of strange tropical fruits. A few were reported to have slipt away into "the bush" and joined the wild tribes there. A few more gradually made their way back to America, chiefly by the help of old friends and employers.

The others remained in Liberia, and an unhappily small proportion by thrift and diligence prospered, while the others just dragged along. The Liberian Exodus Association disappeared, none knew when nor how. There was no accounting nor explanation of where all the money collected went and nobody ever knew who got it. What books there were made a fine show of system and diligence and strict methods, but the few tentative efforts to learn something from them were dropt promptly. Nobody had money or time to put experts on them or to initiate investigations or prosecutions. The enterprise simply scattered and vanished without trace.

Nevertheless, if Mr. Garvey profits by the experience of the Liberian Association and avoids the mistakes of that ill-fated organization, it may be that he will be able to make a go of his project, at least to the extent of setting up a real nation in Liberia. According to information transmitted to the Royal Geographical Society of England by Sir Alfred Sharpe, who has recently conducted extensive explorations in hitherto unknown portions of Liberia, that land is a goodly country, vastly rich in both agricultural and mineral resources waiting to be developed. Liberia is nearly as large as the State of New York, and has a coast-line of about three hundred miles on the Atlantic. Beyond a coast-belt some twenty miles in width, the entire country is said to be a vast forest. This is the region that has just been penetrated by Sir Alfred, an account of whose observations there is set out in *The Sun and New York Herald* as follows:

He found that it would be very difficult to cross Liberia from south to north because all the many rivers flow through the forest from north to south and, therefore, would not help him on his way northward. He therefore sailed from Liberia northwestward to Freetown, the port and capital of the British colony of Sierra Leone, where he loaded his heavy bundles of trade-goods on a railroad train that took him to the northwestern corner of Liberia. There he hired many black Liberian carriers from day to day, for none of them would go far from his own home.

He crossed the country from its northwestern to its northeastern corner, and then for months he made his way southwesterly through the forest till he reached Monrovia, the capital of Liberia, on the Atlantic coast. In his zigzag course he traveled more than four hundred miles, and nearly all of the journey was through territory that no white man had seen before. It was hard traveling, for the journey was chiefly through heavily timbered country.

Sharpe made many interesting discoveries in this land. One was that the native population is very large. Probably two hundred thousand people live there among the high trees. The explorer mentions eight towns he saw with a population of one thousand to two thousand five hundred each. The houses are built chiefly on hilltops. Towns of such size have hitherto been almost unknown in parts of barbarous Africa where the influence of the whites has not yet begun to prevail.

The oil-palm is a native of west tropical African districts at the head of the Gulf of Guinea. But now vastly larger fields of the oil-palm are suddenly brought into view in Liberia, and there is probably enough to supply the world's demand for palm-oil for all time to come. This is a very notable discovery. For many years palm-oil has been sent to Marseilles and other European centers for the manufacture of soap and candles. The supply has never been equal to the demand, but with the new field now opened by the discovery of Sir Alfred Sharpe the usefulness of the oil-palm will be greatly enlarged.

Sir Alfred says that wherever in Africa the oil-palm exists in a fair quantity the building of a railroad on that account alone will pay. He mentions the country of Sierra Leone, at whose railroad stations there is keen competition for the purchase of palm-kernels from natives. The oil-palm, he adds, "grows throughout the hinterland of Liberia in abundance, and, given railroads in the coast, a large trade in oil and oil-kernels will quickly develop."

The richest belts of the oil-palm in Liberia, he says, are fifty miles inland from the ocean, northward to about the northern border of the country. Much cotton is also grown and every village weaves its own clothing. He says that Liberia is probably richer in agricultural products than any other portion of West Africa, and he mentions the fact that projects are now in hand which, he hopes, will result in the investment of large sums of money in railroad building.

The natives of the equatorial forests of West Africa usually have been found to be dwarfed and hostile, but Sir Alfred Sharpe found the forest folk of Liberia to be full grown, industrious, and among the most amiable natives he had seen in Africa. The men clear away the trees to make room for their farms. Every essential required for development is there, and Sir Alfred says that "development is sure to come sooner or later. The Liberian Government has had many difficulties to contend with in the past, but with the help and advice of the Powers interested there seems every prospect of a great future for the country."

BUDENNY AND HIS WILD HORSEMEN WHO FIGHT FOR BOLSHEVISM

WHEN BUDENNY, one of the most picturesque of the Bolshevik army leaders, put his army on horseback and took Orel and Rostof, he lanced Denikin's bubble of triumph, and Denikin's soldiers were driven into the Black Sea or accepted into Budenny's ranks as welcome deserters. Budenny is an ex-Sergeant-Major of the Cossacks, the son of a Cossack, and a child of the steppes. Like others of his kind, he is possest of military genius, and he could handle his horsemen, wild as they were, as well as a commandant handles a corps of cadets. He took and gave the privileges of the freebooter, and in Rostof he gave his men five weeks for pleasure and plunder. Wine flowed in streams; pockets were filled to overflowing; fingers were bedecked with stolen rings. Thus Horst Leonhardt writes of him in an article appearing in the *Kölnische Zeitung* and translated for the New York *Times*. When Rostof was finished, Budenny and his horsemen marched on. There was no obstacle, and, as we read:

Constantly reenforced by volunteers and Denikin deserters, it marched on until Denikin was finally driven into the Black Sea. The mounted army could then rest upon its laurels in the rich Kuban region while Budenny went to Moscow.

But first he cleaned up things at home. There was one of his subordinate leaders named Dumenko, also a leader of bands and a freebooter as he himself had been—now the leader of a corps of the mounted army. Bold and reckless to the extreme, he was as popular in his corps as Budenny. Formerly a cavalry private, he was not cunning enough to conceal his unlimited desire for freedom, for lack of restraint; he could not endure seeing some one in authority over him. From a few careless remarks the net was woven for him. Budenny had him arrested, with his whole staff, in the midst of his corps. The test of strength succeeded.

The first public sensational trial of Communist Russia brought Dumenko a sentence of death, without the right of appeal, and when the cavalry corps which bore his name received orders to prepare to march to the Polish front a couple of shots rang out in the jail at Rostof. That was the end of Dumenko.

With his mind at ease, Budenny could gather in his laurels. His authority was sufficient to hold down the sullen rage of the Dumenko Corps. His journey through the country was like that of a Roman conqueror. Never before had Russia paid such a tribute to a "liberator of the proletariat." In vain did Vershilof, the political supreme commissary of his army, attempt to get some of the glory for himself. The "Red" rulers in Moscow cast uneasy glances at the man in the gray Circassian uniform, with his good-natured, simple soldier's face and the dark eyes only occasionally showing flashes of cunning—the man who was receiving ovation after ovation from the Workers' and Soldiers' Council. And they thought of the inactive army of adventurers lying there in the Caucasus.

Then came the Polish danger; and with it a new task for Budenny, new activities, new prospects of booty for the mounted army.

When the mounted army was pursuing Denikin last winter it looked more like a band of robbers than an army. It was drest in any kind of garb that could be captured, from the general's cloak with the bright red facings to the simple, torn coat of a private soldier, accompanied, wherever possible, by a piece of Persian carpet as a saddle-cloth. And the impression made upon the *bourgeoisie* of southern Russia—that of an undisciplined band of robbers—remained fixt.

Now the Poles were driving irresistibly forward. Wrangel was stirring in the Crimea. Mutinies and freebooting flared up in the rear of the Bolshevik front. It was reported that Budenny's army was mutinous and was falling to pieces. The *bourgeoisie* rejoiced and looked for deliverance to the Poles, to the English, to all possible Powers, even to Germany. Within the next two weeks everything would be different.

But now Budenny's men were moving again in solid column, in the best of marching order, irresistibly, incessantly. Budenny marched his men from the Caucasus to the Polish front. Out of the mass of undisciplined freebooters he had created a solidly organized army of more than one hundred thousand cavalrymen within a few weeks. The *bourgeoisie* drew their heads back into their houses and looked timidly out at this crushing force that rode through the city in several columns at once; they looked timidly at the young, sunburned cavalrymen for whose fitting out the Kuban district had had to give up all its wealth; they looked at the spirited young horses; and they thought of the enormous quantities of arms and clothing that the English had left in Novorossysk, arms and clothing that had served to equip this army of England's enemies.

The Russian *bourgeois* again resigned himself to his fate, and the ex-Sergeant-Major of the Cossacks drove on. He got hold of Denikin's mounted artillery, and, with ruthless energy, created order back of the front, dispersing or killing out the freebooting bands. Then he struck the Poles near Poltava. At the end of April he had left the Caucasus, and July found him before Kovel and Lemberg. Then came the Polish reaction and the chance of peace. But even if the Soviets make peace:

Will Budenny agree to it? Will this army leader, born of the revolution, care to halt on the road to glory, the heights of which he does not believe he has as yet reached? Especially with an army whose idol he is and whose ranks he can swell with ease. Even if the leader were politically far-sighted enough, what would his mounted army say? This army has been imprest with the idea that it is the *élite* of the revolution, the bearer of the world-wide proletarian revolution. It is not for nothing that the cavalrymen say to each other that Budenny has said that they would still wage war for forty years until all their proletarian brothers were freed from the yoke of slavery imposed by the *bourgeoisie* and capitalism.

To snatch away the camouflage of words with which these people conceal their brutal instincts, back of the "wage war for forty years" phrase lies the desire of the former freebooters to do no work, to risk their lives only once in a while, and in return to drink and eat to success and rob and plunder. It was the idea of the barbarous soldiery of the Thirty Years' War. During the march from the Caucasus to the Polish front the iron will of Budenny was able to maintain strict discipline. He can not succeed in maintaining it, however, if the bands get separated through action in the field, and the acts of individuals can not be kept under observation. And there will be all the less desire to maintain such discipline if the fighting is carried into foreign territory.

Many of Budenny's cavalrymen know about the rich west of Europe. Russia is almost entirely looted. There they have taken nearly everything from both friend and foe. But the rich west might still awaken their lust.

And will Budenny be able to resist the pressure by his cavalrymen, or will he even wish to resist it if he succeeds in overrunning Poland and if the example of a Napoleon rises temptingly before him?

The man has iron energy at his command. In what direction the activities of this warrior may be turned can not be foretold to-day. Perhaps they will even be turned against his own superiors. It is more likely, perhaps certain, that his energy will be turned against foreign lands, against our borders. Bolshevism is, and will remain, aggressive, so we are facing grave events.

MEXICAN CHARACTER AS REVEALED BY A SHINE OR A SHAVE

GET YOUR SHOES SHINED by a Mexican bootblack or get your whiskers shaved by a Mexican barber if you would understand the true inwardness of Mexico, in effect advises Rowland Thomas, special correspondent, now visiting our neighbors on the south. These simple but needful operations bring one in intimate touch with typical representatives of about fourteen million of Mexico's total population of fifteen million, we are told, and constitute the best short cut to a knowledge of the country. As for the one million, they look and act and talk and wear clothes and ride in flivvers much like reasonably civilized beings in other parts of the world, so it seems their psychology is not so hard to understand. But the Mexican masses who wear serapes and walk in sandals or bare feet and eat tortillas and live patiently and obscurely present a more difficult problem, it seems. Mr. Thomas says he had been in Mexico several days before he ever got an inkling of the nature of these masses, and then it came through an experience with a bootlback, of which he tells in the New York Sunday *World:*

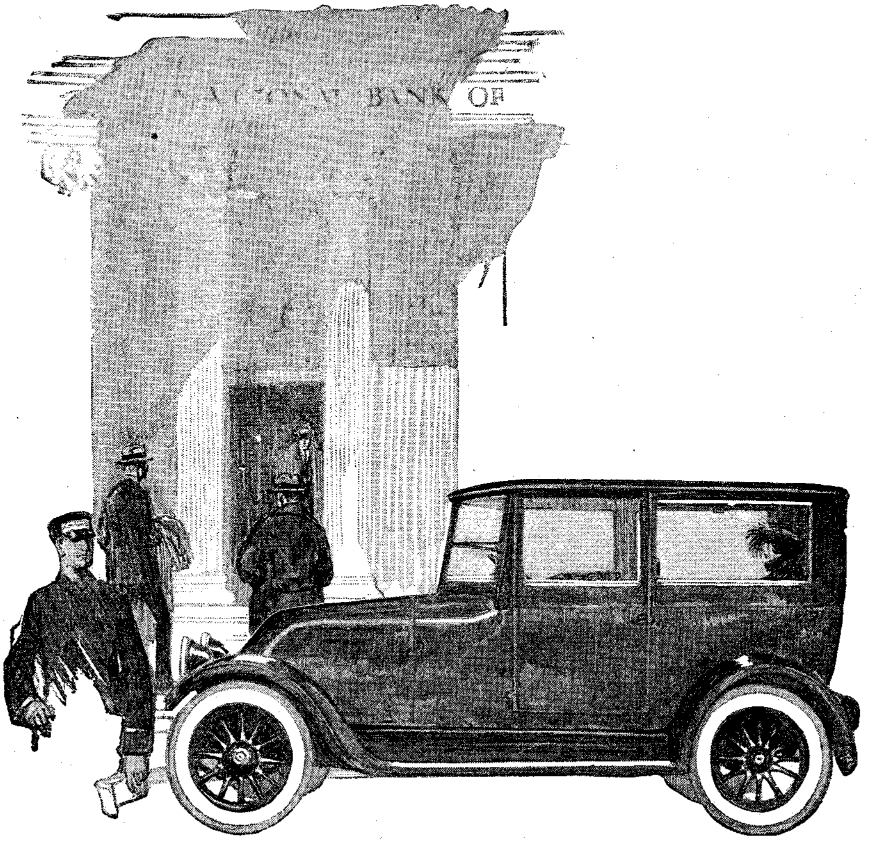
It happened through accident, not any intent of mine. Halfway along the ancient thoroughfare which used to be San Francisco Street and now is called Avenida Francisco Madero, in honor of the unfortunate young man who tried to be President, there rises a very noble building which once was the palace of the Emperor Iturbide. It is built of some brown stone and its façade is fascinatingly adorned with carvings. From being an emperor's residence it later became a hotel, which had much repute in the days that are gone. Now it seems to be not much of anything. Through its street gateway there is a vista of *patio* after *patio* stretching away inside, and as I stood looking in that morning not a soul was stirring anywhere inside the vast structure. It stood a monumental warning of the littleness of human greatness.

That thought had flashed across me when I happened to glance down and saw that my shoes needed cleaning. And over my shoulder at the same instant, in the arched entrance leading to a billiard-room on the other side of the street, I saw a row of those elevated chairs with upstanding foot-rests all men have to come to sooner or later. I walked over, climbed up, and sat down. The shine, the shiner, and the shinee had coincided.

The man who came to care for me was a little barrel-chested Indian with a round bullet head, a horsetail shock of black hair, a pair of black and beady twinkling eyes, and a most disarming smile of friendliness and welcome. Smiling, he waved me to my perch. Smiling he handed me the morning paper. Smiling, he placed my feet, one after the other, upon the rests provided. He gave me the pleasant feeling that my advent had been the one thing needed to make his day perfect. Then, for the first time, he looked squarely at my shoes, and as he did so his smile abruptly vanished. A look of surprize, bewilderment, and something commingled of pain and horror replaced it so quickly that the change was startling. From feeling the glow of benefaction I was made to suffer the chill and shudder of abject, almost criminal, shame. Far from making his day perfect, I had ruined him for life. How I had done it I could not know yet, but it was plain enough that the cruel deed was done.

With Indian stolidity the bootblack managed at last to stifle his feelings and proceed with the first stage of his task, which consisted in taking a fistful of textile fiber, dipping it in soap and water, and washing off my shoes. When he had done that and had dried them the awful secret came out. My shoes were off his range of color, and he did not know what to do about it. And the effort of trying to think out a solution of the problem was what had painted pain and horror on his face.

The explanation of his difficulty was rendered mostly in dumb show and with the supremest earnestness. My shoes happened to be a shade of lightish chestnut brown, and he had no shoepaste of that color. From a drawer in the base of the chair he extracted his stock of little round tin boxes and showed me what he did have. He had black. He had a vivid vermilion of such a tinge as surely no shoes ever were or could be. He had an orange-red, which was equally unreal. He had a lemon-yellow. And he had the mahogany-brown with which New York pasted its so-called "cordovans" all last winter. And that was all he had. The pain and bewilderment returned heavily to his face as he showed the drawer empty. He threw out his hands



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in a gesture of helpless resignation. What could he do about it? *Dios sabe;* and God wasn't telling what he did know.

It was manifestly a time when the clear intellect of the more developed race should come to the leadership, aid, and guidance of the more primitive, and shoulder the white man's burden. I had never beautified shoe-leather since the boyhood days when you spat on the brush and went to it, the days when bought shoe-shines were obtainable only in ultimate centers of civilization like New York, Boston, and Portland, Me., unless you kept your own valet. But I had an idea, which is everything in an emergency. Eliminating the black paste and the mahogany with the toe of one shoe, I suggested to him with a combined verbal and sign language that he try mixing the others and abide by the result.

The rising of the sun on a frosty morning brings no more instant comfort to chilled bodies than that idea brought that bewildered, bullet-headed, earnest little man when it rose above the blank horizon of his mind. At once he was all smiles again. His eyes danced. Again I was his benefactor, and the day was perfect.

To be sure the choice of the first paste to be applied presented another momentary problem, which he tried to shoulder off on me. But I felt that I had done enough, and left him in the hands of fate. With knitted brows he made his choice at last, took the vermilion, coated each shoe, and polished them thoroughly with brushes and with cloths. After that he repeated the process with the orange-red, stepping back at intervals across the archway to contemplate his experimental handiwork from a deeper perspective. It was manifest that he was pleased. After each inspection he returned to paste and brushes with redoubled vigor.

But the real joy came when he got to work on the final coating of yellow. Where a New York shoeblack would have daubed on the paste with broad mechanical strokes, given it a rapid gloss-up with the brush, whisked the cloth across and across for the brilliant finish, and in two minutes have announced by twitch at trousers leg that the soulless task was done, my little man worked with the minute care of an ivory carver, a cameo-cutter, or some other artist in the painstaking miniature. The paste was applied in tiniest flecks to one selected spot after another, now heel, now toe, now instep, and after each dab and each application of friction there was a straightening up and an inspection. A dozen times I was sure he was done, and started to rise, but each time he grasped me firmly by an ankle and held me to my place. I had ceased to be a brother human being. I had become the piece of raw material he had to work with, as a sculptor might work with a block of marble. And all the time, across the street, the façade of Iturbide's palace stood up brown and beautiful in the morning sunlight; but he did not see it. His soul was merged with those shoes, and for the time being he was incapable of either distraction or impatience.

Half an hour exactly after I sat down in my little Indian's chair he released me. My shoes were shining and twinkling as no shoes of mine had ever shone before. And I had the feeling inside me that I was beginning to know Mexico at last—the under-the-surface Mexico I had been groping for and missing.

Mr. Thomas attaches importance to this incident because he holds that it gave him an insight into the nature of that portion of the Mexican population whose characteristics he thinks are largely responsible for Mexico's present situation. He goes on:

My little bootblack man has some very praiseworthy characteristics. You probably think him stupid. So did I that first day, when he was thrown into a positive agony of bewilderment by the fact he had no paste to match the color of my shoes. The European-American bootblack you and I are used to would have solved the problem in a trice by coming as close as he could to the color and letting it go at that. If I "did not like it I could lump it," being only one of a passing stream of customers.

My little Indian—and all the other fourteen million big and little Indians who are the real Mexico—is not built that way. When he has a job to do he wants to do it right. And as I have gone back time after time to him, I have found he is by no means stupid. He was not strong on initiative. A novel situation could rattle him to the point of making him helpless. He needed an idea from outside as a sort of working model. But when that idea was presented he seized it like a flash. And he has hung on to it ever since. Never once since has he turned to me for a suggestion or reminder. He was easily teachable and his mind is very retentive.

He is very slow, of course. Those little artistic dabs and inspections eat up a lot of time. I rarely spend less than twenty minutes in his chair. But he does not know what it means to be careless or unthorough. What the shoes need he gives them and never lets me go until the job is done. And until the job is done it is impossible to distract him from it. I have tried it many times. I have asked him questions about Iturbide's palace over across the street. I have commented on topics in the paper he always takes pains to hand me. And each time he glances up with that quick, cheerful smile. But his eyes are vacant and he instantly bends again to the cleaning of my shoes. If the world were crashing around us it would not be his affair.

And what is true of my bootblack is also true of my barber. I have reduced him to the verge of nervous prostration by attempting to make him understand what is an American army-style hair-cut. But when I stay inside the regions with which he is familiar I have only to resign myself wholly to his care and remember that, after all, time does not count, and I find myself again in the hands of an infinitely patient, painstaking artist. Like the bootblack, he uses little dabs and touches instead of sweeping strokes. But the latter is always right, and the blade hovers over my face as lightly as a feather, and after fifteen or twenty minutes I rouse to find myself shaved cleaner than I ever am at home. My face has not been so hairless since I was a baby. So long as his investigative fingers encounter the prickle of a single hair-tip he can not think of his job as finished. Furthermore, all the worn jests about the loquacity of barbers lose their point in his presence. He is too thoroughly centered on his task to distract himself by talking. That faculty of complete and exclusive absorption in the work in hand is characteristic of him, as it is of the bootblack, and, I have come to think, of all the rest of the fourteen million.

I have not seen them all, of course. But I have seen many thousands of them, engaged in all sorts of work, tamping ties and leveling rails along the eight hundred miles of road between here and the border, plowing in the farm-lands, driving street-cars and collecting tickets, presiding over little stalls in markets, busy as car-makers, stone-cutters, and waitresses, mixing cocktails, sweeping the streets, and being policemen. And everywhere they have seemed much the same to me—patient, teachable, thorough, and unbelievably docile, And they are Mexico.

VIEWS OF OUR CITIES AND OURSELVES THROUGH BRITISH EYES

THREE KINDS OF PEOPLE live in America, in the opinion of A. Maurice Low, a recent English visitor to these shores. They are the self-sufficient, provincial kind typified by the New-Yorker, the drab, conventional individual found in his highest perfection in Chicago, and the temperamentally buoyant cosmopolite that inhabits San Francisco. The contrasts of American cities seem to have imprest this Britisher. He found our great cities violently unlike. He says a foreigner seeing New York for the first time and then going to Chicago, and from there to San Francisco, might well ask himself if he had not inadvertently wandered into some other country. Further, he found glaring contrasts in many conditions within the cities themselves. The rich, he says, are so oppressively rich, and the poor so hopelessly poor. He found the New-Yorkers perpetually suspicious, the Chicagoans looking weary and draggled, and the women of California beautiful, with those of San Francisco leading all the rest in pulchritude. He writes in the London *Evening Post:*

Climate has much to do with it. The San Francisco girl has the blond beauty and the color of the Irish lass, who knows that the fogs rolling in from the Atlantic and the soft and mild climate is a more valuable beautifier than the contents of the little pots and bottles which women elsewhere carry away from the beauty-shop and dab on the ends of their saucy noses and intriguing lips for the undoing of man.

Discussing New York, Chicago, and San Francisco in detail, he goes on:

New York is provincial. Chicago is conventional. San Francisco is cosmopolitan. By all rights New York ought to be cosmopolitan, but it is not. It is so self-centered that instead of being cosmopolitan it has become provincial. Its primacy, socially and commercially, the immense power it exercised in the past politically, has made it self-satisfied, sufficient unto itself, indifferent as to the opinion of the rest of the country. New York sets its own fashions and has its own code. It is content.

In New York every man and woman appears to be too busy

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> with his or her own affairs to have the slightest interest in the stranger, or even to give him a civil word. The New York attitude is suspicion. Ask a man on the street a question, and he is afraid you are going to pick his pocket or sell him a gold brick. The policeman is curt or uncivil. New York, which prides itself on its hustle, is so unceasingly hustling that it has no time for the amenities or delicate *nuances* of life. It is a city of contrasts, of luxury, of wealth, of pleasure for the few, and of grinding, sordid, hopeless poverty and struggle for the mass.
>
> Chicago is typical of the Middle West, and the code of the Middle West is conventionality. The Middle West is the citadel of prohibition, with the South, no less conventional than the Middle West, its *glacis*. In the smaller cities of the Middle West no woman would dare to smoke in public. Most of the women seem to be badly drest and wearing their clothes badly, and you wonder what is wrong. That does not mean that you will not see some exquisitely drest women in Chicago; of course you will; but what I mean is that after having your esthetic sense hurt by being in Chicago and coming to San Francisco you immediately notice the difference, and, being only a man, it slowly penetrates your dense intelligence what is wrong. Owing to her conservatism or conventionality, or whatever else it may be, the Chicago woman is a year or two behind the prevailing style; her skirt is too long and her waist is too high, and it is as archaic almost as our grandmothers' crinolines.
>
> The feeling of contrast, of the deep gulf between Mary and Martha, is stronger even in Chicago than it is in New York. Chicago is a drab city. It is true it has a magnificent system of parks and boulevards; it is built on the shore of Lake Michigan, a body of water so vast that it suggests the ocean rather than an inland fresh-water lake; but what in an American city is known as "down-town," that is, the principal shopping and business streets, is drab, and the people are as drab as their surroundings. Men and women look tired. Their faces are drawn. They seem to be under a perpetual strain. It is the young people, the girls especially, girls that you know are stenographers and typists or clerks in offices, for whom one feels sorry. They all look so weary and draggled, as if they had spent a restless night, unable to sleep because of the heat, and had rushed to work without breakfast.
>
> San Francisco is a small city compared with New York or Chicago. It has a population of only half a million, as against New York's more than five millions and Chicago's two millions. But the San-Franciscans have laid out their city on a scale of grandeur so that now you have the feeling of size without being cramped; there is room enough on streets and pavements to move without being jostled.
>
> San Francisco, climatically mercurial, temperamentally buoyant, pleasure-loving, and saturated with her own beauty, is as up to date as New York, but without New York's sufficiency. New York is so sure of her position that she cares not in the least whether she is liked or disliked. San Francisco, on the other hand, wants to be liked. It is rather touching, this. Frankly, the San-Franciscan wants you to like him and his city; he would take it as a personal grievance if you found fault, and he would try to correct what you criticize. It is perhaps an indication of youth, but it is nevertheless very delightful. San Francisco, among cities, is like a young girl, who, conscious of her beauty, is still too young to know her power and wants to be liked for herself.
>
> But what I want to impress upon the English reader is that when he thinks of America let him think of three zones: the East, represented by New York, Philadelphia, and Boston; the Middle West, drab and conventional; the Far West, as I have inadequately pictured it. And let him further remember that while America is the sum of the three, proper weight must be given to each factor.

Another British view of America is furnished by H. W. Nevinson, writing in the Manchester *Guardian*. Mr. Nevinson confines himself entirely to a discussion of the people, with whom he seems well pleased. Contrary to what we have always been told and have come to accept as a fact, this writer finds Americans delightfully polite. "Except, perhaps, in India," he tells us, "I have never known such consideration, such sensitiveness to the feelings of others, such solicitude to please as in these States." He says:

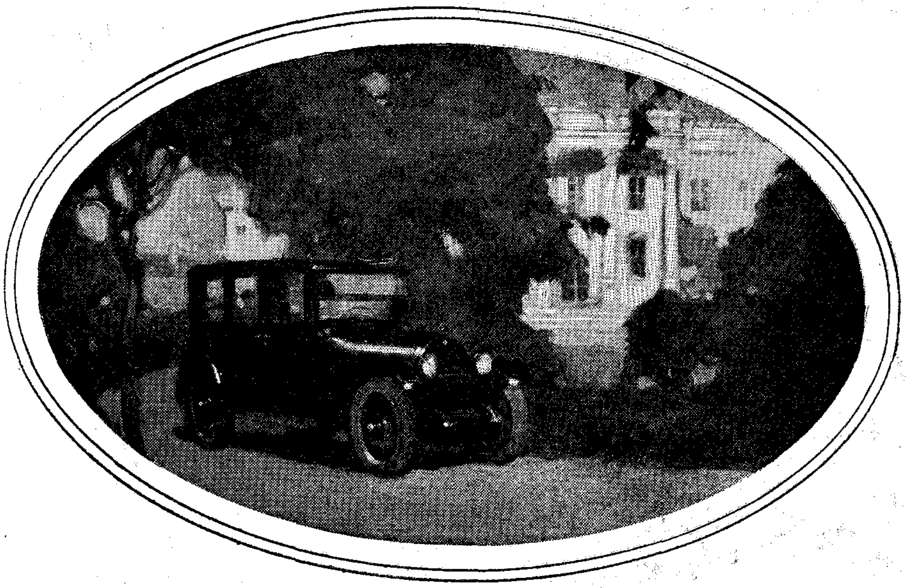
> An Englishman appears among the people as a stranger speaking their language with a markedly foreign accent. We know how "the beastly foreigner" is treated in our country, and I expected even worse. On the contrary, every one I met, from the porter to the policeman and the educated man or woman in the street, seemed to have been waiting all of their lives just for this opportunity of doing me a service and giving all their aid. If I inquire the way every one within hearing stops dead still to tell me, just as all the traffic in Fifth Avenue stops as tho frozen when the red light and then the green appear on the new signal-boxes in the middle of the street.
>
> Men and women go far out of their way to show me the shortest route. (They call it "rout," but what does that matter? So do our soldiers.) If I do not understand some custom they sit down on a bench and explain until the meanest understanding can be in no doubt. When a total stranger like myself is introduced, men and women come forward with such a smile and such a cry of "Very pleased, indeed, to meet you!" that it is almost impossible to realize they would say the same to your bitterest enemy. Insincere? Not in the least. It is but politeness and the solicitude to please. How charming, after the English and Scottish manner of greeting every stranger as an enemy or a bore!
>
> How this wide-spread politeness has grown up and been diffused I can not say. It is the more remarkable because the children are so commonly what is called ill-bred. They persist and interrupt and whine. They whine like sick kittens. They seem never to have "Hush!" or "Don't!" said to them, and never to be told that "little people are meant to be seen and not heard." I suppose there is not on earth a more irritating human being than the ordinary whining American child between five and ten.
>
> "If only I had the wringing of your neck!" the unaccustomed Englishman is inclined to remark.
>
> And yet, out of these unendurable little terrors grow the sweetest-tempered and most courteous men and women I have known. Is there, then, something wrong in the British training? Must we abandon "Hush!" and "Don't"? Must we cease to speak roughly to the little child and beat him when he whines? God forbid! There must be other causes for the charm of American manners.

Apparently Mr. Nevinson had an idea that Americans were excessively Puritanical, but to his evident surprize he found Puritanism as a religion dead and no traces of the solemn manner of life characteristic of a people supposed to conduct themselves as if each day were their last. He does not attribute the amiable manners of the people to their having discarded the austerity of Puritanism, however, but is inclined to seek an explanation of their pleasant ways in the American school, of which he writes:

> The public school in America is not the richly endowed private school for the children of the plutocracy as in England, but is really a public school open to every class, to every degree of wealth or poverty.
>
> I am told the standard of education is not so high as in our so-called public schools. As far as the teaching of knowledge goes, I do not understand how it could be lower, but granting that knowledge is but a very small part of education, still one may say that the American public schools beat ours easily in the diffusion of manners.
>
> Who can overestimate the advantage of a country where all the young stand on a footing of equality and where opportunity for knowledge and a common education is open to all irrespective of the parents' wealth? Here one says "Sir" to every one or no one. On the trains there is only one class, and the workman is as comfortable as the capitalist (the great expresses take Pullman-cars and sleeping-cars, it is true, but there are no first-, second-, and third-class compartment). I suppose equality and the freedom from fear of riches or station are the very foundations of good manners. For a man conscious of social inferiority will be either servile or rude.

Mr. Nevinson scouts the idea that the Americans are so immersed in business that they have no time for anything else. He thinks they do a lot of work, more noisily, perhaps, than he considers strictly necessary, but at the same time he says they have a lot of leisure. As we read:

> Work is here conducted with a deal of unnecessary noise and an assumption of "hustle," but the inner spirit of it is easy-going and leisurely, as befits the heat of summer and the heated rooms of winter. People "blow in" at the offices about nine or nine-thirty. They blow out to lunch for an hour or so at twelve, and Broadway "down-town" or Fifth Avenue at Twenty-third Street becomes a moving swarm of youths and maidens, beaming, well drest, well fed, much at their ease. About five they all blow away to their homes by bus, trolley, subway, or elevated rail. No doubt a lot of work gets done, but it is absurd to think of Americans as sunk to the chin in business. A cheerful spirit of leisure prevails. Outside Russia, I have never seen a people so unpunctual, so indifferent to time. Time to them is entirely, and wisely, a matter of "relativity," and so is space.



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EUROPEANS THAT HATE US BECAUSE WE ARE "MEDDLESOME, PATRONIZING, AND STINGY"

MANY AND VARIED have been the hatreds entertained in Europe during the last several centuries, but it appears that now a good part of it is united in hating America. In the words of Frederick Palmer, the war-correspondent, who seems to have had exceptional opportunities to observe the present situation: "If every American who went abroad had set out to be a quarrelsome boor we could not have better succeeded in making ourselves disliked." This state of affairs puzzled Mr. Palmer, and he set out to discover the reason for the wide-spread ill-feeling toward a nation which only a couple of years ago apparently was held in high esteem by Europeans. To that end, he began asking wherever he went the question, in effect, "Why don't you like us?" The answers varied in the different countries, but all agreed in the matter of finding fault with America. What he considered American's patronizing attitude during the war and her aloofness now was assigned by a Briton as the chief cause of British irritation. The Poles didn't deny that America's relief work in Poland had been fine, but they complained that in fighting typhus in their country the Americans had followed an unpopular method when they asked the peasants to take baths and fumigate their houses. The French said they would have had the left bank of the Rhine and the Italians thought they would have had Fiume if the Americans hadn't stood in the way. The Germans were sure they would have licked everybody in Europe and had things their own way if America had not butted in. "Look what we suffered," exclaimed the Belgians; and now, said they, America, who didn't suffer at all, won't even sign the Treaty to defend Belgium if the Germans once more attack her. And nearly every place the correspondent went, it seems, the cry was for money and credit from America, who is so rich. The sentiment of all Europe seems to be that America should come across and help set them up in business again. One source of irritation, also, we are told, is the fool American tourist's way of flaunting his country's money in the faces of the Europeans with the query, "Do you want to see some real money?" Taking it all together, the land of the "square deal" and "good will" toward all the world is rapidly becoming the scapegoat of the world, in the opinion of Mr. Palmer. One gets the impression from reading his account, which appears in *McClure's Magazine* (New York), that Europe's grievances against this country are not so much the result of actual conditions, past or present, as they are the outcome of a certain hysterical state of mind from which Europe seems to be suffering. This was exprest by a Belgian, who told Mr. Palmer, "We're just thinking in the vexatious present as we struggle back on our feet. By and by, when we have leisure to think of the past again, we shall remember America's goodness." Among the persons interviewed by the correspondent during his investigations was an English statesman whom he quotes at length as setting forth the British view:

> "After the armistice your President came to France—a man of mystery, of unequaled world-prestige," the statesman began. "He held the purse-strings of the world. We knew we had to look to him for direction, tho we did not like to think that we had to.
>
> "He sat in the gold chair, with Clemenceau on his right and Lloyd George on his left, and we waited on his nod. He had brought with him a ship-load of maps and geographical, ethnological, and legal experts and a ship-load of newspaper men. American automobiles coursed the streets, your soldiers were everywhere. America dominated Paris and Europe. She was to make peace for us when it had been our war, for which we had paid the price in blood and money."
>
> "Thank you," I said. "This is more interesting than all the Peace Conference *communiqués* that appeared at the time."
>
> What a to-do such a statement from an English statesman would have made during the Conference which was to end all secret diplomacy and in frank, open discussion settle the affairs of the world!
>
> "And your architects planned to build a temple of eternal peace called the League of Nations," he continued.
>
> "But we think that an Englishman wrote the League of Nations," I suggested.
>
> "We think you wrote it," he responded.
>
> "That's what we're after—what people think!" I exclaimed, "not what we are told at banquets and in interviews that they think"—an attitude of mind being the most pregnant factor in the relations of peoples. In its behalf nations have made war and done all kinds of foolish things as well as wise.
>
> "So you laid the corner-stone of the Temple of Peace in the presence of all the newspaper correspondents," he continued. "A year and more has passed. No more American automobiles or soldiers are to be seen in the streets of Paris. All your experts have gone home long since and with them all the brigade of special correspondents. You have not even ratified the Treaty; no American sits in the Supreme Council except as a detached observer—to look after the very troublesome task of settling all the new tenants in their quarters. You've lost interest in your Temple of Peace in the same way—well—I—it's rather an annoying simile I have in mind." He hesitated, diplomatic habit intervening after the strain of unaccustomed candor.
>
> "Please let me have it," I begged.
>
> "You are a strange people to us, powerful, energetic, amazing, but we in Europe do not understand you, possibly because you are so young. You have no continuous foreign policy as we have. So you forget your Temple of Peace, which had interested you so much at the time, just as the child forgets the house of cards that he built on the rug yesterday and is off to other things."
>
> "It looks as if the League was to be one of the main issues in our Presidential campaign," I said. "If we haven't a continuous foreign policy we certainly started an explosive one in Paris. If you doubt it read all the speeches that have been made in our Senate and out of it."
>
> "But"—and there he came to the point emphatically—"but we in Europe have to live in that temple. It does not suit us. It's a very rambling sort of barracks, with a cellar under some parts and none under other parts; halls without stairways and stairways without halls; plumbing without bathtubs and bathtubs without plumbing; the walls generally out of plumb; an immense back door for secret diplomacy and no front door for open diplomacy, as planned; kitchens disconnected from the dining-rooms; apartments that are all dining-rooms and no kitchens—and you are not even furnishing us the money to make needed changes or to finish the structure. Yes, the housing question, which is universally acute, becomes a bedlam of a crisis in that temple of yours. Instead of a Temple of Peace it is a Tower of Babel.
>
> "Even the finished apartments do not suit their lessees. All think that their apartments are too small, the rent too high, their neighbors a nuisance. And many are trying to elbow their way into their neightbors' apartments, not to mention several who think that they ought to have the whole building. Some of the new small nations can't pay their rent, and the butcher and the grocer refuse them credit, they are so hard up. The life of the janitor is a nightmare. In fact, these tenants are not used to apartment life. But they will have to make the best of it. They will settle down in time. It's the only house we've got, and the Treaty is ratified by the tenants. They signed their leases in perpetuity—or until there is another war that shakes the building down."
>
> "And America's unpopularity?"
>
> "All the tenants blame you for all their troubles, for they think that you were the architect who refused to live in your own building, because it was so bad. Their complaints are a source of common feeling, which gives the janitor and the agent a little relief."

The present feeling of the Europeans toward America is also to be attributed, in a measure, to "an outbreak of human nature," Mr. Palmer thinks. For propaganda purposes every ally during the war was trained to think that every other ally was all right in every respect. When the war was over a reaction set in. Each nation had been thinking well of all the other nations so long that it was tired of it. The ancient human proclivity to think well of oneself alone reasserted itself. Each people began to think of its own virtues, wrongs, and sacrifices and to feel that there was no appreciation of these things among the other peoples. In this connection, the question arose as to who really won the war—

> "I, on the Izonzo!" said the Italian; "I, on the Marne and at Verdun!" said the Frenchman; "I, with my navy and on the Somme!" said the Englishman, and "I," cried the Belgian,

> the Serb, the Roumanian, and the Greek. All will be erecting monuments and writing books to prove it for many generations to come.
>
> "America lost only fifty thousand dead," said Europe, as the French thought of their one million five hundred thousand dead and the British and the Italians of their three-quarters of a million.
>
> This enormous sacrifice is war-propaganda that is pitilessly and eternally true. Much war-propaganda was true—true to the character of brave men and women and the heart of humanity. The present feeling exemplifies the same human beings in a bruised and irritated mood.

The views of various countries are set out in the following, each indicating the peculiar troubles of the people who voiced it:

> Surely I should find that we are popular in Belgium. Hadn't we fed the Belgians, knitted socks for the Belgians, and sent our old high hats and frock coats over to clothe the Belgian peasant as he tilled his acres under guard of the German sentry. From all I heard I might conclude that the clothes we sent did not fit, the shoes we sent developed corns, and our food-rations caused indigestion. Subtle reasoning could even have persuaded me that we stood guilty of having kept the Belgians alive in order to exploit them after the war.
>
> "Look at the rate exchange!" said the Belgians. "Flour costs in francs three times what it did before the war, and we have to pay three times that because it now takes fifteen francs to make a dollar, where it only took five before the war. Think of that after having been in the bread-line for four years! Think of what we suffered under the Germans for the sake of the rest of the world! Now America, who knew nothing of the horrors of war, will not even sign the Treaty to come to little Belgium's defense if the Germans attack again—when you are so rich and we are so poor!"
>
> Again, while I am on the subject of Belgium, I was reminded by Belgians that, with all honor to Hoover's initiative and organization, the sums which America gave him for food relief were relatively small. The bulk of the fund came from the British and the French governments, as Britons and Frenchmen do not hesitate to remind the Belgians in these commercial days, when each nation, aiming at trade opportunities in its neighbors' market, can always find a popular subject in turning a point against the international scapegoat.
>
> Holland having been neutral and also sharing the discredit of being a "war-profiteer" and her guilder standing high, I at least looked for sympathy of misery's love of company there. Yet even Holland, seeking the good graces of her neighbors, was infected by the general European view.
>
> "If America had landed her army in Holland instead of blockading us—we are suffering from that still—and supported us in a way to enable us to be in the war at the end, how much better it would have been," said one Dutchman, expressing an angle of Dutch opinion which at least took its origin in the thought that our army had been of some service in the war, while it kept faith with the tendency to blame everything on America.
>
> After I had had the assurance of our Allies of our small part in the war and how the President's insistence on the "fourteen points" had robbed them of the fruits of victory, I went to Germany expecting that the late disagreement at arms might be prolonged into a disagreement with the Allies' view of us. Far from it! Underneath the urgent desire for our help in credits and raw material was the same latent resentment that I had found elsewhere, embittered by the despair of beaten people.
>
> "If America had not come into the war we should have won," I was told. "Look at the value of the mark—one cent—when it used to be worth twenty-five cents! We quit because we believed in your 'fourteen points.' See what we got!"
>
> In their misery as they stare at the uncertain future, the Germans occasionally solace themselves with visions of how to-day they might be in Paris, the command of the seas theirs, as they basked in their place in the sun—but for America. They blame us because they had to submit to the loss of so much territory, and the Allies blame us for not having permitted more annexations.
>
> When I left the old nations behind and came to the new nations, I thought that our stanch championship of suppressed nationalities would be reflected in more amiable feelings. This was measurably true of the Jugo-Slavs, who appreciated the President's stand about Fiume; only they thought that we might have thrown the Italians out of Fiume and the whole eastern Adriatic coast, leaving it to them if we had been true to our ideals and power.
>
> "We do not want charity," complained Polish leaders. "We want credits, raw material for our factories, tools for our farms, and to be put to work. Let America give us loans instead of gifts. The Allies set us up as a nation and then gave us nothing to keep house with."
>
> Perhaps we are more nearly popular in Vienna than anywhere else; but it is a popularity which we would gladly forego if Vienna could be saved. In that dying city of a dismembered empire there is the anemic gratitude of the hopelessly poor stunned by a misfortune that left none of the petulance of defeated ambition or of the spirit of restless hope. The Viennese want more food; but they lack the strength to make an outcry if they do not receive more, while no rivalry with other nations stirs their listlessness.
>
> "Americans are machines," said an Esthonian peasant. "They have machines for making money; they scatter seed with machines and reap with machines and make bread and eat like machines. If they will not send us money, let them send us some of their machines and we will make ourselves rich."
>
> "But some of us are poor," I protested again and again, in face of the illusion of our inexhaustible wealth.
>
> "Poor!" exclaimed a German in answer. "You have a room with a bath."
>
> "It costs me only one hundred and fifty marks a day—a dollar and a half in our money," I replied.
>
> "It is a hundred and fifty marks to us. A laborer's family tries to live on a thousand!" he exclaimed, using my own argument against me.

Mr. Palmer concludes by saying that if he were to give a recipe for traveling Americans which would promote international good feeling, he would suggest, among other things, that they cut out the stage business of showing "real money," and thus cease to "rub in" on Europeans the depreciated state of their currency. Further:

> Instead of being cross because America's part in the war is not recognized, the American may turn diplomat who is as quick in his sympathy as he is grateful for his own good fortune, in recognizing the part played by the nation of the man to whom he is speaking. He can say, "Without you we would have lost the war," to Britons, Frenchmen, and Italians and be perfectly confident that he is speaking the truth. This line of "salesmanship" in international amity, as the drummers would say, will bring the retort courteous, "What would we have done without America?" which, if you know about it yourself—do you?—will give you the opportunity to tell something about the part we played in our Argonne battle.

THE NEW STRONG MAN TO WHOM CHINA PINS HER HOPE

COMBINING THE WISDOM of the serpent with the rare quality of self-reliant courage, Chang-Tso-lin, a strong man in a generally weak nation, is hailed in some quarters as the coming power in China. A *Tuchun*, or military official with rank equivalent to that of major-general, this forceful Chinaman's personality has caused his fame to spread from his seat of government in Manchuria to every part of the Chinese Republic. He holds the three provinces of Manchuria in the hollow of his hand, it is said. His interests are not confined solely to governmental affairs, however. He appears to be a man of numerous parts, and, in addition to his duties as an official, devotes himself to farming, banking, and many commercial enterprises. J. O. P. Bland writes from Shanghai to *The Times* (London):

> According to the talk of the clubs and tea-houses, here were the shoulders ready for the unclaimed mantle of Li Hung Chang and Yuan Shih Kai, here the iron hand in the velvet glove that might put an end to internal strife and give the Middle Kingdom peace. And as I made my way northward, through Shantung and Chihli to Peking, this impression of Chang, as a superman among the *Tuchuns*, grew so strong that I determined, if it were possible, to make his acquaintance on my way through Manchuria to Korea.
>
> It was early in February, on my way through Manchuria, that I saw Chang at his headquarters in the ancient city of Mukden. Among many things that impress one on revisiting Manchuria, after an interval of years, most significant is the evidence which confronts one on every side of the economic inferiority of the Japanese, when competing with the Chinese either as merchants, farmers, artizans, or manual laborers. The Japanese have firmly established their *imperium in imperio* throughout southern Manchuria; in their railway settlements, in mining, timber, and other industries, in trade, transport, and administration, they have displayed wonderful initiative and

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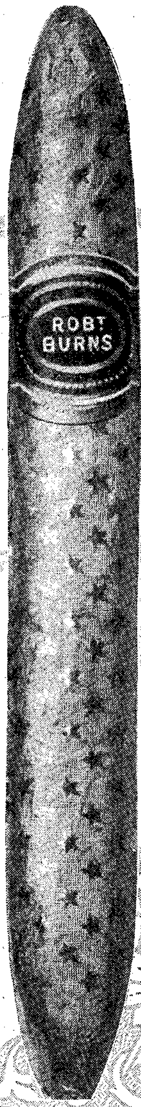

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powers of organization, but the basic factor of the situation lies ever in the Chinaman's antlike qualities of sober thrift and ceaseless labor.

The natives of Manchuria are essentially farmers, and on their own ground hard to beat; but the traders and manual workers, the industrial backbone of the country, are the sturdy Chinese, who come from Shantung in their thousands and take their savings back with them when they leave. Even in Dalny, there are now no Japanese man-servants nor *jinrikisha* coolies; they have disappeared, ousted by Chinese cheap labor. Between the two races there is no love lost. In official and commercial intercourse the amenities of courtesy are carefully observed, but the undercurrent of mutual and contemptuous dislike runs very close to the surface. The Chinese walk warily, because the argument of physical force is all on the side of the invader; but, judging by results, they walk to good purpose, and the invader is being made to pay his footing.

Chang Tso-lin, like most of the present-day rulers of China, is, comparatively speaking, young for the high post he fills, being now in his forty-seventh year; but he holds the three Manchurian provinces in the hollow of his hand. As I talked with him, in the richly furnished reception-room of his Mukden *yamen*, of the various topics of the day—of the state of affairs at Peking, the possible disbandment of the *Tuchun's* troops, the recrudescence of the opium traffic, Japan's claims to "special interests" in Manchuria and Shantung, and other delicate questions—I began to understand something of the secret of his rapid rise to power, something of the qualities that have carried his name and fame from Kirin to Canton. Down south, they will tell you that in the old Manchu days Chang was a *hung-hu-tzu*—that is to say, a leader of bandits. It may be so, for he is undoubtedly a man of many parts.

But apart from his reputation for Draconian methods of administration and untiring energy, there was nothing suggestive of the *hung-hu-tzu* in the *Tuchun* of Mukden as I saw him, a slender figure whose sober civilian attire and carefully chosen speech indicated rather the scholar and even dilettante of the classical type. But beneath the polished surface you realize the energy and courage of the man; the amazing swiftness and lucidity of his brain power; and you realize also that the qualities which bring a leader to the front in China to-day are the same as they were a thousand years ago—namely, those which appeal to the instinctive respect of the masses.

Chang's methods of administration (some of them by no means overscrupulous) conform as closely and as cleverly to the workings of the race-mind as did those of the great Empress Dowager, ever a model of oriental statecraft. He has the subtle instinct of the supermandarin, which tells him just how far he may go without undue risk, in any direction; and in the matter of official trading his countrymen (no mean judges) regard him as a positive genius.

He manages his own bank, his own farms, has a finger in every commercial enterprise, and his influence is felt, like a live wire, thoroughout the three provinces. As banker and *Tuchun* combined, his methods of dealing with his competitors in local finance appear to be somewhat drastic. It is reported, for example, that when certain local banks engaged in a combine to control exchange in a manner unduly profitable to themselves, Chang called a meeting of those chiefly concerned, and in his rôle of *Tuchun* genially intimated that any further attempt to corner the cash market would result in the summary execution of the offenders. The stock of the *Tuchun's* own bank has been "a good market" ever since.

In the bean trade, the rice trade, the timber business, and the operations of the railway transport companies, the supple hand of Chang-Tso-lin pulls the strings, and his privy purse takes toll. Not only in Manchuria but at Peking and down south his emissaries are many and active. If report speak truly, they play a leading part in the speculative but profitable opium traffic.

Chang's troops are regularly paid, and he sees to it himself that they are well fed, for he runs his own commissariat. Discipline is good, with the result that throughout Manchuria to-day law and order are maintained and productive industry encouraged. Here, before our eyes, we have an object-lesson of the simple truth, that it only needs the strong hand of effective authority—benevolent despotism, in fact—to make and keep China prosperous. There are no bandits in Manchuria to-day, and if the average *Tuchun* were like Chang-Tso-lin, there would be none in China.

How this self-determined northern satrap is likely to play an important part in future events in China is set forth by Mr. Bland in an explanation of Chinese *Tuchuns* and their functions. He says;

Strictly speaking, a *Tuchun* is a military official, with rank equivalent to that of a major-general in command of a division, and his authority should be subordinate to that of the provincial civil governor. But, as a matter of fact, the hopeless disorganization of the Central Government since the revolution of 1911 has brought it about that in every province the mandarin in command of local levies (in many cases a politician without military training) has usurped the powers and functions formerly vested in viceroys and governors and defied the authority of Peking.

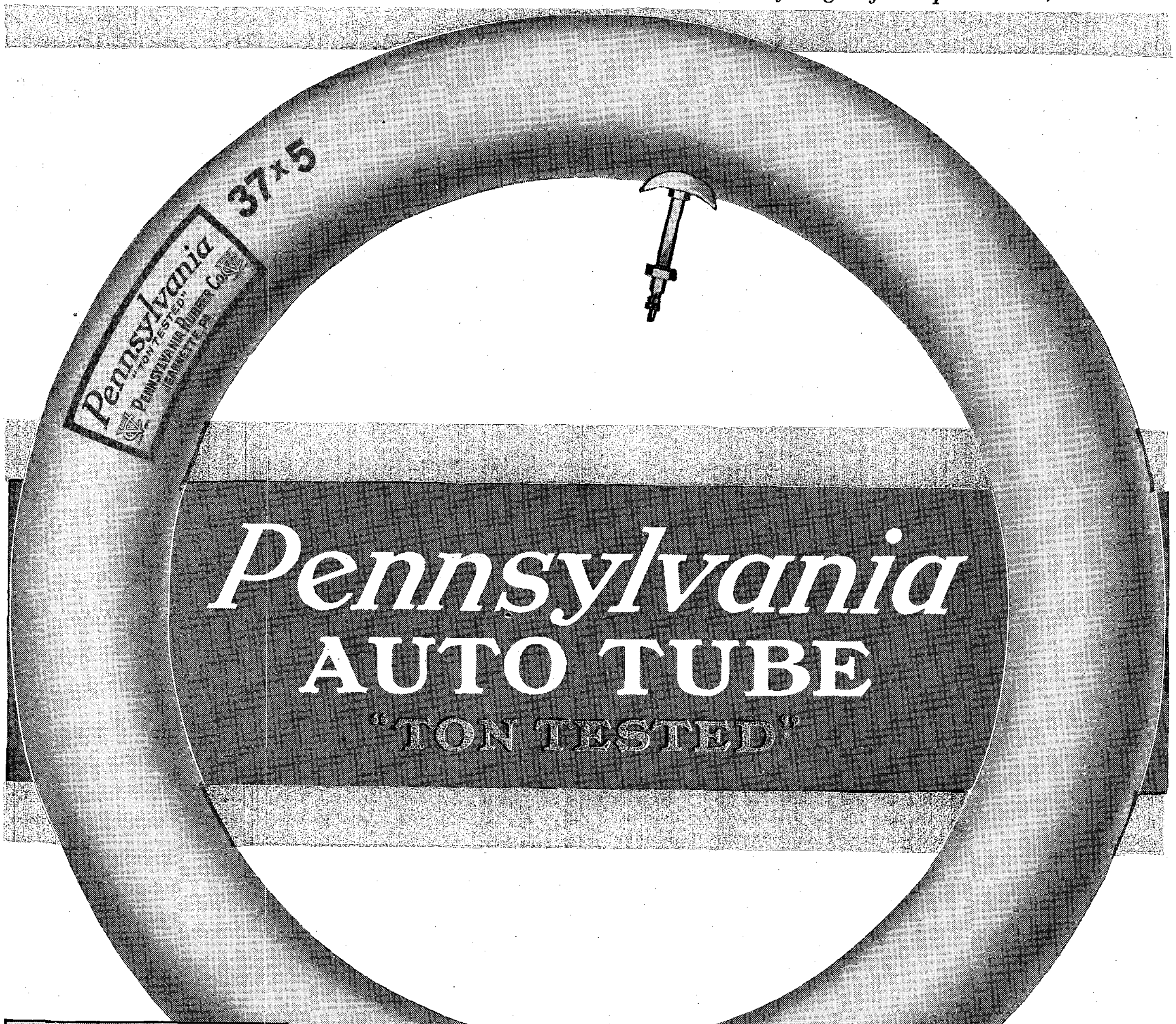
Since the death of Yuan Shih Kai, chaos has ruled in China, even as it has ruled in Mexico since the passing of Porfirio Diaz. But whereas in Mexico the power illegally usurped by political malcontents derives its strength from the people's natural antipathy to any constituted authority which attempts to keep order, in China the *Tuchuns* owe their position and their perquisites to the fact that nine-tenths of the people are disposed to recognize and obey any authority, howsoever constituted, provided always that it will keep order. From which it would appear that wickedness, like wisdom, is justified of its children, and that, in divers lands, the predatory politican learns to attain his ends by craftily adapting himself to his environment.

China is frankly weary of the *Tuchun* régime, of its interminable and senseless strife of one province against another and its systematic plundering of the long-suffering people; so ominously weary, indeed, that the *Tuchun* of Chekiang, wise in his generation, has recently proposed the complete abolition of the system and the restoration of the civil authority. The makeshift Government at Peking continues to hope that the foreign financier may be persuaded to advance large loans, wherewith the *Tuchuns* may be induced to disband some of their rabble armies; meanwhile, each individual *Tuchun* sits tight, willing to be bought out at a price, but keeping a very wary eye, till then, on his colleagues and rivals. And all of them pay particular attention to the sayings and doings of Chang-Tso-lin, knowing that in a crisis his well-paid and comparatively disciplined force may well determine the course of events at Peking.

NO WONDER PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES PREFER FRONT-PORCH CAMPAIGNS

WHEN A PRESIDENTAL CANDIDATE begins a campaign tour he ceases being a candidate, so far as any individuality is concerned, and becomes a victim of circumstances beyond his control. He is no longer a free man, but a slave to the National Committee, who sit at desks in a nice, cool office in New York or Chicago and tell the poor candidate where he must go. The National Committee, in turn, are at the command of the local committees at Podunk, Alfalfa Center, and other places, each of which knows that the candidate's election depends entirely upon his appearing in its enthusiastic midst. A candidate usually gets back from a campaign trip a total wreck, we are told. The tax upon his physical powers exacted by such a tour renders it among the most strenuous of occupations. First of all, there is the incessant speechmaking, and persons who know place talking under the head of hard labor. In addition to talking until his jaws move entirely without his own volition, the candidate on tour has to shake hands until paralysis sets in, has to get up and travel at all hours of the night until he is a wreck for want of sleep, and is subject to all the troubles of bad transportation service, changeable weather conditions, indifferent food, and the many other vicissitudes incident to long journeys with numerous stops. In view of those things, the undertaking of Governor Cox to conduct a speaking campaign which is to last until election and to cover the entire country is held by men experienced in campaign speaking to be a perilous experiment. It is planned to make it the biggest campaign of its kind that ever took place, eclipsing even the great tour of Bryan in 1896. If the plans for Mr. Cox's campaign are carried out fully "he will endanger his health if nothing more, and he might endanger more," says Charles Willis Thompson in the New York *Times*. Mr. Thompson says he has been on many of these speaking tours, and he furnishes a sketch from life as follows:

Even the mere labor of getting from the station to the club or private house or mass-meeting where the candidate makes his first stop is exhausting toil, tho it would not be for the private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Export Department, Woolworth Building, New York City citizen who later looks critically on the speaker from a chair in the audience and wonders why the man is perspiring so.

There is a mass of people waiting at the station, only kept back by the police from rushing forward to shake the candidate's sore and weakened hand. He is propelled by the local committee at breakneck speed through this multitude, with secret-service men holding his arms or treading on his heels. He is shot into an automobile, which takes him and his party to the place where he is to get his luncheon.

There he usually has to make a short speech in which he has got to be at his best, for it is the Chamber of Commerce or the City Club that is giving the luncheon, and they are a critical lot. From there he is fired into another machine to lead a parade in which every chauffeur feels it his duty to make a record, and the candidate has to be figuratively on his toes every minute; from every window people are looking down and cheering, and off must go the hat at each cheer. That gesture, constantly repeated for an hour, wears the arm and shoulder muscles beyond belief.

Finally comes the speech, an exhausting labor in itself. Maybe there are two speeches, one at the mills or stockyards and one at the auditorium; every Western city that thinks anything of itself has an auditorium, and the rest have coliseums and convention halls. The moment the candidate has finished his last speech he comes out on the run, propelled by secret-service men and local committees, is shot into another automobile and put on board a train for which he is already fifteen minutes late and which starts instantly.

Mr. Thompson gives some glimpses from tours on which he has accompanied Roosevelt, Bryan, and others. He says:

In the Roosevelt tour of 1912 the candidate had got safely out of Kansas when he was ordered back to the mighty disgust of the whole party, and especially of General, then Colonel, Cecil Lyon, of Texas, whose admiration for Kansas was about equal to that of the devil for holy water. The Roosevelt cars were hooked on to a regular train and sent to some place where the National Committee had been convinced by the local committee that a million votes could be got if Roosevelt would only go back. Lyon was sitting looking gloomily out of the window, silent as a clam. The tracks on the return trip to Oklahoma were bad and the train jumped and bucked like a bronco, throwing passengers out of their seats every few minutes. Finally, somebody voiced his discontent with the train, which was as old as the hills. Lyon turned on the objector savagely. "How can you blame the train?" he demanded. "The poor thing is only trying to get out of Kansas."

Mr. Bryan used to insist on traveling in day coaches when he was a candidate, and he was merciless both to himself and those with him. If he could find late at night that instead of taking the 6 A.M. he could make a better connection by taking the 2 A.M. he would take it. His party, who might have got through their work at one-thirty, say, would have to sprint for the train, swing aboard a day coach while the conductor was frantically yelling, "All aboard," curl up on a seat and get what they could in the way of sleep in two hours. Then a junction and a cold, gray wait of an hour or so until the train came along to get them into town at six or seven. Can you wonder that a man who went with Bryan was frayed out at the finish and long before?

Bryan himself had one panacea. He has the ability to fall asleep in a second. Three minutes' sleep on a bench here, three more minutes in a hotel lobby, half an hour curled up in a day coach, and before the twenty-four hours were up he would have had, in one way or another, eight hours. I think his party suffered worse than he, for there are not many men so gifted. Once we started out from his home at Lincoln on a speaking tour which was to begin at midnight. The train was an hour and a half late. Bryan sat down on a bench in the station and was instantly asleep. The others, newspaper men and politicians, sat there uneasily till the Rock Island train came in. Bryan woke cheerfully, and the rest of us wearily climbed after him into the train. The berths had not been made up, probably because they had only just been vacated. "Three minutes, boss," said the porter. Bryan walked into the smoking compartment, sat down, and was asleep that instant. Three minutes' sleep to the good.

Once he proposed to take an early morning train to Salem, Ill. In the middle of the night, while we were hard at work at our typewriters, Bob Rose, his secretary at the time, came rushing through the hotel yelling: "Everybody to the train; we've found one that leaves at three." We filed our copy and were at the train just in time; but it only went to some lonely junction, where it arrived at five or six, and there we stood and shivered until the Salem train came in. Bryan was as merry as a grig; he had two or three hours' sleep, while the rest of us had sat up, all worn out and in a savage humor.

On Roosevelt's last trip he carried along only one suit, because he knew what the trip would do to him. One well-intentioned young reporter carried along a suit of evening dress, to be prepared for any social emergencies. He never opened that suitcase, and it was the burden of his life whenever he had to make a rush from station to club or hotel. As for Roosevelt, he wore his one suit. Phœnix, Ariz., is a town of dry heat; humidity is a term unknown. But after his speech at Phœnix, Roosevelt took his coat off, looked at the ruin perspiration had wrought, and said, "Gentlemen, when I get back the only thing I can do with this suit is to burn it."

The writer suggests that probably Governor Cox possesses more physical strength than falls to the lot of most candidates. Inasmuch as he intends to fight over the whole ground, however, to an extent no candidate has ever done before, Mr. Thompson thinks he may find he has overestimated his strength. It is said the National Committee will not interfere with a willing candidate. Their only sorrow in years gone by has been that candidates would want to quit too soon no matter what happens. It appears that quitting is not easy, however, for we are told a candidate finds it difficult to stop when he is once started. As we read:

Even such a man as Wilson would find when he got going that he could not stop. In October, 1912, for instance, he was in an automobile accident and smashed his head, but he kept right on with his campaign and did not even change his blood-stained necktie. In the same campaign Roosevelt was shot by an assassin, but he had a speech to deliver at the Milwaukee Auditorium, and he went there and delivered it, tho he did not know whether he would drop dead at the end of it or not. From the hospital he telephoned his orders to ex-Senator Beveridge, and the Roosevelt speeches went right along. A Presidential candidacy is a rough-going, merciless thing, and so is a National Committee.

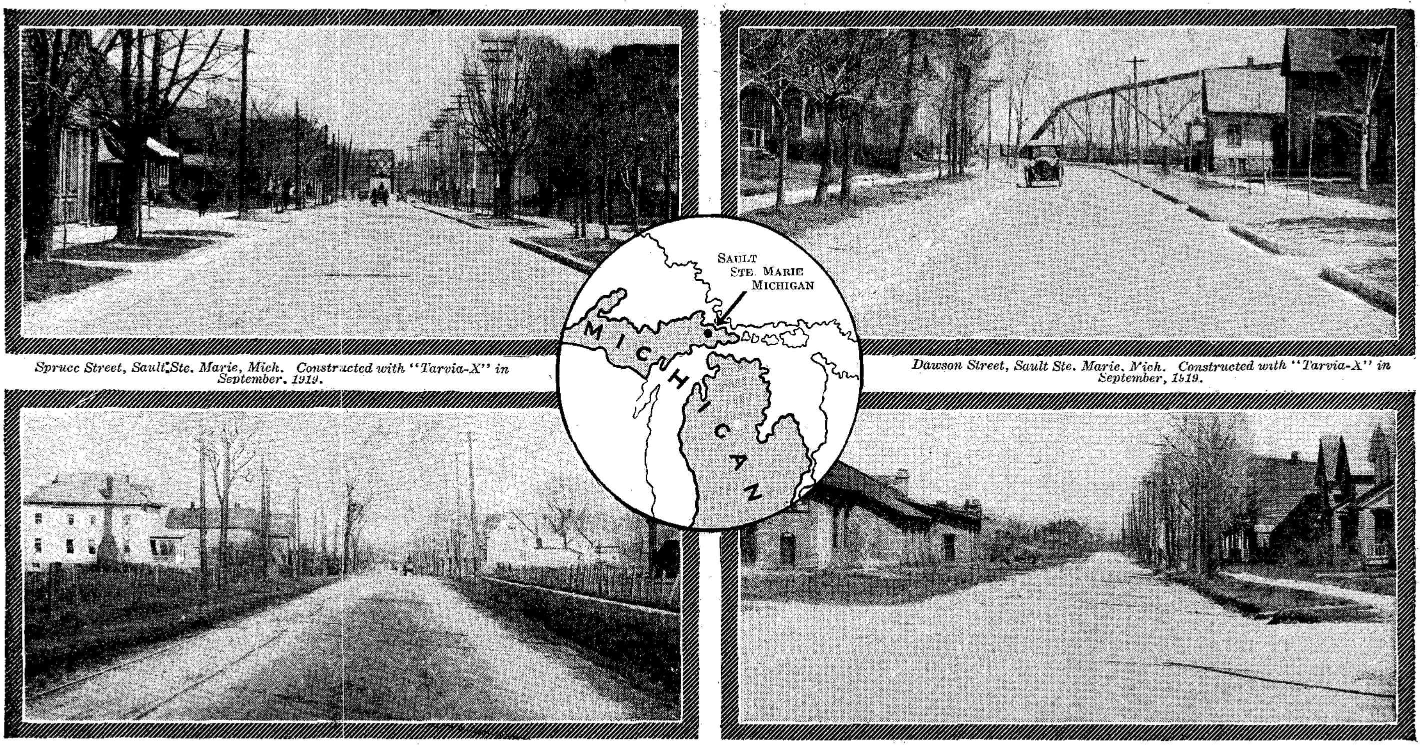
It is sought, of course, to make things as easy for a candidate as possible. Usually he carries a doctor with him to see that he is kept in proper physical trim, but there is so much of strenuousness connected with a campaign tour that in spite of all precautions the principal figure in the affair can not help but come out of the ordeal much the worse for wear. Some of the minor troubles with which he has to contend are specified:

In Taft's campaign it was necessary to put him under the strictest guardianship to save his voice and strength, and that most sociable of men had to sit in his compartment under strict orders to let no one in. He was the prisoner of 1908. Even the men in his party were forbidden to talk to him except in cases of necessity, when real business had to be brought to his attention. With the exception of Gus J. Karger, his personal staff was made up chiefly of men without tact, and their way of repelling people who came to speak to Taft was unnecessarily brutal. The same was true of Alton B. Parker's campaign whenever William F. Sheehan was not with him. Bryan was always surrounded with human beings, who may not have been expert politicians, but had a democratic way of talking to undesirable visitors. So was Roosevelt, especially in the case of that most lovable and never-to-be-forgotten pal of his, General Cecil Lyon, of Texas.

The trouble with Taft's entourage, however, was not so much with his staff itself as with the latitude the staff gives to local committees. All local committees that I ever saw were made up entirely of boorish, mannerless, and imposing persons, swollen with sudden importance. In some places I have seen shrewd politicians and wise men in a local way get aboard the train to tell the candidate something of importance to him when he came to make his speech, and found themselves unable to get to him because of pompous local committeemen who were slapping him on the back and telling him that he was sure to carry the State—a thing he knew more about than they did.

When the newspaper reader reads he probably thinks of Cox or whoever may be the candidate as traveling around by himself, with perhaps a secretary. The truth is that a Presidential tour is rather a grand affair, even with such a man as Bryan, who sought to reduce it to the lowest terms. The candidate usually has to have more than one stenographer, since nobody can take several speeches a day in shorthand and hope to have them ready in time, and, besides, his duties are not limited to taking speeches but to being at the candidate's beck and call whenever an idea strikes him and taking rough drafts in advance. The stenographers on such trips have to be men far above the ordinary.

Then the National Committee usually or frequently have



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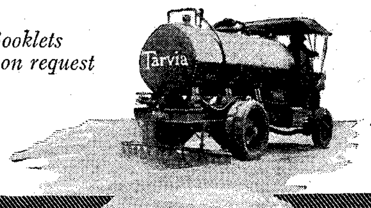

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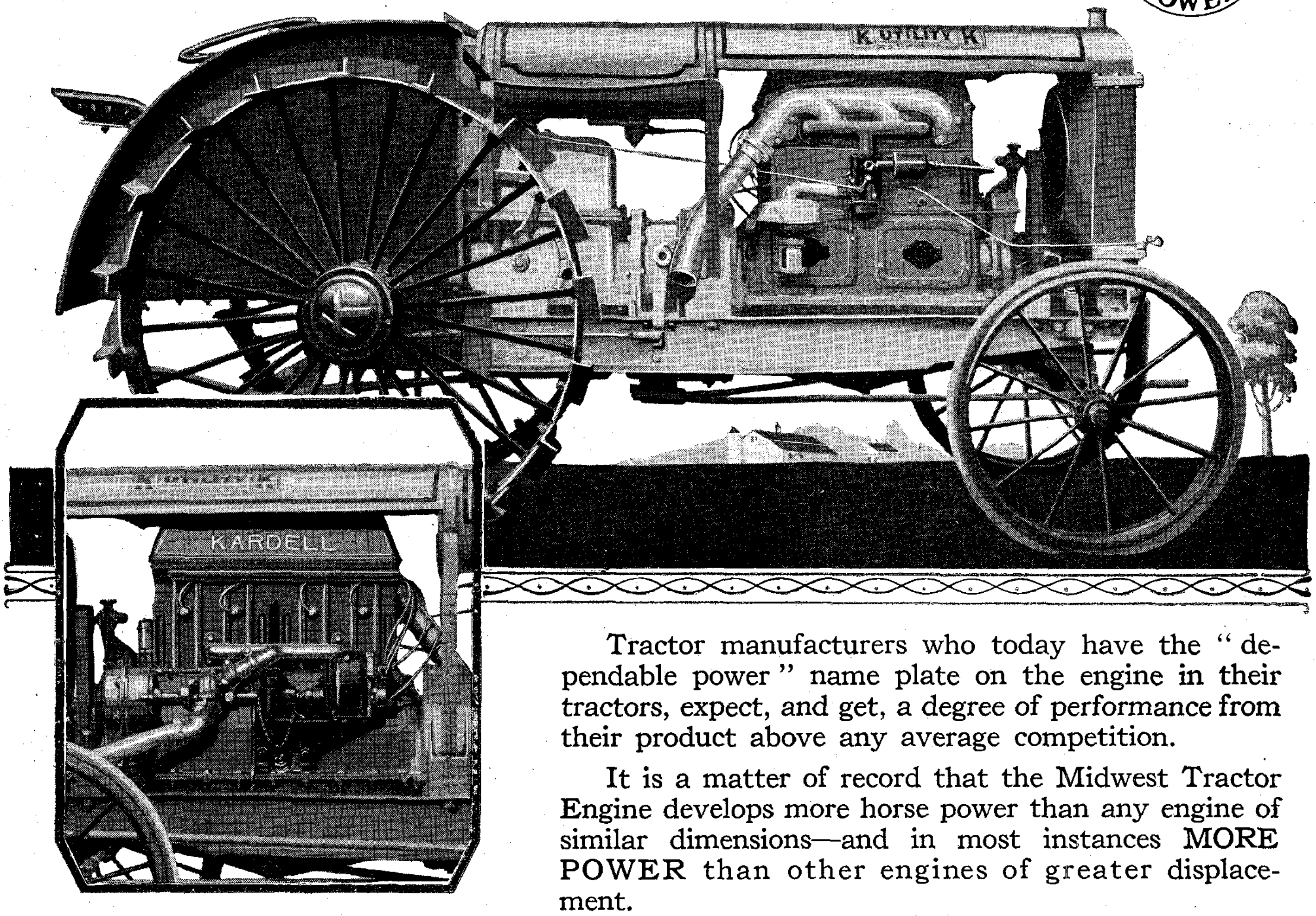

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TRUCK *and* TRACTOR ENGINE

somebody along. There is a man to look after the itinerary and keep the National Committee in their place, if it can be done. There is a secretary or two, unless the stenographer supplies that place, as he does if the candidate has enough confidence in him. There are secret-service men, men who are chosen because of their special experience in that sort of work; not members of the United States Secret Service, but ex-members who have shown their capacity while in the service to perform that sort of work.

PROHIBITION PRODUCES A NEW CROP OF VIKINGS IN NORWAY

STUFF that sets the drinker back two centuries a drink began to be used for refreshment purposes by many of the inhabitants of Norway after prohibition went into effect in that country, says S. Miles Bouton, a recent traveler there. When a man has had five drinks of this exhilarating juice, and hence is transported back a thousand years, he becomes a viking, we are told, and is liable to sally forth and tear things up in the good old viking way. The people distil this liquor at home from cereals or potatoes. Its regular name is *aquavit*, but the home-made stuff is called "thunder," and "it certainly has a thunderous effect," Bouton says. It is said to be a drink of great possibilities when given a chance to age and get over the exuberance of youth. At present, however, it is being drunk by persons in a desperate hurry, who quaff the fiery stuff in its primitive and undone state, reeking with fusel-oil, and it is likely to work almost any kind of havoc, especially to the systems of the drinkers. Of course, it must be understood that Norway's prohibition law is far from bone-dry. In fact, Mr. Bouton assures us that the Norwegian drought is "very endurable," as he discovered as soon as the Norwegian ship on which he sailed from New York was outside the joyous three-mile limit. Mr. Bouton is confessedly no friend of prohibition. He writes in the New York *World*, also antiprohibitionist, in the following lively, if prejudiced, manner:

> Most Americans have been led to believe that Norway enjoys the blessings of the same brand of prohibition conferred upon America by Mr. Volstead and others. Much capital has been made out of the alleged fact that the land of the deep-drinking vikings has seen the error of its ways and joined the Anti-Saloon League. I would not intimate that this error has been purposely furthered by certain interests—for one is reluctant to hurt the feelings of even those who display no conspicuous tenderness toward the feelings of persons who disagree with them—but it is a fact that it exists. Well-meaning friends even advised me not to travel on a Norwegian ship.
>
> "It's dry, you know, like Norway itself," they said.
>
> Once over the magic three-mile line, however, one discovered that the drought was subject to important qualifications, being alleviated by claret, Burgundy, hocks, Moselles, champagne, beer, ale, and porter. Almost all the passengers were American citizens, and it will come as a shock to many to learn that the only ones who did not fly in the face of Mr. Volstead were the smallest children and one elderly lady, who said she was on a strict diet which excluded alcoholic drinks.

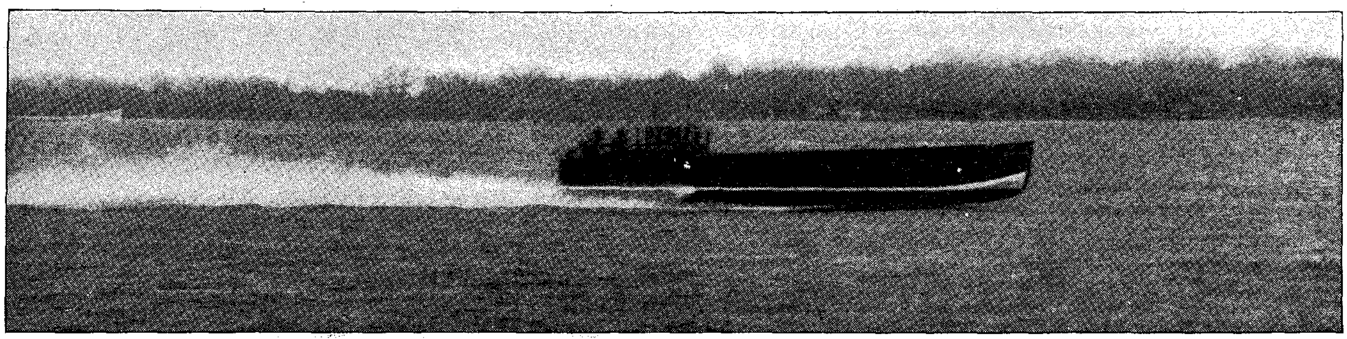
The war brought great prosperity to Norway, which had the effect of increasing drunkenness. A shortage of the food products of which Norwegian booze is made caused the Government to restrict liquor production. This resulted in a temporary decrease in drinking, but it was not long before ingenious and thirsty persons found a way to supply themselves with a life-saver, and home-made *aquavit* was the result. Says Mr. Bouton further:

> The increase in drunkenness became marked, not only in the rural districts, but also in Christiania in 1919. In 1917 the number of arrests had been, roundly, 13,700; in 1919 they were 17,000. The prohibitionists (so called) petitioned for the holding of a general election on the question of continuing in force the royal decrees of 1917. An election was ordered. The result showed that just over sixty per cent. of the people of the whole kingdom favored retaining the war-time restrictions. All the cultural centers of the country voted against retaining the restrictions. The majority was remarkably decisive in the capital, Christiania, where the mild prohibitionists cast but 18,835 votes, against 70,728 who favored spirits and heavy wines. Bergen gave a majority of three thousand against the prohibitionists and even in the semirural community of Trondhjem the prohibitionists cast but forty-seven per cent. of the vote. The vote in the whole kingdom was: For retaining the restrictions, 489,017; against, 304,673.
>
> Prohibition in Norway is not merely a domestic question: it is complicated with important questions of foreign relations. In 1909 Norway and France entered into a new commercial and financial treaty. Under it, Norwegian bonds were listed on the Paris Bourse. France's import duties on timber, wood-pulp, and other Norwegian exports were greatly reduced and tonnage charges on Norwegian shipping were also cut down. In return for these concessions Norway agreed to impose no new restrictions upon the importation of French products. The war-years brought a crisis which had not been foreseen, and France did not object when the royal decrees of 1917 introduced partial prohibition in Norway. Not only did Norway have the excuse of war-conditions, but, since champagnes were expressly exempted from the decrees, these did not seriously affect France, except in the single instance of brandies. It soon became evident, moreover, that the loss on brandies was more than offset by another factor. Under partial prohibition, Norway's imports of light French and German wines have increased nearly five hundred per cent.
>
> In the circumstances, therefore, the Norwegian statesmen do not look for trouble with France, provided no further restrictions are imposed. What a further victory of the prohibitionists would mean, however, is apparent from what has happened to Finland, which has complete prohibition. As a result, France has increased import duties upon Finnish timber and wood products to a point where it has become impossible for exporters to pay them, and Finland must seek a market elsewhere. Measures of this sort directed against Norway by France would be very serious; indeed, they can not be risked.
>
> But while the threat to Norwegian trade is only future and contingent so far as France is concerned, there is a very real existing menace from two other countries. These are Spain and Portugal. Both of these countries have been seriously affected by Norway's ban on heavy wines, the production of which is one of their chief industries. Portugal in particular can not view the situation calmly, in view of the fact that no less than seventy per cent. of her exportations of wine went to Norway before the war. Norway has commercial treaties with most-favored-nation clauses with both Spain and Portugal, and these two countries possess a strong weapon against Norway in the fact that they take, together, two-thirds of her total exports of *klippfisk*, or "cliff fish," so called because of the manner in which it is dried. Norway's only important articles of export are timber and its products and fish. Thus her Government faces a situation already serious and one that would become more serious in the event of a victory for prohibition.

Mr. Bouton inquired of a number of Norwegians as to what they thought of prohibition, eliciting the following information:

> I put the question to the editor of one of Christiania's leading newspapers.
>
> "The results of prohibition?" he repeated bitterly. "The chief result is that I have to pay thirty crowns (about eight dollars at the normal rate of exchange) for a bottle of brandy."
>
> "But can one get brandy in Norway?"
>
> He smiled pityingly.
>
> "Get all you want," he said. "It would take the whole standing army to watch our long coast-line. It can't be done. It is harder to get port, sherry, and such wines, but there's no lack of brandy or other liquors, and there is any quantity of *bénédictine* to be had."
>
> The Bureau of Statistics of the Royal Department of the Interior could throw no special light on the question, except for the disclosure that imports of sugar have doubled in the last year.
>
> "This is due in part to the fact that consumption of sweets has greatly increased," said my informant, "but it can not be doubted that another great part has gone for illicit distilling. It is also significant that imports of raisins have greatly increased and prices have risen very much."
>
> "I called next upon one of Norway's prominent scientists—a man who has been a member of a royal commission appointed to study the drink evil. The only result of prohibition which he could see was the great increase in illicit distilling.
>
> "I talked this week with a peasant from a district about twenty-five miles north of Christiania," he said. "He assured me that *aquavit* could be had on every farm in his district. A good deal of denatured spirit is being drunk. Sirups are mixed with it to cover the unpleasant taste."
>
> A prominent advocate of prohibition believed the decree had had a salutary moral effect. He admitted that there was not much else to show for it, "but," he said, "it is still too early to form a judgment."

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS



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THE FASTEST MOTOR-BOAT IN THE WORLD.

Miss America, from Detroit, won the British International Trophy in two races held over a course on Osborne Bay, Isle of Wight, England. She can make sixty-five miles an hour, but the British boats were not fast enough to press her to full speed in the recent races.

WHEN "MISS AMERICA" WON THE HARMSWORTH TROPHY

After a sojourn of eight years in England, the famous Harmsworth Trophy is on its way back to America. The trophy represents in the world of motor-boats about what the *America's* cup represents in yachting, and the Gordon Bennett Cup in flying. On August 11 and 12, at Cowes, England, "Gar" Wood, one of the Wood brothers who have helped to make Detroit motor-boats famous, demonstrated beyond the slightest shadow of a doubt the superiority of his *Miss America* to the fastest hydroplanes of England. Even *Miss Detroit V.*, a boat more nearly the size of the most formidable of the defending craft, but with less than half the power, had little difficulty in showing her heels to the British boats.

"It was a brilliant party," according to William Washburn Nutting, editor of *Motor Boat* (New York), who was among those present. Writing from Cowes, Isle of Wight, he sends to the current issue of his magazine a colorful account of what happened when the Yankee boat added another world's championship to the considerable number now reposing on these shores. To quote from *Motor Boat*, beginning with the arrival of the two American entries, *Miss America* and *Miss Detroit V.*:

> With a day to spare, we lost no time in foregathering with the American delegation for the latest dope. *Whip-po'-Will* we found had met with disaster and was lying at the bottom of the Solent, and this was the only thing that marred what was destined to be a glorious victory. There is no doubt that Commodore Judson's boat was fast and on every hand we heard expressions of regret that she had met her end before the big event.
>
> George Reis, who brought *Whip-po'-Will* over for Commodore Judson and who had driven the good old boat with her former power-plant, said that with her twin Bugattis, which were lighter and much more powerful, there seemed to be no limit to her speed. The accident happened on her first run on the Solent and was over so quickly that it is difficult to say just what happened. Reis and Jim Kneeshaw and Henry Pohl were putting her through her paces and were hitting it up in the neighborhood of sixty knots when suddenly there was a cloud of white smoke from one of the motors and the next instant a burst of flame that enveloped the whole boat and drove the crew to the water. In about the time it takes to tell the story she had burned and sunk, and it is doubtful whether the insurance company will consider it worth while to have her raised. There was not a yachtsman in England who did not regret the accident, altho at the time it happened it seemed to add somewhat to the chances of a British victory.
>
> But with the Detroit team everything had gone smoothly and the Wood boys reported *Miss America* and *Miss Detroit V.* in perfect condition for the ordeal of the following day.
>
> There was much speculation about the British team, which none of the Americans had had an opportunity to see at close range. We knew their motors were good—better, possibly, than our own, but we were totally in the dark about the hulls. It was then too late to make a pilgrimage to the Saunders shop, and so our first glimpse of the defending team was from the committee boat a few minutes before the start.
>
> Weather conditions could hardly have been better for the first race. As the American challengers were taken in tow by a pinnace at the Saunders West Cowes sheds and threaded their way out through the crowded yacht anchorage and into the Solent, we could see at least that there would be no trouble from rough water. Osborne bay, off the historic old Osborne Castle, where Queen Victoria died, was as calm as the Detroit River in midsummer, a light westerly breeze just giving steerageway to the numerous sailing-craft that are always in evidence in these waters. If the Britishers were really rough-water boats, as we naturally expected, then the advantage was all with us.
>
> Already there was a crowd on the gunboat, which was used by the Royal Motor Yacht Club as a committee boat, when we clambered aboard and great interest was shown in the simplicity of line and the clean running of the American boats, which were as new to them as their boats

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TWO YANKEE SPORTSMEN WHO BROUGHT HOME THE BACON.

Garfield A. Wood, owner and driver of *Miss America*, and Jay Smith, who served as mechanician. They are holding their two Teddy Bears, without which they never start in a race.

HOOD TIRES

HOOD TIRES
Cord Fabric Solid
HOOD TIRES

Don't be a "Bargain" Hunter

Every car owner has recently been besieged with letters offering tires at cut prices; has seen newspaper advertisements of price-cutting sales.

A liquidation period forced by high money rates usually is an opportunity for bargain picking. It is also an opportunity for the moving of unpopular tire styles that are being discontinued. As a result, the uninitiated, inexperienced consumer is more apt to get stuck than to get the bargain.

Tire prices, even today are not high; they are lower than ten years ago and the leading tires contain more and better material and are delivering over three to four times more mileage. The manufacturing costs are still high and will stay so for some time to come. Labor is high, transportation rates are increasing, cotton-duck is high.

The thrifty car owner today wants tires that are nationally known to deliver miles for the least cost. Hood Tires are the ones whose "more miles make them cost less." Their prices are based upon a reasonable margin above cost.

Do not let the present flurry of liquidation in the tire business tempt you into bargain hunting. Go to the dealer whose window displays the Sign of the Red Man; his price will be fair for the miles and freedom from trouble which you will purchase wrapped up in a Hood casing.

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Types and styles to meet all needs. The pioneer of its kind and still holding the quality lead. Ask your dealer to show you the DUPLEX ALCAZAR that should be in *your* kitchen.

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THE DUPLEX ALCAZAR
TWO RANGES IN ONE

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

were to us. Until the day before the race the *Maple Leafs* had been undergoing certain changes and refinements which had been decided on after the elimination trials, and there were great hopes that their performance would be better than on the day of the trials when the water was really much too rough for hydroplane racing.

However, when the defending team did arrive, says the writer, they were somewhat of a disappointment. He indulges in the following pungent criticism:

> Take *Maple Leaf V.* Some one once said that, given sufficient power, he could make a grand piano fly, but whatever the truth of this assertion as applied to aerodynamics, one need only have seen this the most formidable of the British team in action to be convinced that such is not the case with boats. *Maple Leaf V.*, with her four Sunbeam motors aggregating one thousand eight hundred horse-power, had power enough to make her fly, but there was something lacking, without which as fine a power plant as was ever installed in a hydroplane was unable to produce the desired results. Whether it was the angle of the planes, the position of the steps, or the placing of the engines, or a combination of all three, it is impossible to say, but the fact remains that she did not take advantage of her power.
>
> *Maple Leaf VI.* was much less successful than her teammate, altho outwardly almost identical in appearance. She was powered with a pair of Rolls-Royce motors of four hundred and fifty horse-power each, giving somewhat greater power than either of the American boats, but here again a bully power-plant was unable to make up for an unsuitable underbody. In action *Maple Leaf VI.* developed a sort of kangaroo lope, a pitching and plunging motion that ate up the power and gave little in return except most picturesque geysers of spray. Altho there was but a slight ripple on the water, she gave the appearance of being driven in a seaway, and what she would have done in the sort of weather that we had expected it is hard to say, but it is not likely that her performance would have been improved.
>
> *Sunbeam Despujols*, the little 26-footer entered by Mr. Louis Coatalen, was the sweetest-running craft of the British team. She was built at the Sunbeam Works, Wolverhampton, after a design by Despujols, the Frenchman, and is similar to the boat that performed so well at Monaco this spring. She was powered with a single Sunbeam of four hundred and fifty horse-power turning at two thousand revolutions per minute and geared up to three thousand two hundred at the propeller, and, while outclassed, she ran beautifully and proved a thoroughly efficient combination of hull and engine. She seemed tiny, even when compared with *Miss America*, due to her cut-away spoon bow and low freeboard, and had there been anything but smooth water the chances are she would have had a difficult time of it.
>
> At "Gar" Wood's request the Racing Committee of the Royal Motor Yacht Club had adopted the five-ball system of starting, which has proved so successful with us. A five-minute preparatory gun was fired and the black balls were lowered from the mast of the committee boat at one-minute intervals thereafter, with a second

gun at the start. The system worked splendidly, and as the five boats maneuvered for the start above the line we had our first real opportunity of judging of their relative speeds. The *Maple Leafs*, especially the *Six*, seemed to be making a lot of fuss, but this we thought might be due to reduced speed.

The British boats had the better of the start, and as the final gun roared *Maple Leaf VI.*, with Colonel A. W. Tate at the helm, bore down on the line several seconds ahead of *Miss Detroit*, followed by *Maple Leaf V.*, *Miss America*, and *Sunbeam Despujols* in the order named. Even as the boats flew past the committee boat in their first real burst of speed there seemed to the practised eye a vast difference in their capabilities, and long before the first turn was reached *Miss America*, running clean and without those wings of spray which, tho picturesque, are no longer associated with extreme speed, had taken the lead. She ran like some fleet, wild thing pursued by a pack of lumbering hounds, and as she flew up the back stretch she was already several hundred yards ahead of her nearest pursuer.

The second boat proved to be *Maple Leaf V.* steered by Harry Hawker, of transatlantic fame, closely followed by *Miss Detroit*. George Wood held Hawker for a while, and then as he neared the second turn it was evident that he was having trouble. The regular crackle of *Miss Detroit's* exhaust became confused and jazzy, and we learned later that her plugs had become fouled. As she slowed down momentarily she was passed by *Maple Leaf VI.*, loping along picturesquely and expending a large part of her one thousand one hundred horse-power in creating beautiful pulsating wings of spray. Bringing up the rear and running cleanly came the little *Sunbeam Despujols*, outclassed but a thoroughly successful boat.

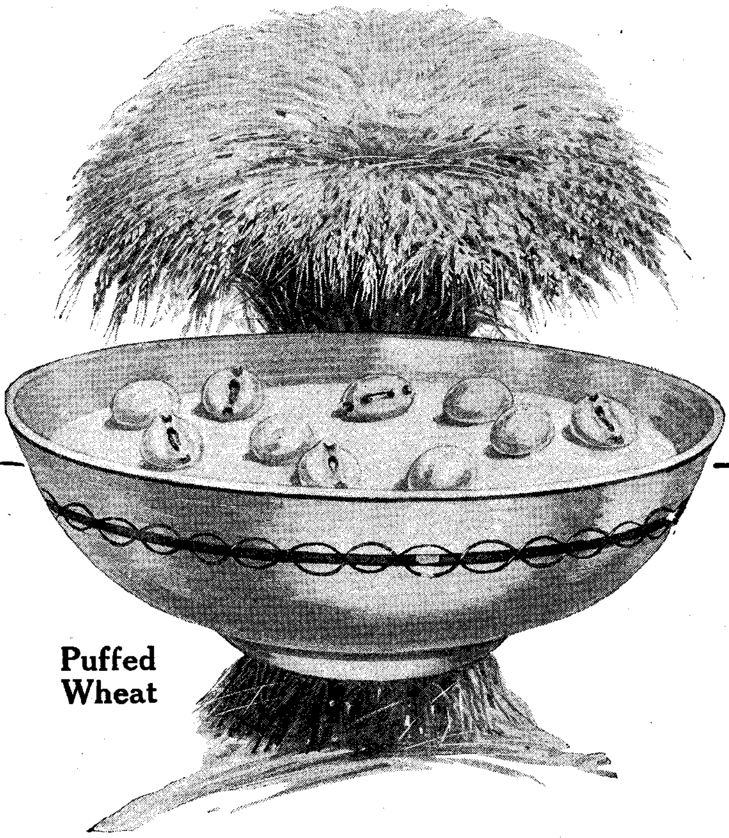
As they finished the first lap, *Miss America* was seen to have gained steadily, and this she did throughout the four remaining laps until it seemed that she actually might gain an entire round. *Miss Detroit*, still in difficulty, fell back until at the end of the third round she was in last place, but she managed to come back a bit and drew ahead of little *Sunbeam* in the fourth.

In the meantime, sometime during the third lap, *Maple Leaf V.*, in which lay England's only chance of victory, developed trouble with one of her oil pumps and was passed in turn by *Maple Leaf VI.*, *Sunbeam Despujols*, and *Miss Detroit*. It was regrettable, for she seemed sure of a good second place.

With only a breakdown between him and victory, "Gar" Wood held the *America* down a bit, but even so he finished several miles ahead of *Colonel Tate* in the *Six*, with Sir Algernon Guinness in the *Despujols* in third place. *Miss Detroit*, tho crippled, got over the line in fairly good time, but *Maple Leaf V.*, not yet having completed her fourth lap, was still limping around when we shoved off for Cowes with Hubert Saunders.

Miss America's average speed for the 33.08 nautical mile course was 51.45 knots or 59.17 statute miles an hour, and her best lap was made at the rate of 56.63 knots or 65.12 statute miles.

The weather conditions on August 11 were even more favorable for speed than they had been on the previous day. The light westerly breeze of the day before had died to practically a flat calm and the big



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Every night of the coming year millions of children will enjoy this Puffed Wheat in their bowls of milk.

Three grains now exploded

Three grains are now puffed by Prof. Anderson's process, and each has its own delights.

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Now we make a pancake flour mixed with ground Puffed Rice. It makes nut-like, fluffy pancakes—the finest ever tasted. The flour is self-raising, so the batter is made in a moment. Try this new dainty. Ask for Puffed Rice Pancake Flour.

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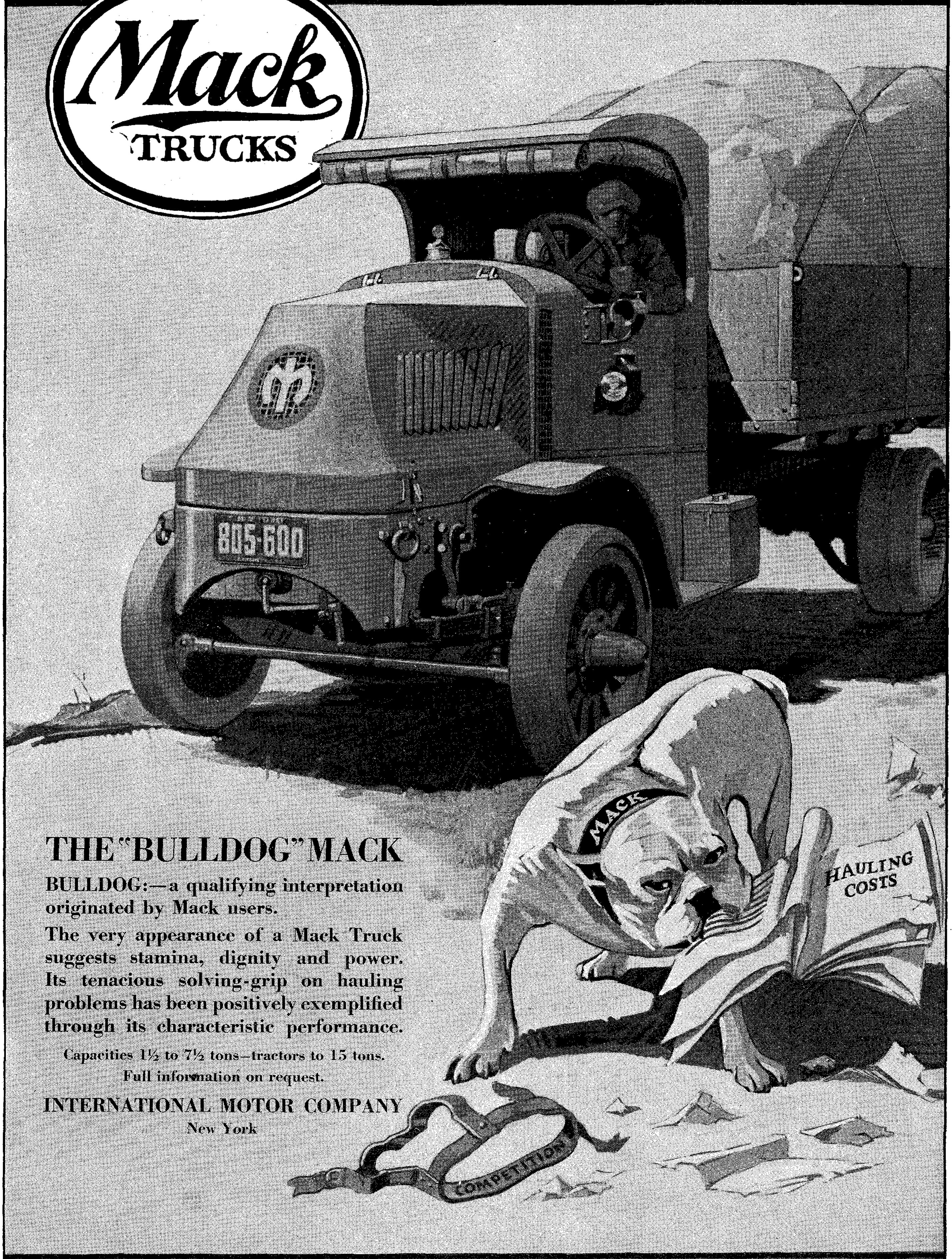

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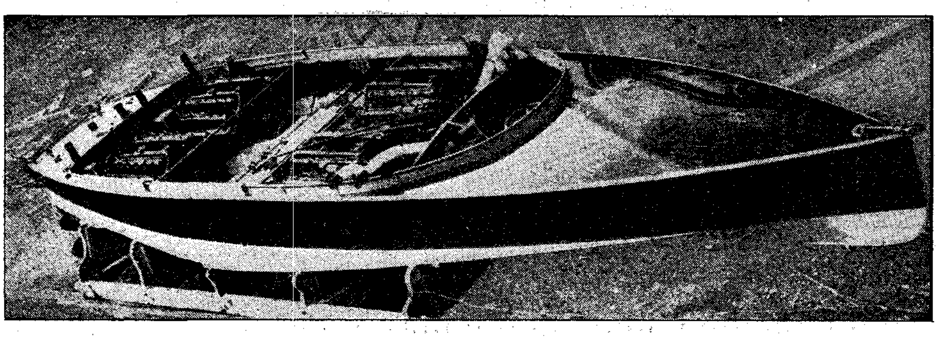
"PERFORMANCE COUNTS"

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

sailing craft racing off Ryde lay "as idle painted ships with only an occasional breath to fill their spinnakers." As the last black ball dropt—

Colonel Tate, skilful helmsman that he is, drove the *Maple Leaf VI.* recklessly for the line and it looked for a moment as if he must cross before the gun. Close astern came *Miss America*, throttled down, and then *Miss Detroit*, *Maple Leaf V.*, and *Sunbeam Despujols* closely grouped. It was a thrilling start.



A BRITISH CONTENDER OF 1,400 HORSE-POWER.

Maple Leaf V., equipped with four 350 horse-power Sunbeam engines, built for Sir Mackay Edgar to defend the trophy, did not do so well as the lower-powered American boats.

At the crack of the gun Jay Smith and Phil Wood opened the throttles of the twin Smith Twelves and *Miss America* jumped into life and passed the powerful *VI.* still plunging mightily in spite of the flat calm. I thought of Chris Smith back in Algonac, who by constant effort year after year had brought his craft to the state of perfection exemplified in this wonderful little 26-footer. He had left the designers of the Old World as far astern as *Miss America* in her comet-like flight was leaving the best of their creations.

Gradually *Miss Detroit* and *Maple Leaf V.*, whose relative speeds had not been determined the day before, due to the trouble that both had experienced, overhauled the *VI.*, and by the time the boats passed on the back stretch they had opened up and were about equally spaced in the following order: *Miss America*, *Miss Detroit*, *Maple Leaf V.*, *Maple Leaf VI.*, and *Sunbeam Despujols*.

Round after round this procession was maintained, no accident breaking the monotony of the order. *Miss Detroit* proved conclusively that she was faster than either of the *Maple Leafs*, and it looked along toward the end of the race as if "Gar" Wood was actually going to let his brother win, for the space between the two Detroit boats had materially lessened. It proved, however, that the *America* was suffering from a slight attack of the same spark-plug trouble that had marred the running of the *Detroit* in the first race.

And so they finished, and there was no one who saw the race but who was convinced that it was won on merit. And every one admitted it and congratulated the Americans in the traditional sporting British way.

Mr. Nutting concludes his article with some observations about the British designs. Omitting the technical part of his criticism, he observes in general:

It is not surprizing that the British boats should have been outclassed. Since the last international race England has given all of her thought and energy to winning the war and the intervening year has not been sufficient for her to catch up. In the laboratory of war her motors have been developed, but practically no advance has been made with this type of hull. It could hardly be expected that Saunders could design at a single whack a sufficiently fast boat, for the modern hydroplane as we know it is a development—the survival of a score of predecessors—the result of countless experiments rather than of calculation and design.

The *Maple Leafs* seemed years behind and in a class with those earlier American boats, way back beyond the time of *Ankle Deep*, when still untamed they wasted their energy in useless bucking like the frantic efforts of a pitching cayuse.

Through the kindness of Hubert Saunders, Baldwin and I were given the opportunity to inspect both the *Maple Leafs* out of water. While their construction is without doubt as fine as anything ever done in this line, the design was reminiscent of some of the work of the Clinton Crane period—sort of a theoretical attempt to solve the problem of speed at a single try.

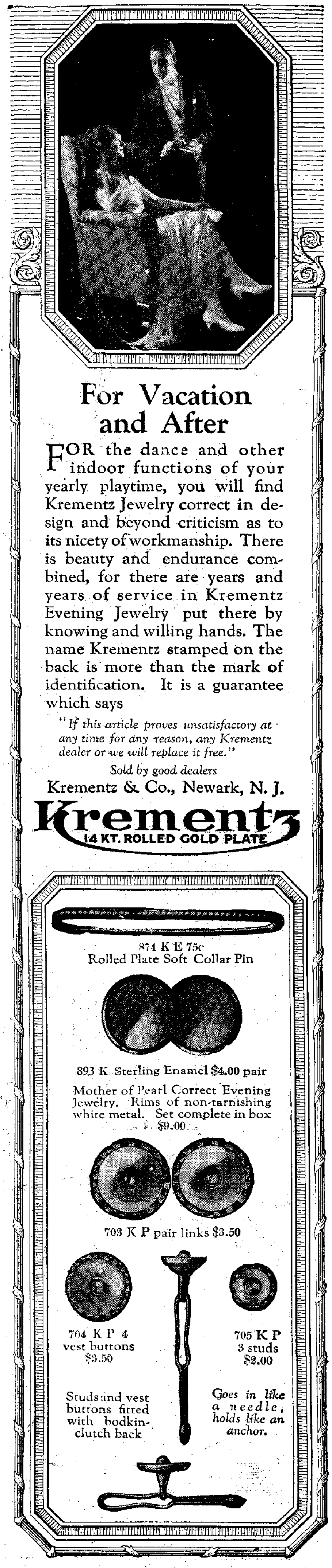
THE JOYS OF A GOLFER WHO IS A "DUFFER," AND ADMITS IT

EVEN if a golfer cares nothing for "form," and doesn't particularly worry if he never gets within hailing distance of Bogy—in short, even if a golfer is a "duffer" of purest ray serene—he may still enjoy the game and acquire virtue by playing it. At least this is the conclusion of an English Earl, the Earl of Cavan, G.C.M.G., who contributes "A Golfing Soliloquy" to a recent number of *The Badminton Magazine* (London). According to his Lordship:

Next to the great sports, and at the head of games for the middle-aged, I place golf. Yet am I the worst of its votaries. I commit all the golfing sins. I hit and swing not; I lift my head; but I am good at replacing divots and try and play the game honestly. All the golfing books are in my library, but I never yet found the book for real duffers. Only Braid is honest and talks about "Advanced Golf." The rest write lovely stuff, but all for the initiated. Nobody has written of a nine holes like this:

5—7—11—9—6—4—4—8—5.

Note the happy start. "By Jove, I'm all right to-day!" and even at the second hole it was not a bad brassie that had put me right under the bank of the bunker, and it wasn't bad either to get out in two, so a



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Mother of Pearl Correct Evening Jewelry. Rims of non-tarnishing white metal. Set complete in box $9.00

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Studs and vest buttons fitted with bodkin-clutch back

Goes in like a needle, holds like an anchor.

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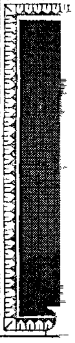

RUFFO

JOHNSON

GALLI-CURCI

WERRENRATH

BESANZONI

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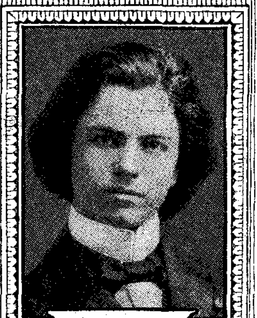

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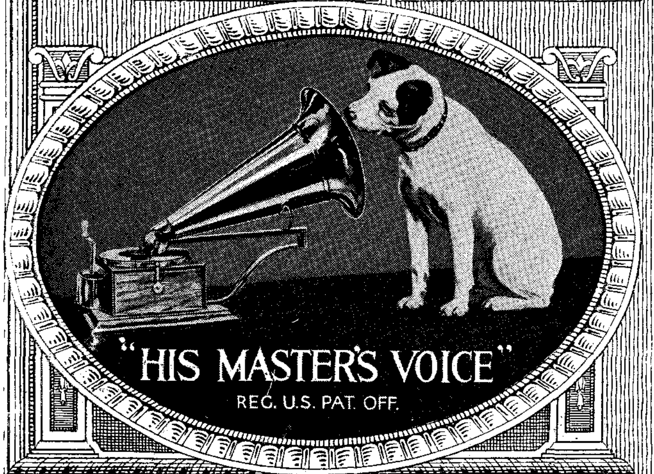

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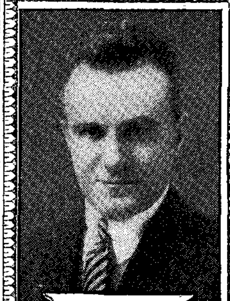

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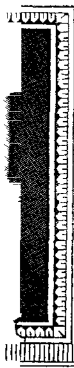

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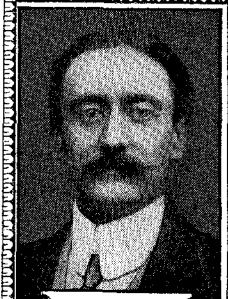

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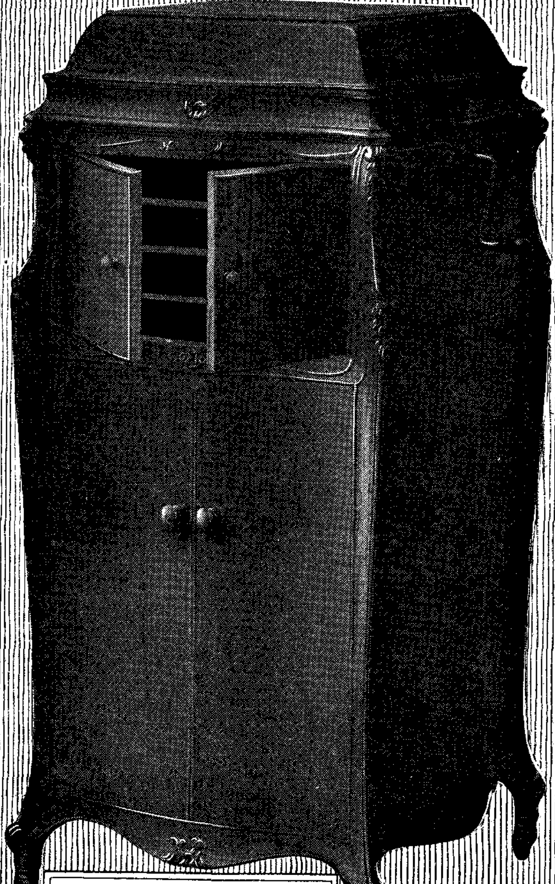

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

seven gives me no qualm. But as the tail of a dog goes up when he is happy, so doth the head of the exhilarated golfer, and then at the third and fourth holes dull despair sets in. The sixth is a short hole, of course; it's a Bogy three; but the very magic of the figure four to the duffer is such that he feels he is worthy of better things and solemnly determines to keep his head down. Great and glorious are the results at the seventh, and the match is all square, two to play. The eighth is guarded by a ditch, and the ditch is 440 yards from the tee. Duffer is well in the ditch in three, lifts and drops and plays five and goes in again, lifts and drops and plays seven, a lovely mashie shot, lays it dead, and holes it out in eight. Now there are some who would go home, take a pill, and be wretched for a week; but the duffer thinks only of two things: First, that his last two shots were as good as Vardon's; secondly, that he is not defeated, he is only dormy one down. He can not win, it is true, but he may save his honor!

A great feature of duffer's play is the improvement in his game in good company. I remember playing with Yeoman, the professional at Mid-Hearts, against David Kinloch and the late Col. Gathorne Hardy. For two whole days after that, viz., until I played again, I thought I was a golfer, and was supremely happy. I had really hit the ball more often than not, and had holed a six-yard putt to win the match.

The duffer has his miseries all the same, and here are two: the three-ball match and the four-ball foursome, if one is the worst player. Listen to this true tale: In spite of protests, I was led forth to play in a four-ball foursome on a championship course. For ten holes I was negligible and my side was three down. At the eleventh my partner drove into the rough. I hit a good ordinary straight ball down the center. It lay well. I took a brassie and put it on the green. Adversaries were not worried; both were within a few yards of the pin. At this moment partner, who had considered me as of no account and who was somewhat rattled by taking two to get out of the rough, said: "I think we can give them this, partner!" I said nothing, walked up to my ball with a jaw set like iron, stood like a statue, putted and holed in three. It is true that this was my one contribution to the success of the side, but can any one say that they think the duffer enjoyed his game?

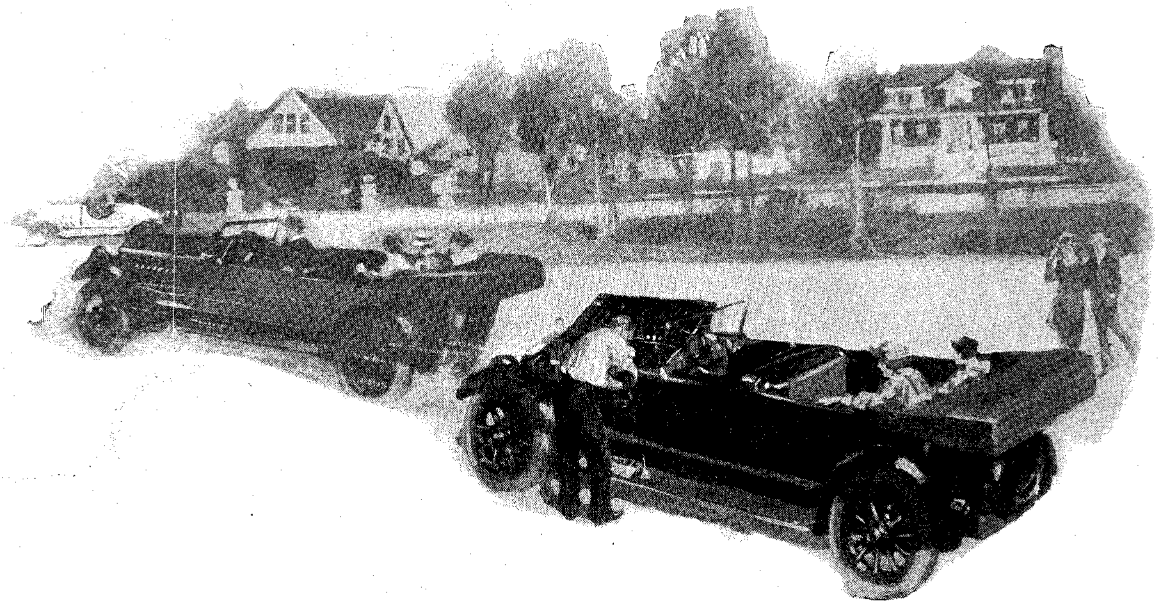
As for the three-ball. The awful man who says, "May I join you? Don't let me spoil your match, but my friend hasn't turned up," etc., should be dealt with by the new committee at St. Andrews. Such an infliction is unpardonable. For what does a three-ball mean? Either endless mental arithmetic or a card. Further, it means that all the joy of the match, the man against man, is gone. It is utter misery to the third person who is off his game, and to the other two, who fret at the delay, while in all the pride of being "hole high" in two, they pause to watch duffer play his fifth and sixth! No, golf is far too good a match game to be ruined by a third person; the best of pros. can always make some sort of handicap and, be it whispered, miss sufficient putts to make a duffer enjoy his match. I remember receiving one and one-half strokes a hole at Littlestone from Davie Herd, and was playing well enough to extend him. We were all square, one to play. Down the center of that long, flat stretch I banged my ball. Davie made a mighty drive, but it lay in the center of the second bunker on the right. I banged again with more success than usual with a brassie, and lay nicely opposite the center of the gap between the two bunkers guarding the green. Davie said: "This is very serious," took a brassie from the bunker and put his ball on the green. I topped my third and was fifteen yards short, my fourth lipped the hole and lay three inches outside—a good putt. Still it was long odds on duffer, but Davie, gallant soul, holed the long one, and the match was halved. I saw relief on his jolly Scotch face, and I venture to say that the match with a duffer gave him as good a thrill as one with a plus man.

Stick to it, all my brother duffers! There is more fun to be had in the recollection of our few good shots than in lamentation over our bad ones; and our lot is distinctly preferable to the scratch man who can't get under eighty-six for a month on end.

AVOIRDUPOIS COUNTS HEAVILY IN A JAPANESE WRESTLING MATCH

A WRESTLING match in which the contestants spent most of the time watchfully waiting for a chance to deal a "short but decisive blow," and every few minutes left the ring to pray and partake of a pinch of salt, might not excite American fans to any appreciable extent, but that is how the Japanese think wrestling should be done and that is how they do it. The result is that in some close matches it is said the contestants spend from ten to thirty minutes in preparatory acts while the real contest often takes only one or two minutes. It is admitted even by the Japs that the proceedings at a Japanese wrestling match may bore the uninitiated, but the "intense watching," they say, is "truly thrilling to appreciative spectators." Apparently there is no dearth of "appreciative spectators," for wrestling, known as *sumo*, is the national sport of Japan, and has been held in high regard by everybody who is anybody in the Flowery Kingdom for centuries. The semiannual promotion bouts are witnessed by representatives of all classes of people and of both sexes, and it is said the sport is mentioned in the oldest books of myths. An account of this popular Japanese sport appears in a recent number of *The Asian Review* (Tokyo), the only periodical printed in the English language by Japanese in Japan, from which we quote the following:

> The contestants, wearing nothing but an ornamental loin-cloth, carry on the match within a small, soft-sanded ring, the ring being marked off with rice-straw. A point is scored by a wrestler who gives his opponent a fall or a throw, or pushes him out of the ring. The slightest touch of a knee or a finger on the ground is a fall; the tip of one toe on the ring-straw means "out" and can be easily proved by the footprint on the sand. More skill than strength is required, because the ring is small, while weight counts for a good deal in pushing out. The muscular development of the wrestlers is a thing of beauty to look at, and the childlike simplicity of the minds of those big men makes a fine contrast with their physical adroitness, rapidity, and force.
>
> The "hands," or tricks, in Japanese wrestling are forty-eight in number, according to the traditional canons of the sport. Some authorities put the number more and some less, but all tricks were originally classified under four categories, namely: *nage*, or throws; *kake*, or trips; *sori*, or backward bendings; and *hineri*, or twistings. Even a semblance of unfair play is scrupulously avoided, for otherwise a heavy thud on the ground would easily involve a broken bone or a dislocated joint. The patronage and encouragement by the high-spirited classes of nobility and *samurai* have instilled in the minds of wrestlers a keen sense of honor and a sort of invincible courage. The umpire sees to their squatting on the right spots, at equal distances from the edge of the ring. Whichever feels ready to strike stands up with a shout, but the other will call out *matta*, or "not yet"; both will then go outside the ring for a sip of water and a sprinkle of table salt; the original meaning of this was purification and prayer for success and personal safety. Back on the ring they stamp heavily on the ground as if to make their limbs nimble. When this *keshodachi*, or "false start," became a fashion about a century ago, it was condemned as mean or cowardly. It is now recognized as a necessary institution, for an increasing number of wrestlers allow only one bout for a pair of contestants, instead of two points out of three, as formerly. Both wrestlers should rise simultaneously at the end of inhaling, each must be at one with himself in spirit, neither should feel the existence of the outside world or as if the other was trying to disturb his equanimity by repeated "not yet." Something of this nature obtained, it seems, for more than ten years previous to the outbreak of the European War in 1914. Everything on the ring has been more or less commercialized since.
>
> The results of the January or May matches on the Kokugikwan ring are bulletined every few minutes at the leading newspaper offices or at other convenient places. The papers report them with such minuteness and with such graphic illustrations as to produce a party of men and women who, being unable to go to the ring from financial or other reasons, become what is called "newspaper wrestling fans." Those who can afford to do so engage the same expensive seats for the whole ten days. Some of the real "fans" who have spent every possible *sen* on wrestling are granted free entrance for life by the Sumo Association. Such "fans," in their turn, go about popularizing the national sport with glowing accounts of what they have seen. When the promotion meet is over at Tokyo, the same company of wrestlers compose several smaller companies for touring in the country. There is also a Kokugikwan and its local company of wrestlers in the large cities like Osaka or Nagoya. *Nivazumo*, or "shrine-wrestling," is exhibited in the shrine grounds of a village, as the name indicates, by a combination troupe of professional and amateur wrestlers. The Sumo Association at Toyko is now a joint-stock company, the shares of which are held by retired wrestlers and umpires. Its net profits have grown to such a large sum in recent years that the wrestlers have struck for bigger salaries. Formerly their pay was almost nominal, and they had to support themselves and their pupils mainly with money gifts from their wealthy patrons.



Why many motorists almost make a failure of owning an automobile

THERE are many mistakes that any motorist can make in caring for his car that may mean a repair bill of from $50 to $100.

Letting the oil supply run low and getting stalled on the road

—ruining a new battery by neglecting to add distilled water

—letting the car freeze up in winter

—these and hundreds of other troubles are all due to inexperience on the part of the motorist.

The one thing that counts in running a car successfully

Whether your car is a pleasure or a source of worry depends largely upon the care it receives.

Yet not one man in four has the actual mechanical skill he ought to have.

Every motorist needs the advice of someone who knows.

How experienced car-owners avoid the usual string of unnecessary troubles

There is one way for the car-owner to get the advice he needs. In the United States there are 50,000 garages and automobile accessory dealers. Every one of these men has back of him an average term of experience of from four to five years—four to five years *studying automobile troubles and how to avoid them.*

Do you know

—where to look for starting, lighting and ignition troubles?

—when carbon is forming?

—how to keep your carburetor adjusted to the varying grades of gasoline?

—when to change the lubricant in the crankcase, when to lubricate the transmission and differential?

—how to keep your brakes safe?

—how to tell when your engine is missing?

—how to detect a slipping clutch?

—how to keep spare tires from deteriorating in sunlight and air?

—how to eliminate the commonest cause of an overheated engine?

—if your front wheels are aligned correctly (to make steering easier and save wear on tires)?

These accessory dealers and garage owners realize today that it is not enough merely to furnish the supplies the motorist asks for, or to make repairs after the damage has been done. They are ready and eager to give *service* — service in the "little things" of upkeep—service that means studying the special problems of each one of their customers and *solving* those problems *for them.*

Little suggestions that are worth hundreds of dollars a year

The up-to-date dealer selects his merchandise with his customers' needs in view. He can save the car-owner the cost of needless accessories just as he can recommend the purchase of those which will be the most satisfactory.

Continued smooth, safe running

—long life with slow depreciation

—a car that continues to look new

—these are the results of keeping in touch, through the dealer, with the valuable new accessories that are always coming on the market.

It is not too much to say that the car-owner who welcomes the ideas and follows the advice of his dealer can lengthen the life of his car from two to five years, and save hundreds of dollars in operating it.

To every car-owner in the United States, we make the following suggestions:

Keep in close touch with your local garage man and accessory dealer. Tell him when anything goes wrong on your car. Get him to take a personal interest in how your car runs.

Be guided by his advice in the matter of repairs and accessories.

Above all, don't try to "go it alone." Don't try to make technical decisions without the technical knowledge.

Trust your dealer, make a friend of him, and take advantage of the service he is ready to give.

This announcement is one of a series being presented in the interests of a closer relationship between the motoring public and the dealers who supply their needs.

Acheson Graphite Co., Makers of Gredag Lubricants
Arthur S. Brown Mfg. Co., Makers of Tilton Fan Belts
G-Piel Co., Makers of G-Piel Muffler Cut-Out and Long Horn
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NITREX
G-PIEL
CUT-OUT
TILTON

Un-retouched photograph of one of a set of Goodyear Cord Tires equipping a motor truck owned and operated by the Savannah Supply Company, Savannah, Georgia

Copyright 1920, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

Drivers' Helpers Without Wages, The Smooth-Going Pneumatics

"We have noted that our drivers work better on pneumatics—take more pride in their trucks, take better care of them, handle them better, work with better spirit. The quickness and safety enable us to use a better dispatching system. Our Goodyear Cord Tires are living up to their reputation for toughness."—H. A. Butterfield, Vice-President, Savannah Supply Company, Savannah, Georgia

TRANSPORTATION executives frequently report, as above, certain important advantages that accrue when their truck operators are assigned to units shod with Goodyear Cord Tires.

Since the smooth-going pneumatics both lighten his duties and contribute to his comfort, it is natural for a driver to work with decided vigor and spirit on them.

His strength is conserved by their cushioning, his confidence is increased by their traction and his ambition is stimulated by their active and precise performance.

On the helpful Goodyear Cord Tires, he finds opportunities to improve his routing and make more deliveries; to develop greater truck earning power and reduce operating costs.

And in the stamina of their Goodyear Cord construction, reflecting the manufacturing care that protects our good name, is found the intensely reliable basis of all these advantages.

Users' descriptions of how pneumatics have saved drivers, loads, trucks and roads can be obtained by writing to The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company at Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

SAVE DRIVERS-LOADS-TRUCKS-ROADS
Haul on Pneumatics

CORD TIRES

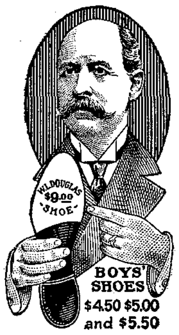
W. L. Douglas

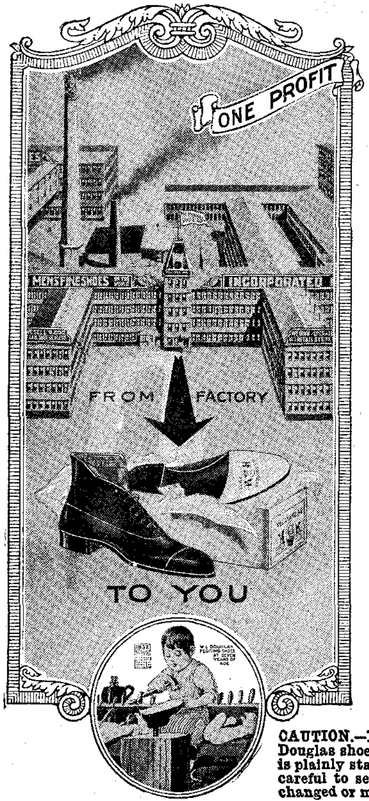
THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE

$7.00 $8.00 $9.00 & $10.00 SHOES

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

YOU CAN SAVE MONEY BY WEARING W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES





THE best known shoes in the world. They are sold in 107 W. L. Douglas stores, direct from the factory to you at only one profit, which guarantees to you the best shoes that can be produced, at the lowest possible cost. W. L. Douglas name and the retail price are stamped on the bottom of all shoes before they leave the factory, which is your protection against unreasonable profits.

W. L. Douglas $9.00 and $10.00 shoes are absolutely the best shoe values for the money in this country. They are made of the best and finest leathers that money can buy. They combine quality, style, workmanship and wearing qualities equal to other makes selling at higher prices. They are the leaders in the fashion centers of America. The stamped price is W. L. Douglas personal guarantee that the shoes are always worth the price paid for them. The prices are the same everywhere; they cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

W. L. Douglas shoes are made by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

W. L. Douglas shoes are for sale by over 9000 shoe dealers besides our own stores. If your local dealer cannot supply you, take no other make. Order direct from factory. Send for booklet telling how to order shoes by mail, postage free.

CAUTION.—Insist on having W. L. Douglas shoes. The name and price is plainly stamped on the sole. Be careful to see that it has not been changed or mutilated.

W. L. Douglas
President
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.,
161 Spark Street,
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All starched collar models in SLIDEWELL COLLARS are made with the Patented Tie-protecting Shield and Graduated Tie Space—to save your Tie, Time and Temper.

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Also makers of HALLMARK SHIRTS and HALLMARK ATHLETIC UNDERWEAR.

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

As a *daimio* or a *samurai* took pride in his patronage of some great wrestler, so a Japanese gentleman or millionaire of the twentieth century often has his favorite *sumotori* or two, who will come to his house to thank him for his distinguished patronage.

HOW THE WORLD'S BATTING KING IS REGARDED BY THE KING OF PITCHERS

THO "Babe" Ruth, the phenomenal home-run hitter, might be expected to inspire terror in the heart of every pitcher, Walter Johnson, veteran pitcher of the "Senators," conceded to be the champion of all the pitchers in the game to-day, avers that while he gives "Babe" full credit for what he has done, he doesn't consider the demon slugger the most dangerous man he has to face at the plate. He admits that, like dynamite, Ruth is always dangerous and a batter with whom it is never safe for a pitcher to take liberties, and he says further that whenever he is called on to face "Babe" he does his best to get an extra hop on his fast ball. Nevertheless, he has found that it is possible to put balls past "Babe" Ruth, just as such a thing is possible with any other batter. Ruth is not particularly difficult to strike out, we are told, and, in fact, he strikes out about as often as anybody. What makes him great is not the infallibility of his hitting, but the terrific wallop he can deliver when he does hit. In an interview appearing in *Baseball Magazine* (New York) Johnson gives an idea as to what the world's greatest pitcher thinks of the world's greatest slugger at the bat. Says Mr. Johnson:

> In my experience with "Babe," he has hit me three times for home-runs. The first occasion was several seasons ago. If I remember, it was the seventh inning. I had the game well in hand, and there was nobody on, so I thought I could afford to experiment with "Babe" a little. I experimented and watched the ball fade from sight over the fence.
>
> The second time was the year before last. It was an extra-inning game. "Babe" had already faced me four times. Twice as I remember it, he had been retired on strikes. Not once had he hit me safely. I was feeding him slow curves, and he obviously did not like them. I think it was the eleventh inning when he came up again. Frankly, I did not fear him. I had never seen a batter look worse, so I fed him another slow curve. A half-second later I heard a tremendous crash. Then I watched the ball shoot on a line into the bleachers. It was undoubtedly a beautiful drive. The Boston papers all commented on it. Incidentally, it cost me the ball game. Last year Ruth did not fatten his home-run average at my expense. He hit me hard at times, but never for a homer.
>
> On Memorial day Ruth made his third home off my pitching. I had worked two days before and shut out the Athletics in my first real game of the year. I tried to go back after too short a lay-off, only two

days. I knew I was not exactly right, but Griffith was anxious to have me save the game and I thought perhaps I might be lucky enough to get by. My arm was strong enough, but I did not have so much stuff as usual. I again fed Ruth a slow curve, and he hoisted it into the stands, but it really made very little difference, for the game was already lost. It is true the curve did not break exactly as I wanted it to. But in my opinion this *post-mortem* stuff is a joke. Second guessing is great sport for those who like it. I might say that if I had put that curve just where I wanted, Ruth would have swung at it and missed it a foot. On the other hand, he might have leaned on it a good deal harder.

I have heard a lot of discussion as to Babe's batting weakness. I will say that most sluggers are supposed to dislike a slow ball. That is primarily because they are sluggers. Sluggers like to swing on a fast-moving baseball and drive it out of the lot. A slow-moving baseball that wabbles as it comes bothers them a good deal. They are likely to swing too quickly and don't seem to get hold of it properly. From this it would be easy to reason that slow balls would bother Ruth. But two of the three home runs he has made at my expense have been made from slow curves.

Another preference of "Babe's" is supposed to be a low ball. He golfs the ball, that is, gets under it and lifts it, so I have heard a number of pitchers conclude that the proper thing to give him is a high ball. But I have seen him drive too many high balls against the fence or through the infield to bank very much on that theory. My view of the case is this: I very much doubt if "Babe" has a real batting weakness. He can hit any kind of ball that ever came within his reach hard enough to split the cover. For don't think that he waits for a clean strike right over the plate. I have seen him reach out with those long arms of his, and that big wagon-tongue bat, catch hold of a ball that was at least two feet outside the plate and pull it into the right-field stands. Nevertheless, most of the pitchers will tell you to pitch outside to Ruth. That is because, like most left-handers, he can drive the ball harder toward right field than in any other direction. But the sad part for the pitcher is this: He can also drive the ball into left field hard enough to send it into the bleachers or even over the fence. And the ball that has gone into the bleachers travels just as far, for all practical purposes, as tho it went a mile.

Mr. Johnson says the secret of Ruth's terrific slugging is his strength and the possession of a batting eye. As we read:

He is tall, heavy, and broad-shouldered. His two hundred pounds weight are placed where it does him the most good, in his arms and shoulders. He is a tremendously powerful man. He uses an enormous bat, so heavy that most players would find it an impossible burden. To him, however, it is just the thing. He grasps the bat with an iron grip, and when he meets the ball he follows it through with his full strength and weight behind it. For his size, Joe Jackson is as hard a slugger as Ruth, but that margin of thirty pounds in weight and enormous reserve strength enables Ruth to give the ball that extra punch which drives it farther than any other man who ever lived.

"Babe" Ruth has already made a record for himself never equaled by a batter

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Consider the wear not the price per pair. Look for the name—The Florsheim Shoe. Write for booklet "Styles of the Times."

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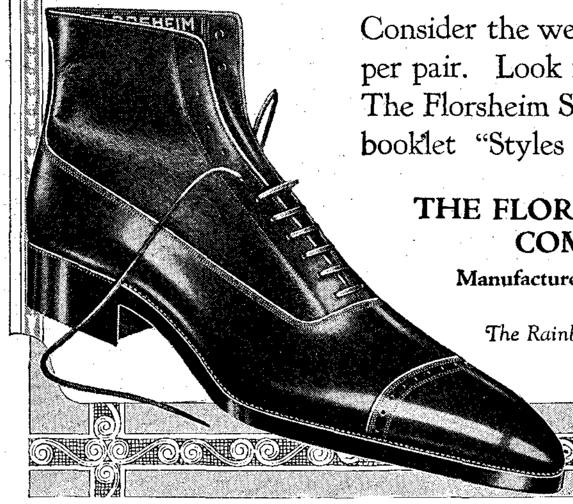

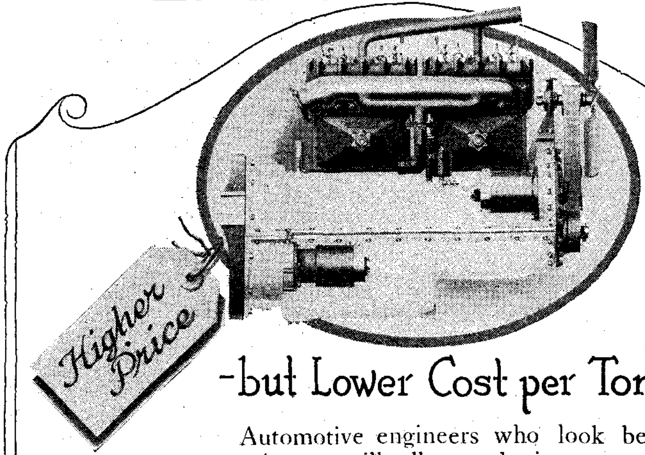

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When cheap engines no longer give service, Wisconsin Motors are still good for hundreds of miles of dependable power. Thus, though the initial cost may be slightly higher, Wisconsin-powered trucks ultimately cost less per ton-mile.

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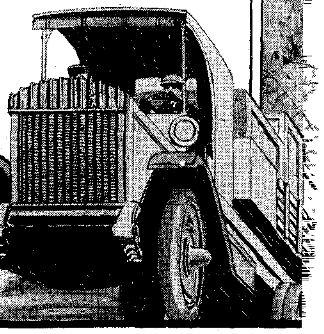

before. Mr. Johnson points out that he is still young and with his best years before him. As to whether or not he has reached the zenith of his powers, the pitcher does not venture an opinion. He suggests, however, that up to now Ruth has developed a great deal, not so much in ability to hit the ball hard as in judgment and a knowledge of the science of the game. We read:

> He could always murder the ball, but he no longer bites at so many bad ones as he used to do. I remember a game I pitched against him shortly after he had broken into the league. I told some of the fellows what I was going to give him. And as I had pretty good control that day I followed out just the course I planned. I gave him three high balls over his head that the catcher had to jump for. He swung at every one of them and missed every one of hem by at least a foot. The next time up, gave him another high one. I thought by that time the idea might occur to him hat he could get his base if he could not get anything else. I must have timed him exactly right, for I put three fast ones over the plate in succession, and he went out on strikes, expecting all the time that I was oing to give him some more high ones.
>
> Another time when I faced Ruth I gave him three balls wide of the plate. Then put three fast balls right in the groove nd struck him out. I have heard pitchers ay you could not put one past him. That a mistake. If you have enough stuff n the ball and it is hopping just right, ou can put it past anybody. For I put hree in succession past Ruth in that one ime at bat.
>
> In general, Ruth does not show up very trongly against our club. All last year e hit but one home run at Washington, nd that came at the very end of the eason. Harper, in particular, used to have Ruth's goat. But I see where Ruth went o Boston recently and knocked a home un off Harper. That shows it is never afe to conclude that you have Ruth's umber. He is only too likely to turn bout and get yours instead.
>
> If you are in a position where a home run to be feared, particularly, then you can ot face as bad a man as "Babe" Ruth. ut if a long single will spill the beans, I ad rather see him approach the plate than uffy Lewis or even Roger Peckinpaugh. Peck" has done our club more injury than uth ever did. He always hits to left eld, and it seems like a simple thing to op him, but it isn't.

Mr. Johnson furnishes some interesting formation in his discussion of Ruth, owing the peculiar manner in which hero-orship manifests itself and what a curious ort baseball is. In a certain game, he ys, a player smashed a home run into e stands, which tied up the score. owever—

> There was very little commotion. A inute later Truck Hannah drove out other homer which won the game. The citement was nothing unusual. The me day Ruth drives out a home run en the game is already won, and there nothing particularly at stake, and the owd get so crazy with excitement they are ready to tear up the stands. Strange, isn't it?
>
> There was another curious feature to those same games. One of our pitchers—we tried out so many I have really forgotten which one—fed a ball to Ruth which broke a little on the outside. Immediately the crowd began to hoot and crab. They were mad because they thought he was trying to pass Ruth when, as a matter of fact, he was trying to make him hit at a bad ball. That merely illustrates what the crowd want. They have all heard that "Babe" Ruth is the greatest slugger who ever lived and they want to see him hit. If the opposing pitcher tries to slip "Babe" free transportation to first they take it as a personal insult.
>
> Ruth is likely to suffer somewhat from the sheer greatness of his reputation. For the crowd has become so accustomed to seeing him knock out home runs that they expect it from him, and they don't give him credit for his remarkable hitting otherwise. Ruth knocks out a lot of extra-base hits which are not homers and some of them do as much damage as tho they were. And he drives out the most vicious singles I ever saw. Even when he grounds the ball it will skip along the turf like a bullet and seldom bound true. And the long flies which he raps out are often valuable, even when caught. Anybody can score from third on one of Ruth's outfield flies, while Scott once scored all the way from second base on a monstrous clout from "Babe's" bat that the outfielder pulled down in the shade of the fence.

In his long experience as a pitcher Johnson has met many dangerous batters. He mentions a few of them—

> Duffy Lewis is a man that gets about one-tenth as much of the spot-light as Ruth does. But the players all recognize him as one of the greatest batters in the game. He can hit anything at any time and is doubly dangerous in a pinch. He is not so likely to drive a ball into the stands as Ruth, but he is even more likely to hit safe when there are men on bases. And he is not one-tenth as likely to strike out in a pinch as Ruth is. Eddie Collins is another dangerous batter, all the more so because he is a good waiter. You can not bribe him to hit at a bad ball. Ty Cobb, of course, is Ty Cobb, and that is all that can be said. He was naturally a right-field hitter, but he made himself a left-field hitter. He always tries to place his hits. Ruth seldom does. And yet I know of one striking example where he did this thing. It was at Chicago. He had poled one over the right-field wall. The batters were desperately afraid he might hit another ball in the same direction, so they all shifted over to lay for him in that field. Ruth saw that left was entirely unguarded and it struck him as a capital opportunity to drop one in safe territory. So he drove one like a shot into the left-field bleachers. This was one of the best examples of place-hitting I ever heard of.
>
> The most dangerous batter that I ever faced is no longer playing in this league. His name was Frank Baker. I do not know what there was about my pitching that Frank seemed to like, but he surely did fatten his batting average at my expense. Even when he was in a batting slump, as sure as he came to Washington or as sure as we visited Philadelphia or, later, New York, Frank was bound to greet me with a broad, warm smile. He did not hit as hard as Ruth, but he could give the ball a terrific belt for all that. I have fed him many a fast one only to see it go sizzling off into right field for a long, clean single or an extra-base hit. In his later years Baker declined somewhat and didn't find me quite so easy. But he was one batter I was always glad to get rid of.

"POP" COURTNEY, FROM VILLAGE CARPENTER TO DEAN OF AMERICAN ROWING

CHARLES E. COURTNEY, at the time of his recent death in his summer home on Cayuga Lake, was entitled to put after his name almost all the honorary, if unofficial, titles that could be won by national and international preeminence as a master of the technique of rowing. "Wizard of Rowing," "The Grand Old Man of American Rowing," "Dean of American Rowers," he is called by a multitude of newspaper writers, who offer tributes both to his character and achievements. "Pop" Courtney, as he was affectionately called by thirty-three successive classes at Cornell, where most American rowing records are still held as the result of his coaching, believed in clean living no less than in "the Courtney stroke," and he taught both principles to the generations of young collegians who came under his care. As a carpenter by trade, if a rowing enthusiast on the side, he won his first boat race in a boat he built himself. It was a clumsy-looking affair, and weighed three times as much as it should, but, as in the race when the *America's* Cup was won the first time, there was no second. As the New York *Tribune*, introducing a brief account of Mr. Courtney's life, tells the story:

> Courtney was nineteen when he won his first race. He had read of McGregor's famous *Rob Roy* canoe, and himself built one after the same plan, tho it was a clumsy thing, weighing eighty pounds. When he heard that there was to be a single-scull race at Aurora, on the lake, he went over to enter it, and then was almost ashamed to do so because of the contrast between his home-made craft and the exquisite shell which the other contestants from New York and elsewhere had brought, not one of which weighed half as much as his. But when he heard them laughing at his boat he got mad and entered.
>
> The result was like that at Cowes, when the *America's* Cup was won: Courtney was first and there was no second—at least, none within half a mile of him on a three-mile course.
>
> Thereafter, as an amateur, Courtney rowed eighty-eight races and never lost one. Then his fortune changed. He became a professional. In 1878 he rowed against a Canadian oarsman, Edward Hanlan, and was beaten by an inch. The next year he went to Chautauqua Lake to row Hanlan again, on a five-mile course.
>
> The morning of the day of the race it was discovered that his shell had been sawed in two. Scandal-mongers and envious rivals started the story that he had done it himself in order to get out of a race in which he was afraid of being beaten, and the contemptible lie was so widely believed that for a time it cast a cloud upon his reputation. Of course he splendidly outlived the slander. As a professional he

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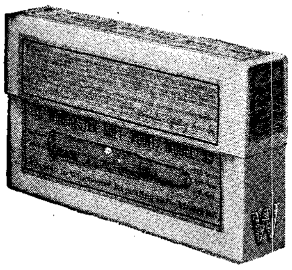

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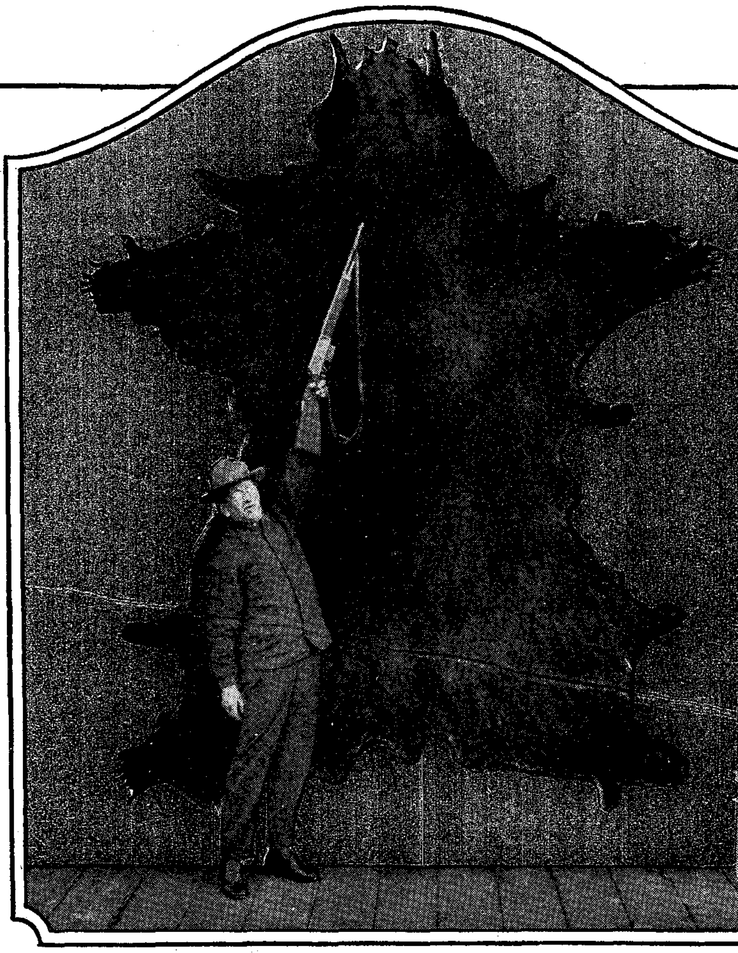
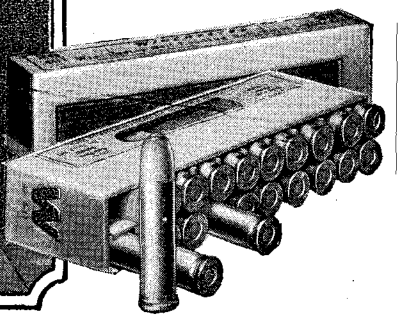


Dr. W. H. Chase, of Cordova, Alaska, with the unstretched hide of his record Alaskan brown bear



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One Winchester Cartridge stops charge of world's largest carnivorous animal

DOCTOR CHASE and his guide came upon four Alaskan brown bears at close range in thick brush. The doctor was armed with a Winchester .401 caliber Self-Loading Rifle. He picked the largest bear, a monster in size.

* * *

"I was unable to see his head for the brush, so hit him in the breast. The shot knocked him down, and he would have died from this wound in half an hour.

"But he immediately jumped up, ran a circle of about fifty yards, came back to the place where he started, reared up on a tree and bit splinters out of the trunk twelve feet from the ground, roaring all the time.

"Then he saw me and my companion, and charged, at a distance of twenty yards.

"I stepped into an open place, and when he cleared the brush, about twenty feet from me, I hit him square between the eyes. He fell toward me, stone dead."

* * *

When the huge bear was measured, he was almost thirteen feet from tip to tip, over the contour of his back. His weight was estimated at more than 1,500 pounds. His hide weighed 150 pounds, and in Cordova was unanimously pronounced that of "the biggest brown bear shot in Alaska."

The Alaskan brown bear is the largest of all bears, the largest of all carnivorous animals in the world, and the heavyweight champion fighter. Its vitality is tremendous. Its fighting courage, strength and activity terrific. Yet this veteran hunter coolly held his fire, confident in his Winchester Cartridges.

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

won thirty-nine races and lost only seven. He began work as a coach in 1875 for a girls' school at Union Springs. In 1883 he became the Cornell University coach, and thereafter the successive Cornell crews won such a series of victories as no other oarsmen have known in the history of the sport.

In the first sixteen years of this century, before the sport was suspended on account of the war, the Cornell crews won the varsity eight-oared races at Poughkeepsie eleven times, and three times were second. In 1915 Courtney had his skull fractured in a railroad accident, and tho he recovered therefrom he decided to retire from active work after the next year's regatta.

Since 1895 he had sent fifty-nine Cornell crews—Varsity and Freshmen—to the line at Poughkeepsie and Saratoga Lake and had won thirty-nine races. His varsity crews had won fourteen out of twenty-two races and had been second four times and third four times—never worse than third. One of his crews had made the fastest time on record: in 1901, at Poughkeepsie, 18 minutes, 53⅕ seconds.

With such a record and with such affection and devotion from "his boys" as probably no other athletic trainer ever enjoyed, Courtney retired to well-earned repose, in a charming home at Ithaca given to him by the grateful students of Cornell. Still he did not sever his connection with the university, but remained a sort of coach emeritus, exercising benevolent despotism over its boating interests, and last year could not resist the temptation to resume actively his old work as the Cornell coach.

The secrets of his success were three: One was the "Courtney stroke," one of the most perfect ever practised by any oarsman. The second was clean living, of which he was himself always a faultless example. The third, as coach, was discipline. He was perhaps the most rigid, autocratic disciplinarian that ever coached a crew, but his despotism was so benevolent and was crowned with so good results that his boys loved him for it.

It may be added that Courtney was a master-hand at the designing of boats and oars, and was the inventor of the roller seat, which is now universally used in racing-shells.

An interesting fact concerning his long career as Cornell coach was that he never but once or twice saw his crew in the race for which he had trained it. When the lads were winning their victory before the eyes of applauding thousands the man who had taught and trained them to do it was away out of sight, generally whittling a stick while he waited for the news of another victory to be brought to him.

This tribute, typical of many from all parts of the country, is offered by the New York *World:*

Union Springs, a village on the east shore of Cayuga Lake, in Central New York, had less than one thousand population in 1900, and less than eight hundred in 1915. But most of the time since November 13, 1849, it has had Charles E. Courtney, and from the occasion of a certain boat-race of the summer of 1868 it has enjoyed something approaching world-fame through the performance of that able citizen.

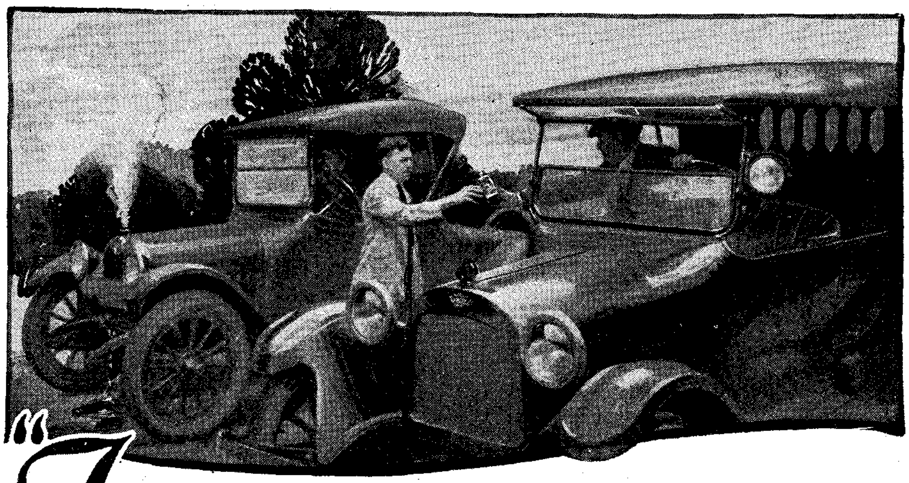
There was occasion to sum up the career of Mr. Courtney, the news of his sudden death having come down from the lake of his long love. Naturally, the burden of comment on the veteran oarsman's lifework was given to the period beginning in 1883 during which he served as coach of the Cornell University crews. Courtney became at Ithaca the Grand Old Man of the rowing game. He put Cornell on the map in college oarsmanship. Usually he put it to the front in the annual test. To-day's world has known him chiefly for his accomplishments with Cornell. But at Union Springs there still are people to maintain the tradition that Charlie Courtney could go out in his shirt-sleeves before breakfast and row a boat faster than any other living man.

We read that Courtney won his race in 1868, which was his first, in a boat modeled and made by himself, a craft rough and cumbersome, weighing eighty pounds. But in his home-made contrivance he rowed easily away from competitors in glistening racing-shells. This is the romance of Courtney's beginning. Before the race he had been the village carpenter. The rise into national championship of the country lad of that far-back summer meet affords a striking chronicle of the democracy of sport.

STEADINESS GIVES THE AMERICAN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP TO A BRITISHER.

PERHAPS it was the inevitable pipe stuck in the corner of his mouth which steadied his eye and nerved his hand when Ted Ray walked away with the open golf championship of the United States. He had the reputation of being a brilliant player rather than a steady pursuer of the little corrugated ball; but it was his evenness of stroke and temper which brought him to the end of the course with a score of 295. He played in a goodly company, says his compatriot, Harry Vardon, in the New York *World*. Leo Diegel, an American born and bred, threatened him to the last stroke; Jock Hutchison needed a three at the eighteenth hole to tie the score at 295, but ended with 296; and Jack Burke and Vardon, too, made the same number. Ray was happy, says Vardon, and continues:

> He had his mind set on winning this tourney, but he admits that he was lucky to win. I have never seen a finer field of golfers in any tourney, and it took more than ability to make the strokes to win it. The strain was great, the greater because of the large number who were making fine scores. There were many who could not quite stand up under it, but it must be said that Leo Diegel has much courage. He was told at the fourteenth hole that Ray had made 295, but still he went on in all soundness and did not appear to become in the least way nervous.
>
> I have thought at times that Ray was a nervous golfer, I have thought that he had the tendency to overanxiety. But now I know that he has courage and self-assurance as much as any of them. He played his strokes for the best when he needed the best, and his score of seventy-five for the afternoon round does not mean quite so much when it is considered coldly. He feels that it is not a score to be very proud of. He tells of two breaks in the afternoon round that might have been heart-breaks for a less sturdy man.
>
> At the eighth and ninth holes he played his shots well to the pin, the one at the



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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

eighth being within a yard. He putted quickly and missed. Then at the ninth, after he had driven well down the center of the fairway, sliced into a lie several yards from the green, and approached to within two feet of the green with a deadly accurate pitch shot, he missed his putt, the ball sliding around the lip of the cup. He was out in thirty-five and should have been out in thirty-three.

Coming in, he first struck trouble at the hole where he has had difficulty all through this tourney. That was the sixth. He has got a five there four times in succession, and every time he has made up the deficit of one stroke by holing out a three for the par four seventh. His one brilliant shot of the day was at the fourth hole in the afternoon, where he ran down a putt at forty feet for a birdie three.

There is nothing that I would have liked better than to return home from America from my last visit with your open championship title. It was not to be, altho there was a time in the play to-day that I thought it not improbable. My morning score was seventy-one, and that placed me a stroke ahead of the field, Hutchison and Diegel following immediately with total scores of 219 and Ray with the third lowest, 220.

I started out the deciding round as if I were going to do equally as well as I had done in the third round; going out I had thirty-six, and because of misplays and a consequent loss of two strokes I lost the best chance I have ever had for a championship that I did not win.

I suppose I have not the stamina that once I possest. The strain was great, I know, and I was not the only one who faltered under it to-day, so that is some satisfaction, tho very little. I have no excuse to offer. I lost because another man played better golf than I. Perhaps there was pure misfortune that prevented one of the other players from getting the lowest score. But that is all a part of the game of golf, and that one who gets the unfortunate breaks has really nothing but a memory of what might have been.

The new open champion of the United States is a golfer different from all others in the game. He plays his own game in his own way. I like to watch him because he does play it so. There are many who play golf with very similar styles. Ted Ray has the one style that is most fitted to his construction, and that is the natural style. He began to play in his early youth and naturally fell into the swing that propels the longest drive that it is my privilege to have seen.

Some of your finest golfers, men who might well and easily have won the tournament, were clearly off form or playing with the fates against them. Jim Barnes, who finished with 298, was lucked out of enough strokes in this one day of play to have carried him under the score of the champion. His particular Nemesis was putting. He drove perfectly and approached well, but time after time he would miss or come short of the hole by the width of a blade of grass. Hagen seems not to have got going at all. He and Ted Ray qualified with the same score that I had, 155. But he did not regain his normal keenness.

I sat beside the eighteenth green this afternoon after I had finished and watched the other players come in. Ted Ray was the first of the men I considered possible winners to arrive. He came up after a missed putt at the seventeenth, with a drive almost to the green and a pitch that alighted a foot from the pin and rolled almost over the edge of the bunker close by to the left, where many a one needed a six to-day.

His lie was twelve feet or more from the hole and he badly wanted a four to prevent a tie score. He felt then that he could have enjoyed a three still more. But first he stopt to light his inevitable pipe, then he putted and was short by two inches.

When Jock Hutchison was putting on the eighteenth green this morning, he lost his fine chance for a tie-score and it was not his fault that he lost it. It seems that the fates were teasing him, for his ball carried so close to the tip of the hole that a stray puff of wind might have blown it down.

And Diegel had the same sort of luck.

Charles Evans and Bobbie Jones were the outstanding ones among the amateurs, both having played soundly and having gone through with unshattered nerve. Evans had 298 and Jones 299. Jones threatened to lead the field at the ninth hole in the last round, but he failed to keep up the pace.

The Inverness course can stand fine iron play. It has had its share of it during this tourney. The iron play of all leaders was largely responsible for the fact that they did score well. Iron play had much to do with Ted Ray's victory.

Ray wanted to win and he did. I am glad of it. I am sure the golfing people of our country are well pleased, and I am very glad because of that.

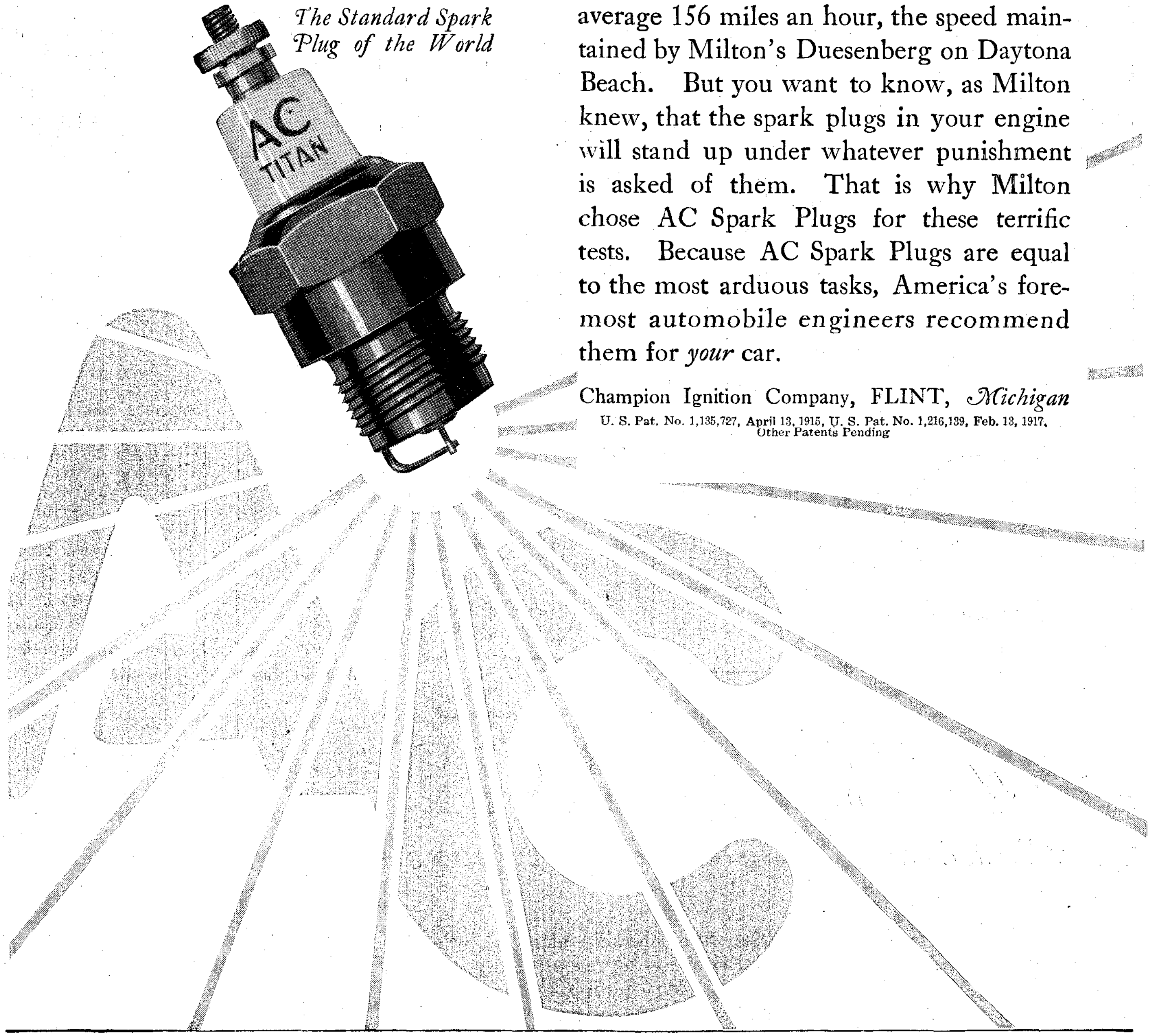
TWO PITCHERS WHO HAVE GRUDGES AGAINST THE NEW RULES

THIS season's pitching rules are a "crime" in the opinion of Hod Eller, star twirler with the World's Champion Cincinnati Club and the leading "shine ball" pitcher in the National League last season. Mr. Eller admits that what he thinks about the rules probably isn't going to have any weight with the Rules Committee, but inasmuch as the change in rules has debarred him from the only trade he has mastered, the "shine-ball" exponent feels that he has a kick coming. From the way the baseball world goes on over freak deliveries one would think that the man who had perfected such a delivery was in the class with robbers and pickpockets, he says. As a matter of fact, such a man should be commended, thinks Eller, because he has succeeded in doing something that all the other pitchers have tried and failed to accomplish. In an interview granted a representative of *The Baseball Magazine* (New York) Mr. Eller told of how he develoned his freak pitching:

> In the fall of 1917 I was pitching a game at the Polo Grounds. It was a very dark day and the ground was wet. The ball which I was using became smeared with dirt and I tried to rub off this dirt with no other thought than to be able to get a good grip of the ball. I rubbed the ball on my uniform and, as most of the dirt was on one side, that side got a pretty thorough scouring. I then threw the ball and both the catcher and myself were surprized at the queer break it made when crossing the plate. I spoke to the catcher about this after the inning was over and asked him if he had noticed that queer break. He said he had and wanted to know what I had done to the ball. I told him nothing except to rub the dirt off one side. But that set me to thinking. I concluded that the fact that I rubbed the ball uncommonly hard had something to do with the way it broke. The next inning I began to experiment with the ball. I rubbed it on my uniform, held it in different positions as I threw it, and noticed that it showed a decided tendency to break in a queer manner. My speed was uncommonly good that day and much of the break was due to the hop which a fast ball will give if you put enough stuff on it. This would account for a good bit of the break, but not for all of it. I had stumbled upon a discovery which I was bound to investigate. In the ninth inning of that game I gave the ball an unusually hard rubbing, put all the speed I had behind it, and shot it over the plate. Rariden, then catching for the Giants, was opposing the batter. He went out on three straight strikes. McGraw sent in Lobert. He managed to foul one, but he also went out on three straight strikes. And so did George Burns. The papers featured the fact that I had struck out three successive batters with nine pitched balls. As I have said, it was a dark day and my speed was unusually good, but that little something extra which is very often the difference between a safe hit and a strike did come from rubbing the ball.

Eller became an expert in handling the "shine ball." Other pitchers tried it, but not with much success, the result being that Eller was criticized for his delivery by the other clubs, except on such days as they "knocked him out of the box." Eller says he thinks the reason the others did not succeed with this method of pitching was that they did not practise it assiduously enough. For his own part he put in two years of practise. The true secret of the "shine ball" is simple, he avers, and he goes on to explain it:

> A fast ball, if you can get enough speed on it, will do what the ball-players call "hop." That is to say, it will actually rise as it crosses the plate, but it will also break to one side. Take the case of a right-handed pitcher like myself facing a right-handed batter. If I threw a fast ball with enough stuff on it, it would rise possibly an inch and swerve in toward the batter probably three or four inches from a straight line. That is what the players call the "hop," and without this hop a fast ball is perfectly useless, for any batter in the world can meet it fair and drive it a mile. That, as a matter of fact, is what frequently happens in a game where a pitcher is getting hit. His pitching muscles have tired to a point where he can no longer put speed enough behind the ball to make it hop.
>
> The shine ball was useless unless it was thrown with considerable speed. It depended entirely upon smoothing a surface on one side of the ball. Most players used paraffin or some similar substance to smooth the ball. But this was not necessary; merely rubbing the ball vigorously would suffice, if you could put enough speed behind it, and I was usually able to do that. A properly shined ball could be made to break in various ways, but the common way was to make it break up; that is, to give it all the effectiveness of a fast ball with compound interest added. To make the ball break up, I used to hold it so that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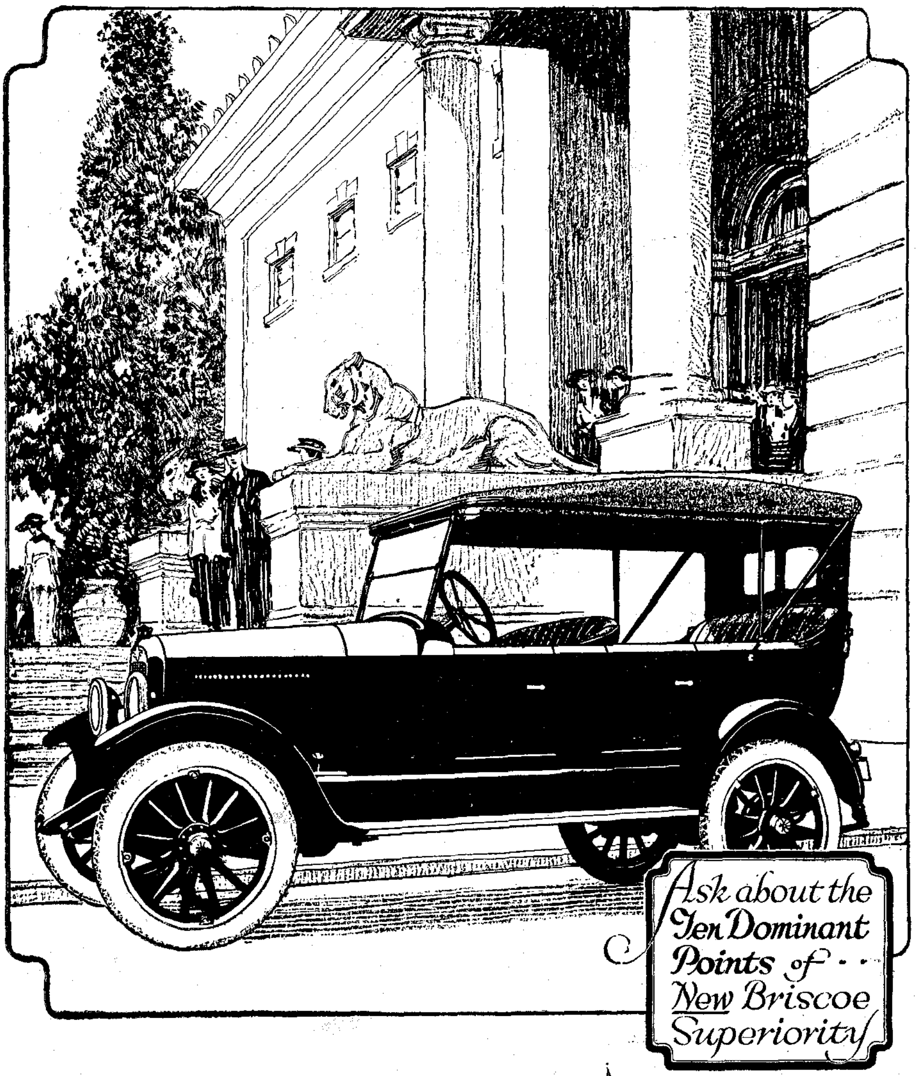
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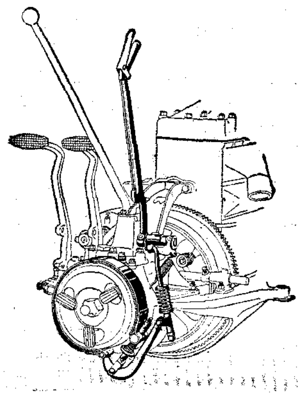


SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

the shiny spot was on top of the ball. The ball would then rise when it crossed the plate fully three or four inches, a much greater break than you could get on a ball from speed alone. But its other break, that is, to one side, was entirely contrary to the similar break of a fast ball. I have said that one of my fast balls would rise perhaps an inch and break toward a right-handed batter perhaps three or four inches, but a shine ball, held as I have described, would rise at least three or four inches and break away from the batter perhaps five or six. I experimented by holding the ball in different ways. With the smooth spot on one side, you could get it to break toward the batter or away from him, but I seldom or never used such a break, for it was not particularly effective. The batter could meet such a ball much more easily than he could the ball which jumped three or four inches as he swung to meet it. But I used to reverse the break sometimes by holding the smooth spot on the under surface of the ball. You could get a terrific drop to the ball by holding it that way, somewhat like the break of a spit-ball and much more effective than the average curve.

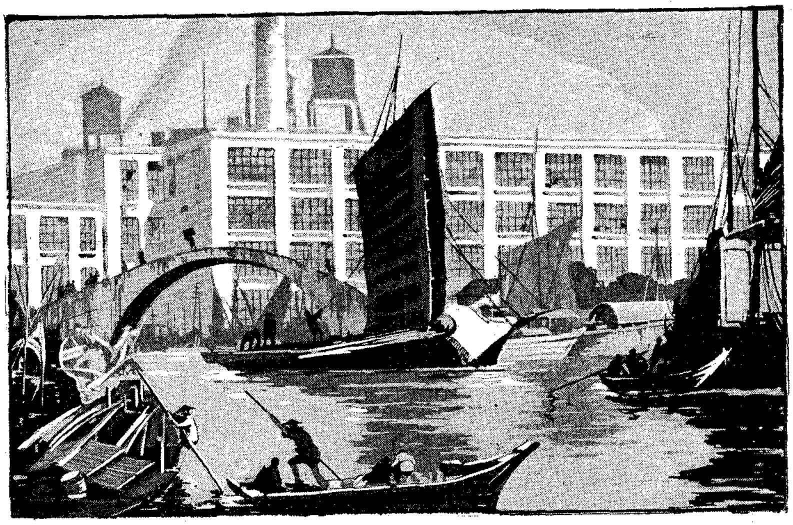
Mr. Eller's main objection seems to be that the Rules Committee did not give him time to master their requirements. He complains further that most of the members of the committee were entirely unfamiliar with pitching or even with playing ball from the view-point of the player. He says:

Clark Griffith was an old pitcher, and he of all men had the least license to object to the shine ball, for in his day he used to scratch the ball with his spikes and do about everything else to it that the law allowed. The only reason he never used the shine ball himself was because it was entirely unknown in his day and he never stumbled upon the secret. I had some words with Griffith on this point. I told him I thought it was a little too much to take a man's livelihood away from him entirely without notice. He gave as an excuse that the public wanted more hitting. I told him that was news to me. I had sometimes seen a crowd get up and leave a game when the score was fourteen to ten, but I had never seen the crowd leave the game when the score was one to nothing, and that I thought the public liked a tight, well-pitched contest. But, as I have already said, my opinion had no weight with the Rules Committee. . . . . . .

No one believes that pitchers should be allowed to make their own rules. I do not ask for such a privilege. But I do contend that the committee which determines pitching rules should consist of the presidents of the respective leagues and a chosen body of umpires. They at least know what a pitcher has to contend with and will be likely to give him a square deal. For the men who have kicked hardest against the new rules haven't all been pitchers. Some of them are umpires.

Another prominent pitcher who takes occasion to express himself about the new rules is "Slim" Sallee. He is not a "shine-ball" twirler, but was suspended from the game for ten days because on a hot day when his hands were perspiring he rubbed the two first fingers of his pitching hand with resin so as to grip the ball effectively. Salleo asserts that he is a law-abiding citizen, and when the new rules went into effect he decided to give them a good, faithful trial, tho he was pessimistic about their practicability. The result was, he says, that tho in all his previous years of pitching he had passed a man with bases full just twice, this season, pitching under the new rules, he has already passed two men with bases full, besides hitting two batters who were probably nice men with families to support. He goes on:

> Why have I done these strange things? Because a Rules Committee, composed of six men (five of them never pitched baseball in their lives) have decided that it is a crime for a pitcher to rub resin on his fingers. Anybody who thinks that a crime ought to have to get out and pitch with the bases full, nobody out, the manager having a hemorrhage and the thermometer ninety-eight degrees. He would discover that trying to put a baseball over the plate where a batter can not reach it with a three-foot bat is not what could be called cold work. He would discover under such circumstances that a pitcher has a tendency to sweat, and he would also discover that if his fingers were damp he couldn't control the slippery baseball very well.
>
> I don't believe in freak deliveries. I never used them myself. But I think a pitcher who has depended on them ought to have time to change. You can make a bum out of any pitcher who ever lived by taking away his favorite delivery from him without giving him a chance to perfect another one in its place. But I don't think the Rules Committee had any personal hard feelings against me when they drew up these new rules. I never used the shine ball or the sailer or the emery ball or the mud ball. I never even used the spit ball. I never rubbed a ball on the ground the same as pitchers used to do. I never rubbed it even on my glove when that was considered perfectly proper. I never did anything that was illegal with a baseball. But I used to rub my fingers with resin because I can't stop sweating on a hot day. If the rule-makers can fix up that little difficulty, they will hear no complaint from me.
>
> So I sat down by myself and thought the thing over. I concluded that the Cincinnati Club had not hired me because they were stuck on my face or figure. My contract mentions something about pitching. I came to the conclusion that I was hired to pitch and I am going to try to do it.
>
> So the other day I put my hand in my back pocket and felt for a piece of resin that I thought might be there. Strange to say it was. The umpire on the field told me I mustn't do that. I asked him why not. He said I was violating the rules. I told him that I never violated any rules, that I was only a poor pitcher trying to make an honest living and buy pork chops for the wife. He said, "Don't you know about the new rules?" I said, "What rules?" He said, "Why, these new rules that the Rules Committee has drawn up for pitchers." I said, "No, I don't profess to know anything about those things." I said, "It takes all my time to pitch ball and try to fool some of these wise batters we have in this League." He said, "Well, according to these rules if you do that any more, I shall have to put you out of the game and you will draw a ten days' suspension." I said, "Very well, you are an



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> umpire and you were hired to do a certain work; if you consider it your duty to put me out of the game and suspend me, why I never like to criticize a man for doing his duty, but I consider it is my duty to pitch for this club. That is what I am paid to do, and I don't want to get money under false pretenses." So he turned away with a sad look in his eye and started reading the billboards over in right field. I guess he found they were pretty interesting, for he didn't bother me any more.
>
> Now I may be a criminal. That is not for me to say. If the Cincinnati Club wants to pay me my salary for sitting on the bench and looking pretty, I will try to look just as pretty as I can. But I think they will make a poor bargain. If they want me to pitch, however, and I think they do, they have got to let me pitch the only way that pitching can be done.

THE DEATH OF CHAPMAN, KILLED BY A PITCHED BALL

THE death of Ray Chapman, star shortstop of the Cleveland American Baseball Club, who was killed by a ball thrown by Carl Mays, premier pitcher of the New York Yankees, cast gloom over the baseball world, but unfortunate as the occurrence admittedly was, a number of editors note the fact that in comparison with the number of men who play the game there are few accidents in baseball and fewer fatalities. Grantland Rice, sports editor of the New York *Tribune*, says that the marvel of it is not that men are killed here and there in both baseball and football, but that in the major contests so few fatalities ever occur. "When you consider the number of big-league pitchers using the speed of a Johnson, a Walsh, or others, and the number of men who are hit," he writes, "the wonder grows that so few accidents result." The effect on a pitcher after hitting, and seriously injuring or killing, a batsman has been varied. He recalls that:

> Some years ago Russ Ford beaned Roy Corhan, of the White Sox. Corhan was not expected to live. His condition was serious for several weeks. During this period Ford was so badly upset that he was of no further use to his club. He lost weight, lost effectiveness, and finally had to take a vacation to build up his shattered nervous system.
>
> He was never the same effective pitcher after Corhan's narrow escape.
>
> A short while after this accident Tom Rodgers, pitching for Nashville in the Southern League, killed Johnny Dodge, who for a time was with both Philadelphia and Cincinnati.
>
> Dodge was killed with a fast ball which caught him squarely in the temple.
>
> But the effect upon Rodgers seemed to be the exact opposite of Ford's case. As we recall the statistics, Rodgers then went in and won five consecutive shut-out games, doing his finest work of the year. Rodgers's case was certainly more unusual than that of Russ Ford.

The ball which struck Chapman and fractured his skull has been variously described as a "submarine" ball and a "bean" ball, which is thrown near the head of the batsman in order to make him back away from the plate and thus disconcert him. For a time after the game there was talk by other teams of having Mays disbarred; but he was held blameless for the accident. However, there is some agitation to have the "bean" ball banished as not only dangerous but lacking in sportsmanship. Ross Tenney, writing in the Cleveland *Press*, observes that there is a feeling that Chapman would not have been struck had not this particular type of ball been pitched. And he believes that baseball's lawmakers should meet in special midseason session and adopt a rule that would banish the "bean" ball from the game. "Penalize the ball thrown at the head of a batsman and all base-runners two bases each," he urges, "and you will see the last of the 'bean' ball. The 'bean' ball has never contributed anything to the science of baseball. And when 'bean' balls cost games pitchers will not throw them." But almost every baseball player of any experience has been "beaned" at one time or another, and once in a while somebody is killed, says the New York *Times*. However, players and sporting writers of long memories can not recall that any man was ever killed before in the major leagues. It is observed further:

> In the average nine-inning game perhaps some two hundred balls are pitched. There are approximately twelve hundred major-league games in a year. Nearly a quarter of a million balls are pitched up to batters in the course of a big-league season, and this is the first time that a batter has been killed. All in all, baseball is a pretty safe game, despite the legs broken in sliding to base and the occasional blood-poisoning from a spike cut. For even when a batter is hit in the head by a pitched ball, usually he has been able to duck or dodge so that it strikes a glancing blow and at a point where the skull is not so thin. Chapman was hit squarely in a weak spot. The fact that most of the deaths from this cause in the game are in amateur and semi-professional circles is no doubt due to the inexperience of young players, who are unable to judge the break of a curve in time to move their heads out of line.
>
> Much has been said of the danger to the Cleveland club's pennant chances from the loss of Chapman. Something might also be said of the disadvantage which the New York club may sustain from the reaction on Carl Mays, the pitcher who threw the ball. Indeed, it may be conjectured that for some time to come pitchers all through the league will be a little more careful not to graze a batter's head, and that will probably mean more batting.

Unlike football, baseball has never been regarded as a dangerous game. "It is the exceptional fatality, therefore, that proves the comparative safeness of baseball," says the Troy *Record*, and notes that—

> Football, even under present rules, is brutal compared with it. Swimming on a pleasant Sunday or holiday has more fatalities than big-league baseball has in years. Compared with automobiling, baseball is as safe as a game of parlor croquet.
>
> Yet no sport is free from the element of danger, and it would be useless to say that baseball is not dangerous. There always is the chance of the batter being struck by a pitched ball, particularly as the modern pitcher has developed not only speed but curves that are meant to puzzle the keenest eye. But professional ball is safer than amateur ball because of the greater ability and keenness of the players of professional ball. . . . . . .
>
> Fortunately the fans that throng the grand stands very seldom are compelled to witness such an accident, and the present fatality probably will have been erased from the memory of fandom before another occurs.

For a short time after the accident, Detroit, St. Louis, Boston, and Washington players talked about a "strike" against the pitcher who had thrown the fatal ball, but later judgment of the occurrence was that it was a pure accident. Pitcher Mays himself "took great comfort," according to the New York *World*, "from the fact that when, Chapman regained consciousness in the club-house, before being removed to the hospital, he said to John Henry, the former Washington catcher, who was one of his closest friends: "I'm all right. Tell Mays not to worry." Mays himself is reported to have said at an interview some time later:

> "Chapman was one of the hardest men to pitch to in the league. He was plucky, crouched over the plate, and the only way to get a ball over was to pitch it so low that there was a risk of it being called a ball. In the fifth inning on Monday I pitched him a straight ball inside, just above the waist. I expected that he would drop as Ruth does when the pitchers swing them in close to the big fellow to drive him away from the plate. Instead he ducked and the ball hit him. I found a rough place on the ball afterward and believe that made it sail in far more than I intended."

It was Chapman's loyalty to his team and his home town that caused him to play ball this season, for he had agreed with his bride that he should remain in business. But he had been fêted and treated by Cleveland people, and he thought it his duty to help bring the pennant home as a reward for their kindness. The Providence *News* pays this tribute to him:

> His exemplary career carries a lesson for all. He was from first to last a hard-working, cheerful teammate. In the hope of accomplishment he made many an error, as most of us do. But he went after balls that most players would never attempt to get and sometimes turned "impossibility" into accomplishment. Personal records did not count with him where there was hope of achievement that would help as a whole.
>
> Chapman was second on his team's batting list—the sacrificer. It was his business to advance the other fellow, to hit himself out, but get the other player to second. He was the leading sacrifice-hitter of the league. Down through the years he team-worked for victory, never sulking, always optimistic, praising the other fellow. He was the gentleman of his profession, who sought no adornment but wished well the way of all.

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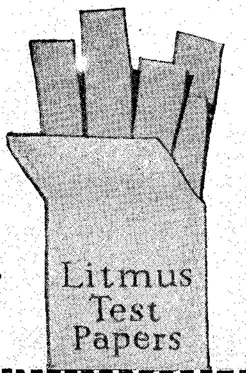

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REVIEWS - OF - NEW - BOOKS

ADVENTURES IN FIDDLING

THE fiddler-errant was toiling up many pairs of stairs to return a borrowed 'cello, when he was accosted by a stranger. It was in France, during the war. The stranger was a short person in a semimilitary, semipostman's blouse and a semipostman's, semiecclesiastical cap. He fixt the fiddler earnestly with deep-set eyes—the eyes of an enthusiast, burning unquenchably behind small, steel-bowed spectacles.

"Sir," he cried, "I demand pardon, but do you play that?" He pointed to the 'cello.

"*Mais oui, monsieur*," replied the fiddler in his best French, for in his less romantic moments he was but a lieutenant in the American Army.

"Do you play it *well?*"

Modestly the American explained that while life in the trenches had not improved his technique, still, in his day—

"Hold, enough!" cried the ecclesiastical stranger. Decision dawned on the little face, and the pointed beard bristled determinedly. "My mind is made. Let me entreat you to come and save me from destruction!"

The lieutenant began to realize that this was a dark and lonely stair and that it might be well to humor the stranger. So he said sympathetically: "Of course, I'll save you from destruction—that is, if I'm up to it. You must tell me how the thing can be done."

"Know, then," returned the little man, drawing himself up to his entire five feet four, "that I am the Abbé Quillper. On the morrow I produce and conduct, for the first time on the Azure Coast, the opera of 'Joseph in Egypt,' by the immortal Méhul. Alas! at this the eleventh hour, my violoncellist lies stricken with the Spanish influenza. Behold, I have ground to a powder the soles of my boots in running about Nice to find another 'cellist. Vain quest! All are either struggling in the throes of overwork or lie in the clutches of the epidemic. I know not in which direction to turn. *Voilà!*"

He showed his foot. Sure enough, he had spoken the truth. He was on his uppers.

The American leaned against the balustrade and summarized the situation. *Joseph* was a musical character whom he had hitherto encountered neither in nor out of Egypt. This astonishing stranger was proposing that, as sole 'cellist of heaven alone knew what orchestra, chorus, and band of protagonists, the fiddler should read "Joseph" at sight, without rehearsing, and at the *première* performance. Truly a dubious proposal! On the other hand, what untold possibilities it opened up in the line of vagabond musical adventure! It was a sporting proposition ideally calculated to inflame the imagination of the true fiddler-errant.

"*Abbé*," he cried, "I'm your man!"

Early the following afternoon 'cello and lieutenant drove up to the appointed number. A lady, "one hundred years of age," answered his knock. He thought she seemed a fit companion for the pyramids and inquired if that were Egypt. She donned a bonnet that would have done credit to the sphinx, and tottered forth in the lead. An apparently vast throng was struggling for admittance to a small building.

"Behold the opera-house," announced the sphinx, and vanished.

The lieutenant, Robert Haven Schauffler, in his book, "Fiddler's Luck" (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston), otherwise described as "the gay adventures of a musical amateur," goes on to tell how his bow saved "Egypt."

"I formed myself into what a football player would have called 'interference,' and preceded the 'cello into the interior. Four hundred of the natives of Nice were jamming a parochial theater. The Abbé Quillper extricated himself and me from the mob, greeted me with mingled affection and relief, and installed me in the sharp angle made by the port railing of the orchestra.

"We musicians were jammed together with such a strict economy of space that my up-bow speared a second-violinist painfully in the lumbar region, while my down-bow played the mischief with the other 'cellist, a charming lad of seventeen. After the overture began, however, it became clear that if I could manage to play my part with one continuous down-bow it would be better for the musical quality of the opera. . . . For the lad could be counted upon with certainty to do only one thing—and that was to play the wrong note in the right place. . . . Throughout that memorable afternoon I spent my force in inducing the latter, by veiled innuendo, entreaty, cajolery, and at last by threats of personal violence, to play only the rests. At length I succeeded. But the good lad, far from resenting my efforts, turned pages for me, heaped coals of fire upon my head, and then quenched them with bottles of beer which he brought me during the *entr'actes*.

"Tho candor compels me to refer to it as one speaks of the sick, the performance did almost as well as was to be expected under the circumstances. Only three times that afternoon, despite the Bolshevik activities of my side partner, did we come to absolute grief and cease and determine and gird ourselves anew for the fray and begin back again at the letter Q.

"There was a fourth time, tho, when it would have been somewhat better had we ceased, or, at least, determined. This was when the *Children of Israel* had to do a grand triumphal parade around a stage at least fifteen by twenty feet in expanse. The cornetist started off all by himself with a truly brilliant fanfare. Taking their cue almost at once from the cornet, the *Children of Israel*, led by the *Boy Benjamin*, began, with the greatest confidence and resolution, to sing something in French, the purport of which I could not catch, probably because I was counting my rests.

"Then we of the orchestra came in. But as soon as we took in the nature of the sounds we were emitting, we exchanged glances of dazed bewilderment, not unmingled with consternation. *We were playing in a different key! Simeon*, old villain that he was, winced painfully. The beard of the *Patriarch Jacob* palpitated with a profound emotion. The *Boy Benjamin* grew paler by several degrees, but he did not falter. He glared down at us with an expression like that of the *poilu* in the poster who is saying, 'They shall not pass!'

"Made sadder and wiser by previous painful experiences with amateur orchestras, I saw in a flash what had happened, and swore under my breath that no cornetist ought to be allowed at large without a keeper. This one, with the absent-mindedness of true genius, had inserted in his instrument the short B-flat shank instead of the long A shank, which had been prescribed for him by the immortal Méhul."

Anarchy now reigned supreme, says the lieutenant. He endeavored to become the man of the hour and jump into the breach. He hoped to reconcile the conflicting interests by transposing his part to the exalted key of the cornet and of *Israel*, and then, by a gradual subsidence, to lead the vocalists down to the more mundane levels of the orchestra. But in vain was his hope of compromise, and to this day he is sure the audience is convinced that Méhul, when he really tries, can be fully as modern a composer as even Bloch or Schönberg or Stravinsky.

"As became a stage under the direction of an *abbé*," continues Mr. Schauffler, "the buskined boards remained entirely free from all authentic petticoats. When I found my way behind the scenes during the first *entr'acte*, I sought in vain for the gay *Mrs. Potiphar*, nor could I discover dancing girls nor Nile maidens nor a daughter of any of the Pharaohs. It was all strictly stag. But I distributed *cigarettes américaines* with impartial hand to the children of light and darkness, and noted that even the virtuous *Joseph* did not repulse the offer of an Egyptian Deity.

"All the time I marveled more and more and was astonished in spirit at the versatility of that myriad-minded man, the Abbé Quillper. During the first act I had noticed that this *maestro*, whenever the music ceased for so much as ten measures in slow time, or twenty in quick, had always instantly cast down his baton and doubled for the stage door with grim determination, elbowing aside, with a technique evidently begotten of long practise, the throng that blocked the side passage, a few of whom reposed habitually on the back of my neck. I now saw why this economy of time. The man was living, not a double, but a quintuple life. . . . When I first arrived in the wings he was busily enveloping the chorus in flowing draperies of orange, scarlet, and royal purple. His *poilu*-postman's coat of many colors had been cast aside and he was now 'transpiring' so freely that his earnest little beard was quite moist. Then, moving so swiftly that the sight scarce could follow him in his flight, he made one convulsive leap, dragged a tall ladder from a recess, seized a hammer, armed himself to the teeth with tacks, and began tacking up a back-drop consisting of the Sahara Desert, the pyramids, an obelisk or two, and a sphinx closely resembling the good lady who had conducted me thither.

"From that eminence, breathing out threatenings and tacks, he successfully composed a difference that had arisen between *Gad* and the progenitor of the half

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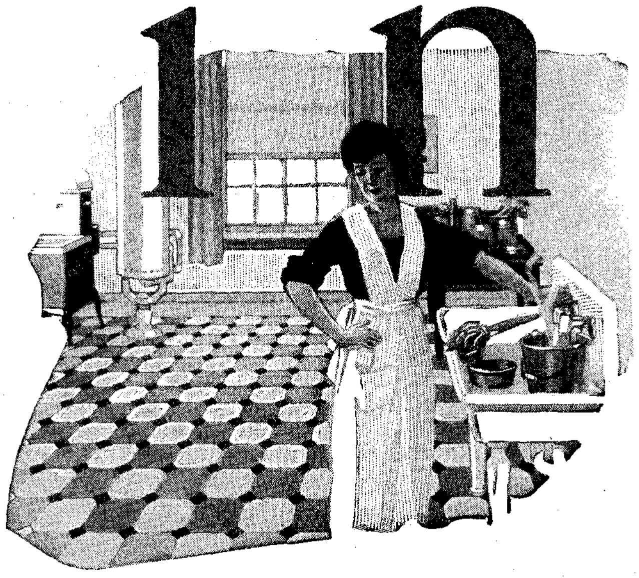

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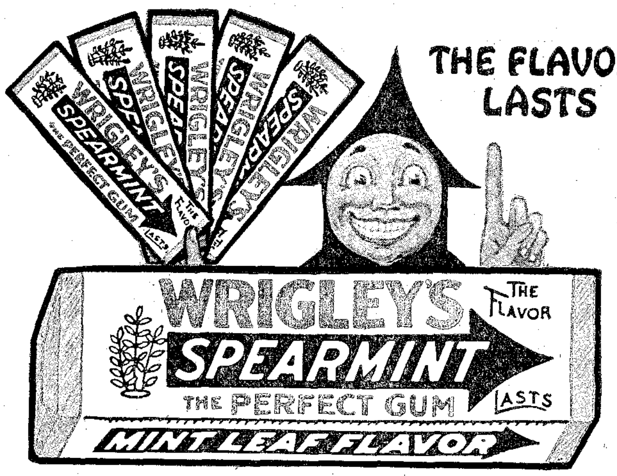
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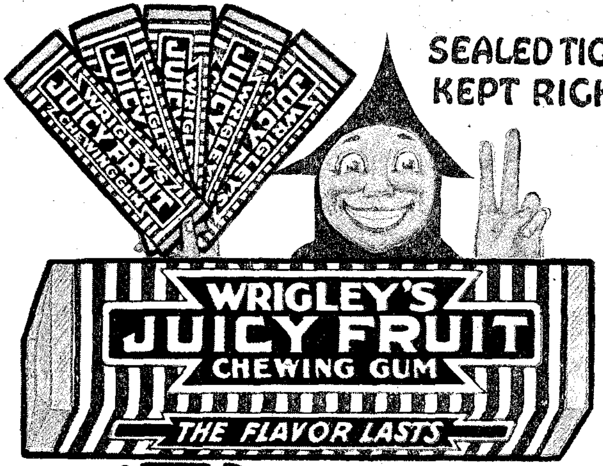
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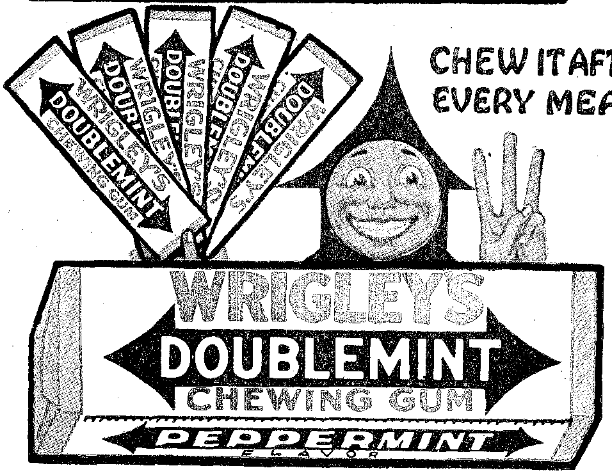
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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS
Continued

tribe of Manasseh, *in re* the equitable division of a joint bottle of beer. (Bearing in mind a painful but quickly smothered commotion which occurred in the course of the ensuing act in the ranks of the bare-footed *Children of Israel*, I sometimes wonder now, recollecting these emotions in tranquillity, whether, before the curtain rose, all those tacks had been retrieved from the well-trod stage.)

"With his own hands the good *Abbé* clutched, carried, and set in position the bath-chair in the depths of which the *Patriarch Jacob* (aged seventeen) was to recline at the dramatic moment when his son *Joseph* (aged nineteen) would break to him the news of their mutual relation. No sooner was this a *fait accompli* than, purple and streaming, the great Quillper rushed forth with a play of elbows into the presence of the impatient groundlings, buttoning his *poilu*-postman's raiment as he ran, seized and brandished the baton in a masterful manner, and the fun was on again."

Despite the rich variety of the entertainment, however, the 'cellist found, after hours of jammed huddling in the angle of the orchestra railing, that the performance seemed long. So when the curtain finally fell upon a scene of touching but triumphant composition of all conflicting claims, he reached out his hand for the "blouse" of his 'cello with a sigh of undeniable relief. For four mortal hours he had been pent in the stifling atmosphere of Egypt. He yearned for a breath of the vital airs of the Azure Coast. But it was not to be, he says:

"'*Un moment*,' interposed my colleague. 'Do you not wish to await the singing of the "*Marseillaise?*"'

"Why, yes, of course, I'd await it! It would never do for me to bolt just then, however much I wished to. I was the only American present, and in uniform besides. . . . . . .

"Wielding practised elbows, the *Abbé* rushed into the wings. From my position on the extreme flank of the orchestra, and endowed as I was an by all-foreseeing Providence with a long and adaptable neck, which I now craned, I beheld that myriad-minded man washing the grease-paint from off the grubby countenances of the *Children of Israel*.

"Back tore the *Abbé*, leaving human eddies in his wake. He rapped so loudly for attention that he cracked his baton. He shouted hoarse and impassioned but precise directions to an invisible electrician. Everybody was on the *qui vive*. For at the foot of the program in heavy type stood:

"'*Apothéose à la France et Chant de la Marseillaise.*'

"But when the curtain finally rolled up its full majestic height, we beheld the Allies grouped, each under his own flag. The ensuing performance of the French national hymn lacked volume, so completely were we all stupefied by the beauty and sublimity of the spectacle.

"It was getting on toward the dinner hour. I reached for the blouse, but felt a detaining hand on my arm. '*Encore la Marseillaise!*' whispered my fellow 'cellist. . . . Eleven times, hand running, by actual count, did we perform the national hymn of France!

"At length the *Abbé*, definitively casting down his ruined baton, made for the stage door at top speed. To my surprize and no small embarrassment, however, he did not burst as usual into the wings. Instead, he stopt directly behind me, leaned over the railing of the orchestra, flung his arms about my neck, and acclaimed me distinctly before the interested audience as the savior of *Joseph*, the *Children of Israel*, the science of four-part harmony, and the immortal Méhul. And, working up to an impassioned climax, '*Monsieur le Lieutenant américain*,' said he, 'will you not deign to bear me company around the corner? There, on the sidewalk before the Café de Monte Carlo, shall I invite you to join together with me in an *apéritif*. Thanks to you, "Egypt" is saved!'"

AN OLD-FASHIONED ANGEL

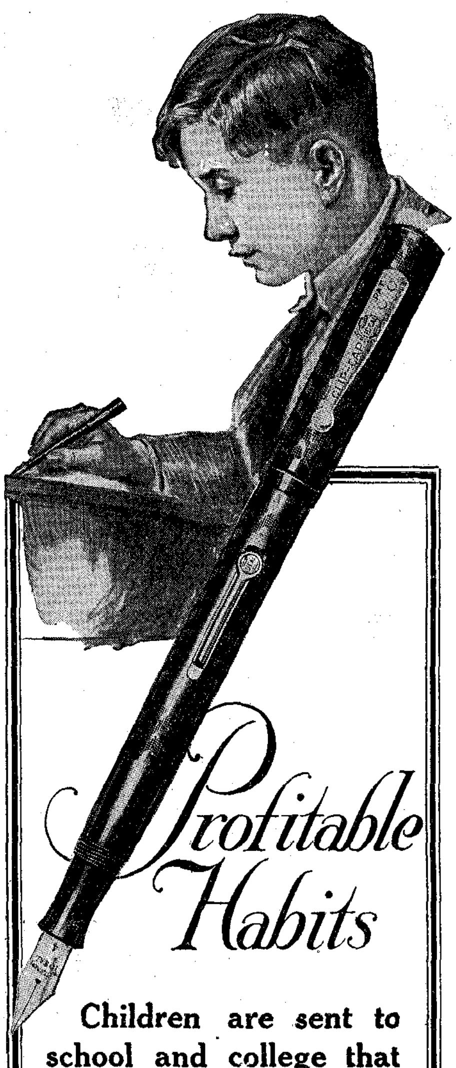
YOU may judge the kind of book she wrote from their titles. There was "Queenie's Promise," and there was "One Maid's Word," and others, ending with "Lord Effingham." Her day was over, for the world had gone beyond her sentimental, rather absurd, sweet, old stories. But her responsibilities remained. For years she had carried her family on her back, and now that she was old and they grown she still had them to carry. All her life she had "managed." "She managed to write those flowery, sentimental books of hers in a room full of crawling, experimental, loud-voiced babies. She managed to break in a series of savage handmaidens, who married as soon as she had taught them how to do their work; she managed to mend stair-carpets, to stick up fresh wall-papers, to teach her children their prayers, and how to read and write; she managed to cook the dinners during the servantless periods. . . . But most of all, she managed to put up with Ferdinand. She had loved him truly and strongly, but she was a clear-sighted little woman, and she could not be fooled twice in the same way, which, from some points of view, is a misfortune in a wife. So gradually she found him out, and with every bit of him that crumbled away something of herself crumbled too. . . . Ferdinand was an expensive luxury. She worked every day and all day, believing in her stories with a pathetic persistence, cherishing all her press notices. She had a large public, and made a fairly large, fairly regular income, but there was never enough money, because Wallbridge not only speculated and gambled in every possible way, but also required a great deal for his own personal comforts and luxuries. . . . For many years Ferdinand, or Ferdie, as he was called by a large but always changing circle of friends, was one of the most carefully drest men in town. He had an office somewhere in the city, but his various attempts at business always failed sooner or later, and then . . . he would settle down . . . to a long period of what he called rest."

We meet Violet Wallbridge ("Happy House," by Baroness von Hutten, Doran) on the event of the marriage of her second daughter. A reporter, Oliver Wick, has come to interview her. Interviews had been growing rare, and "when he told her who he was, and his errand, she flushed with pleasure. . . . . . .

"'My chief thought the public would be interested in the wedding. He tells me this daughter—the bride, I mean—was the original of—of—one of your chief heroines.'

"'Yes, she's the original of 'Rose Parmenter' . . . I wish you had seen her, but you can say she was looking beautiful, for she was.'"

The interview goes on between the keen, shrewd young man, who has quickly sized up the whole situation, but who is imme-



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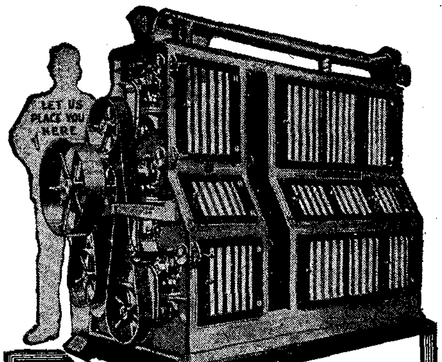
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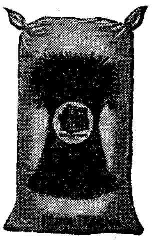

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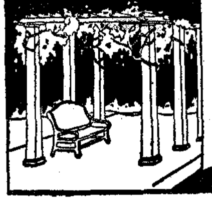

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS
Continued

diately drawn to the faded, gentle lady, with her pathetic pride in her outdated work and her evident love for her faded home and her children, five of them, handsome, selfish, modern. As she told the incidents that were wanted, one of the young girls in the group who made up what was left of the wedding party, for the principals had already gone, came slowly toward them.

"'This is your daughter, too?' the young man asked, a little throb of pleasure in his voice.

"'Yes, this is my baby, Griselda. Grisel, dear, this is Mr. Wick. . . . . . .'"

It was a momentous introduction, for there and then young Wick falls in love. Griselda was lovely—"She was very small, he thought, the blackest white girl he had ever seen . . . her hair was coal-black, and her skin, smooth as vellum, without a touch of color, was a rich golden-brown. . . . . . ."

Griselda has come to tell her mother that her sister Maud's baby son has waked and is bawling his head off, and that Maud wants her to go and take him up. She leaves the two young people together, and they inspect the wedding presents, tho, really, all Wick sees is Grisel's lovely little face.

Wick is the kind of young man who goes straight for what he wants. His "ideas of courtship were primitive and unshakable. On one or two clever pretexts he visited 'Happy House' twice within a month after his first visit, in order—as he exprest it to himself—to look over Miss Wallbridge in the light of a possible wife. That he was in love with her he recognized . . . but Mr. Wick was no fool, and whereas anything like a helpmeet would have displeased him almost to the point of disgust, he had certain standards to which any one with claims to be the future Mrs. Oliver Wick must more or less conform. He didn't care a bit about money—he felt that money was his job, not the girl's—but she'd got to be straight, she'd got to be a good-looker, and she'd got to be good-tempered. No shrew-taming for him. . . . . . .

"One evening, shortly after his third visit to 'Happy House,' the young man was standing in his mother's room tying a new tie over an immaculate dress shirt.

"'I'm going to do the trick to-night,' he declared, 'or bust.'

"Mrs. Wick looked more like her son's grandmother than his mother . . . she was a pleasant-faced old woman, with a strong chin and keen, clear eyes, and when she smiles she showed traces of past beauty. . . . . . .

"She laughed, and held out the gloves she had been stretching for him. 'Here you are, son. Only this. I bet you sixpence she won't look at you. She'll turn you down; refuse you; give you the cold hand; icy mitt . . . what d'you call it? And then you'll come back and weep on my shoulder. . . . . . .'

"'She may—I don't care if she does. . . . Of course she'll refuse me a few times, but her father'll be on my side . . . he's a rather clever old scoundrel, and he'll know that I'm a succeeder—a getter.'

. . . .

"Some hours later a not very crestfallen young man sat in the small dining-room . . . and ate poached eggs on toast . . . and announced to his dressing-gowned and beslippered mother that the lady of his choice had rejected him.

"'Couldn't dream of it,' he announced, cheerfully. . . . 'She pretended to be surprized, you know, and then, when that didn't work, she tried to assume that I was mad. . . . . . .'

"His mother coughed dryly. 'You don't seem remarkably cast down, and here was I, wasting my tissue in an agony of fear about my broken-hearted boy.'

"'You and your tissue, indeed! You don't think I thought she was going to jump down my throat, do you? I'd hate a girl who took me first time. I like being refused—looks well. I hope she'll refuse me three or four times.'"

Meanwhile Mrs. Wallbridge was working hard at her current piece of fiction, "Lord Effingham." Before she finished it, her publishers asked her to drop in to see them. Kindly, but deprecatingly, they told her that her preceding book had been practically a failure, and couldn't she try to make the new one rather more up to date. And in their tone she felt a finality; they would not make a new contract, and "Lord Effingham" was the final volume in the old contract.

The poor woman is in despair. On every hand there is the demand for money. Her family all despise her books, but they are perfectly willing to make her pay their bills. The two married daughters have a hundred reasons for asking for loans that are always gifts. One of her sons is at the front, and she sends him all she can. The other is an esthetic person who must have fine Japanese prints on his walls, exquisite rugs, little bits of this or that, all expensive, and as the small salary he gets for a small job he does can not pay for these things, why, his mother must do so. And Grisel needs lovely clothes, and Ferdinand must have his vacation at Torquay, always an expense of the heaviest.

Well, she always has managed, and she must manage again. So she pegs away at her novel, trying to make it over in a new style, and only making it worse. Grisel and her father go away to Torquay, and Oliver Wick pursues both his ambition to becoming "a great newspaper proprietor and running the political world from a swivel-chair somewhere in Fleet Street" and his intention to marry Griselda. He continues to come to the house as usual, apparently entirely unmoved by Grisel's refusal of his offer of marriage.

But he is not unmoved by the pathos and the courage of the old-fashioned novelist struggling against the inevitable. After Grisel has gone he still comes to see her mother, and the two become great friends. He has confided his love-story to her, and she has told him more of her life than she has ever told any one else. It was a simple, old-fashioned life of devotion to her family and of self-sacrificing work. It made Oliver love her.

But Oliver was in for trouble. For Grisel came back from Torquay almost engaged to a man thirty years older than herself, a baronet with a great fortune. When he hears of it—and it was not entirely unexpected, for rumors preceded Grisel's return—he does not give up. He tells Mrs. Wallbridge so. "Oh, yes. I know it sounds absurd, and any one but you would laugh at me. But I am fighting for my life, and, what's more, I'm going to win. I'm going to get her. She's a spoiled, mercenary, selfish little minx, but I love her and I'm going to change her into an angel.'"

Presently Grisel does get engaged, and Sir John joins the party. Wick stays away

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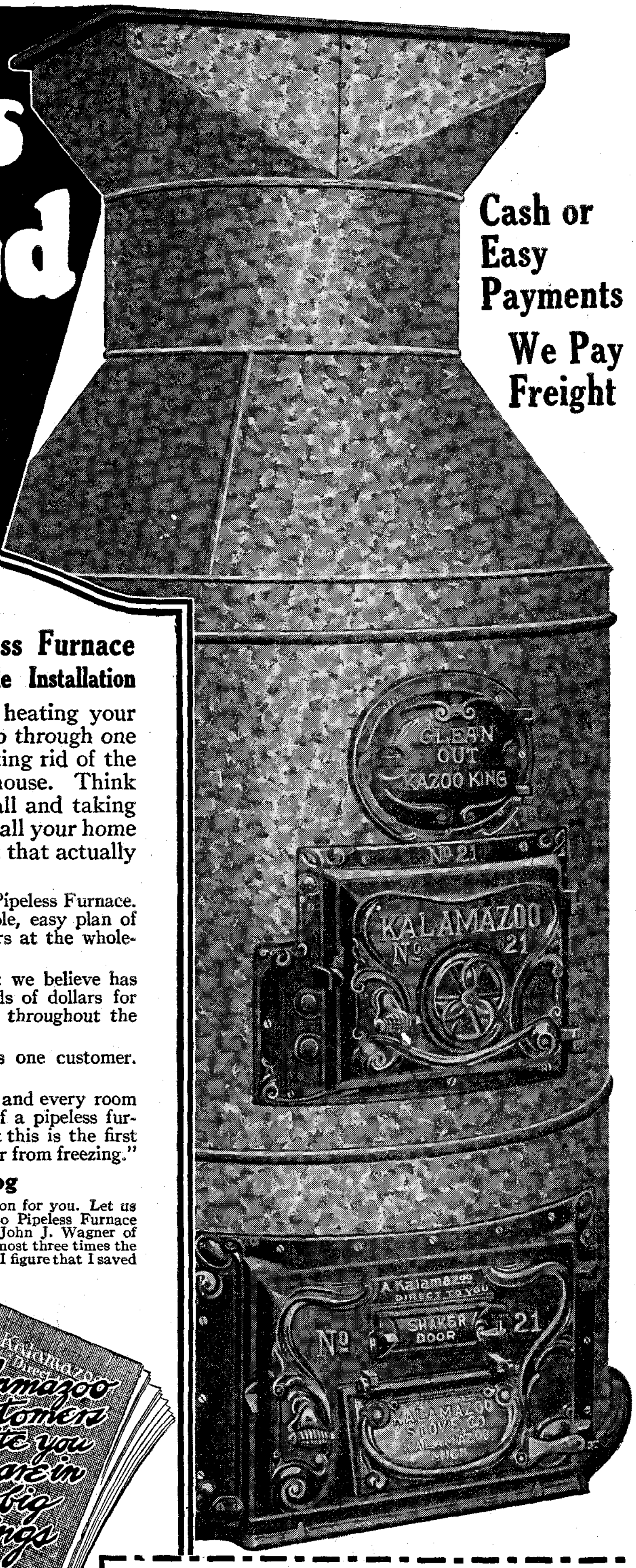
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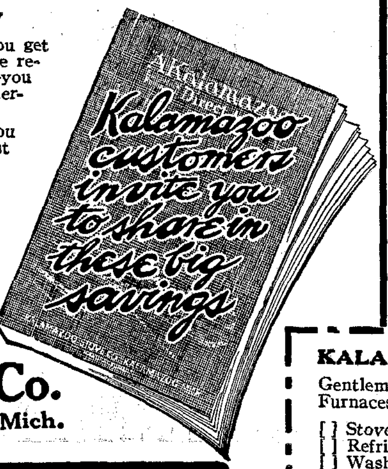
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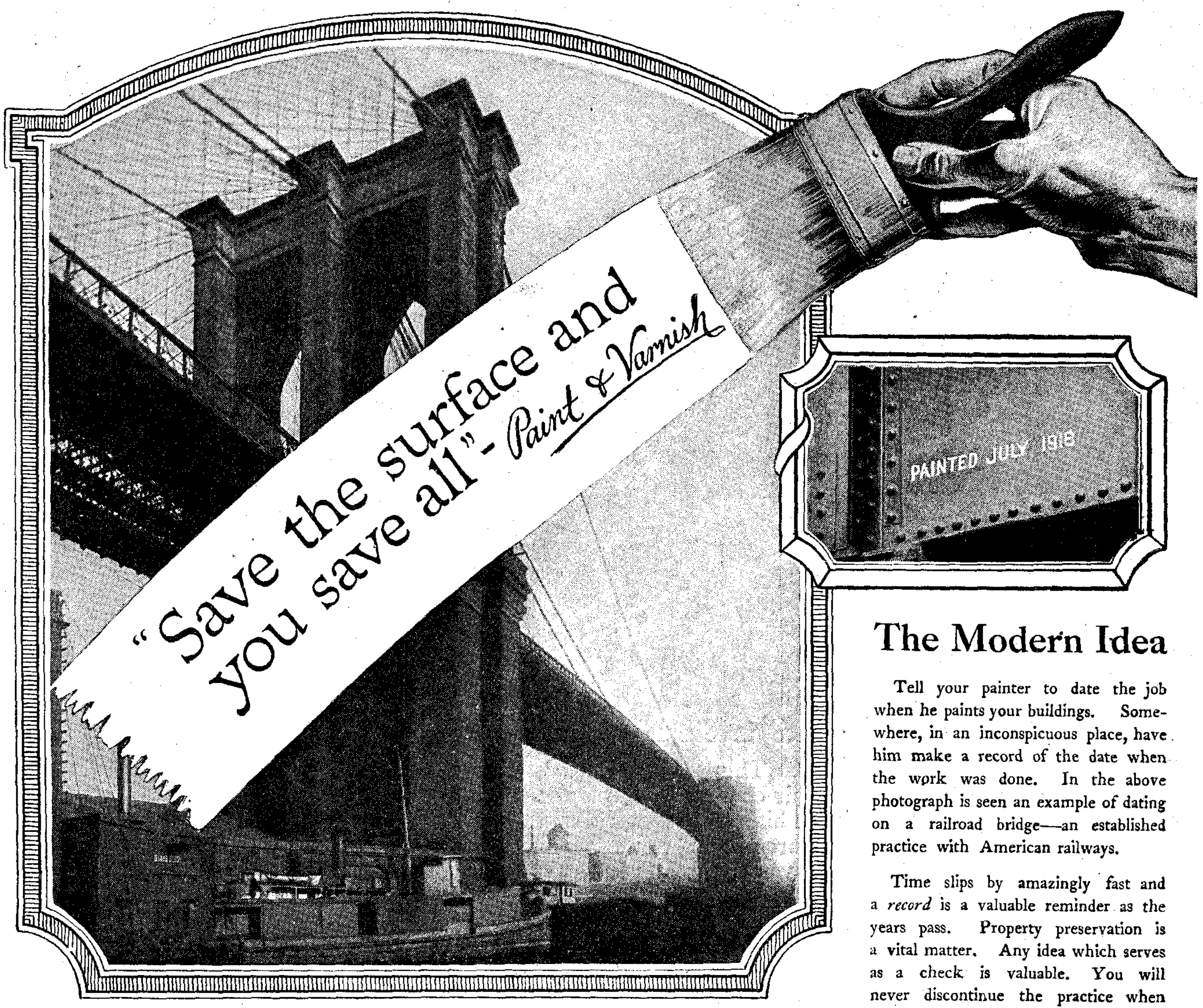
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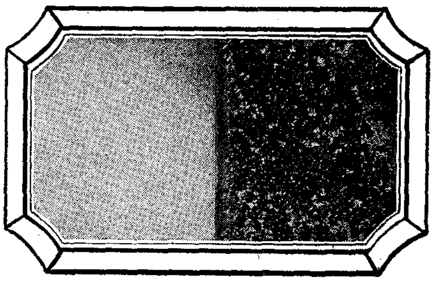
Time slips by amazingly fast and a *record* is a valuable reminder as the years pass. Property preservation is a vital matter. Any idea which serves as a check is valuable. You will never discontinue the practice when once you have adopted it. Dating need not be in the least a disfigurement. Have the date lettered in small neat figures where it can be found whenever desirable and then *keep a check on time* as it affects your property.



Panels of painted and unpainted steel under scientific test. Note the way the surface of the painted panel is protected in contrast to the badly damaged, rust-eaten surface of the unpainted panel.

❦

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

Continued

for a while. It isn't so much that he feels he has lost her, but that he is disgusted with her for thinking she can sell herself when he knows she "half loves me already." To tell the truth, Grisel does not seem entirely happy. She is gay, noisy even, and forever off on parties with the rich Fords, at whose house she met Sir John, the Crichells, and others. The Crichells are her father's friends. The rest of the family finds them distinctly unpleasant.

"Lord Effingham" is brought out and proves a flat failure. The publishers, having, after all, made a great deal of money out of Violet Wallbridge, let her down easy, as they express it, by telling her they can not renew the contract, but that they will take one more book, and enclose five hundred pounds as advance payment.

"We sha'n't sell many copies after this last mess. However, we'll do it," was the way they put it to themselves.

And then one day Crichell walks in, asks to see Mrs. Wallbridge, who is working on the new book, which appears to go like wildfire, in spite of the worry she is in, and tells her that he is going to divorce his wife and name Wallbridge as corespondent.

He has the proofs, but Mrs. Wallbridge does not care to see them. She takes it very calmly, but when she hears her husband entering the house as they talk, she tells Crichell to wait till she gets him out of the way.

There is no difficulty about that, for Wallbridge has no desire for trouble. "With a little smile of almost bitter amusement, she watched him as he tiptoed into the dining-room." After Crichell's departure she joins him there and they have a talk. But she refuses to divorce him, tho she is quite self-possest and cheerful in the face of the event. Her family are all against her in this decision. They want to see the end of father, whom they have long despised and whom they now detest.

She sends for Oliver and tells him the situation.

"'You see,' she said, 'I know what you're thinking, but I've known Mr. Wallbridge a long time, and I know that he couldn't possibly be happy with a woman as selfish and self-centered as Mrs. Crichell.'"

But Oliver, too, tells her to get a divorce, and finally she consents to do so. Wallbridge is somewhat annoyed at her not seeming to care, but after all he was sorry for her, for she was losing him, even tho at the moment she did not seem to realize the full extent of the loss.

"They parted in the most friendly way, after he had telephoned for a taxi and laden it with his various boxes and bags.

"'Where'll I send your letters?' she asked."

But he explains she mustn't know where he is, or "they will bring in collusion." And thereupon he departs, wishing her well in his beautifully modulated voice.

And suddenly Oliver Wick announces his engagement to a Dorthy Perkins. He brings her photograph, and laughs about what he calls his puppy love of Grisel. Grisel is not pleased, but she pretends to be simply amused.

"'How can you be sure,' she asked, 'that you really *do* love now? I should think that you'd be a little nervous about it.'

"'I'm perfectly sure,' he said gravely, 'that I've found my girl—what poets call my mate. And I shall love her till I die.'"

Of course it is only a maneuver of Oliver's. The photograph is beautiful. "She wouldn't be jealous of a *plain* girl," he tells his mother. And it works. Dear Grisel can not help showing her uneasiness, her increasing unhappiness. Sir John is a fine old man, a gentleman. He begins to see that something is wrong.

It all comes out as Oliver wishes it. He isn't the kind of young man who fails at getting what he wants. Already he has been made editor of one of the Chief's line of London papers. He is on the highroad to success. But he won't have Grisel told this. She must take him for what he was, just an unknown, penniless reporter.

She does.

And the old-fashioned novelist?

Her last book, written under the stress of all these occurrences, proves a success. It wins a thousand-pound prize, under an assumed name. And she feels at ease at last. Her daughters are all comfortably settled, the war is over, and Guy is back, a man finer by far than when he went, full of promise. Sir John is her good friend, and even Paul is supporting himself at last. And Ferdinand will be married as soon as the divorce is granted. That will be next week. She sits alone and ponders it all.

"'He is one of those people for whom success is really good. Who knows but that he may turn out very well as the husband of a rich woman, poor Ferdie—'"

But at that moment poor Ferdie walks in. Clara has left him and gone back to her husband, so he has come home to be taken care of again.

And she takes him back, quite simply. It has always been her job to look after lame ducks, and Ferdie is one of the very lamest.

A FEARFUL SPECTACLE

NONE of the recent English novelists seems to possess quite the light touch that is Mr. E. F. Benson's when he chooses. The author of "Dodo" is admirably qualified to shoot folly as it flies, and in "Queen Lucia" (Doran) he has a merry time with some of the fads of a small but advanced community, and especially with Mrs. Lucas, the lady who bears aloft the torch of culture therein.

Riseholme is a small village whose fine old Elizabethan cottages had afforded Mrs. Lucas her opportunity when, her husband having amassed a comfortable fortune at the Bar, they were looking about for a country home. Three of these cottages had been bought, and, with the aid of a sympathetic architect, they had been made into a comfortable dwelling, the new owners "subsequently building onto them a new wing that ran at right angles at the back and which was, if anything, a shade more inexorably Elizabethan than the stem onto which it was grafted, for here was situated the famous smoking-parlor, with rushes on the floor, a dresser ranged with pewter tankards, and leaded lattice-windows of glass so antique that it was practically impossible to see out of them." In this charming abode dwell Mr. and Mrs. Lucas, perfect examples of the self-conscious, affected, shallow culture that is so characteristic of the first two decades of this century.

Mrs. Lucas's first name is Emmeline, but she is known to her friends and admirers as Lucia, pronounced in the Italian way—La Lucia, wife of Lucas. Her husband, tho a solid citizen, sufficiently practical to have made a comfortable fortune, is now devoting himself to literature, writing little prose

A Pipe Smoker Seldom Feels Bored

There are times when the best of men feel bored. Someone gives you a heaping measure of unasked-for advice and, as a wit once feelingly expressed it, "Advice usually costs nothing—and is worth it"; someone sets out to sell himself to you and overdoes it so that you can't help feeling that he is profiteering shamelessly; or someone makes a long boring story of his hard luck, passing the buck instead of admitting his own faults.

There are times when one feels bored by other people; there are times when a man feels bored by himself.

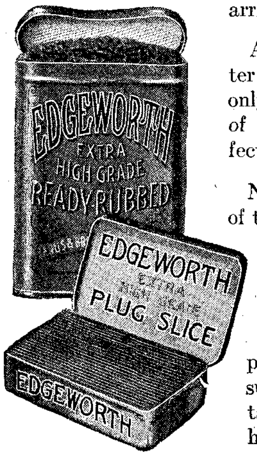
It's remarkable how seldom a man feels bored who has a pipe at hand and a goodly supply of tobacco.

He has a companion for his loneliness; a quiet friend for times of weary nerves and ears, a friendly old comrade to sit down with and think of pleasant things.

There is something about a pipeful of good tobacco which softens one's judgments and makes life seem better.

A few puffs, and one feels refreshed, at ease, and more friendly because of that friend at hand.

A few puffs, and as that fragrant, soothing influence leaves one's lips small worries go and pleasant thoughts arrive.



All things look better to you, provided only you have the kind of tobacco that perfectly suits you.

Now, there is a kind of tobacco named Edgeworth of which we would speak to you.

It may not be the pipe tobacco perfectly suiting your individual taste, but on the other hand it may.

A great many smokers have written us that it's precisely the tobacco they were hunting for.

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We will mail to you samples of Edgeworth in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is formed into flat cakes and then cut into thin slices. One slice rubbed for a moment between the hands furnishes an average pipeful.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is already rubbed up for you. You pour it straight from the little blue can into the bowl of your pipe.

Both kinds pack nicely and burn freely and evenly to the bottom of the pipe.

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To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

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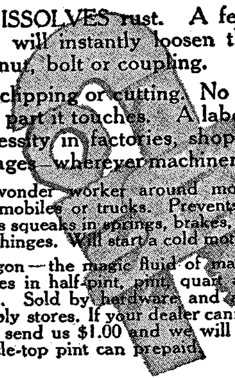

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(*Made by* Samuel Cabot, Inc.)

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS
Continued

poems, offering up incense to his wife, and reflecting complacently upon the pleasure he feels in leading the higher intellectual life. His wife keeps up her music, discourses upon the delights of Bach and Scarlatti, pities the poor Londoners for their feverish and unsatisfactory existences, and puts the finishing touch to the atmosphere of culture that pervades the domain by exchanging a few Italian sentences with her husband from time to time. They don't know much Italian, but they love to use the few phrases which they have acquired.

In such a village as Riseholme Mrs. Lucas is easily the queen. In all amusements she takes the lead, and especially is she the first to perceive and tread paths where the expansion of the mind and soul forms the goal. So the lady is hardly pleased when one of her friends suddenly appears with an Oriental in tow and calls upon all and sundry to look and admire. Mrs. Quantock is something of a faddist. From having devoted all her energies to fighting uric acid in the system she became an ardent follower of Christian Science and from that passed on to the study of Eastern thought. She has now acquired a *guru* or teacher, and before long all the society of Riseholme is attending classes, doing postures and deep breathing, and calling upon the name of Om. It is an instructive study in methods to follow the ingenious way in which Lucia contrives to wrest the *guru* from Mrs. Quantock's hands and take charge of him herself, and no less admirable is the manner in which, when the *guru* absconds with many valuables from the different houses to which he had entrée, she disarms suspicion and protects herself and her friends from the ridicule which should have been theirs.

And then, into this cultured, self-satisfied circle there arrives a singer and her husband, a frank, kindly, unaffected woman who likes the friendly atmosphere of Riseholme so well that she buys a house of which to make as much of a home as a woman in her position is permitted to have. Lucia is clever enough to perceive that her power is threatened and regards Olga Bracely with suspicion while welcoming her warmly.

Shortly after moving into her new house, Olga gives a "silly" party, the invitations to which are very informal and in which she says that games and dancing are to be the order of the evening. This does not please Lucia. Hitherto, intellectual diversions have been the only ones in favor in Riseholme, and to find herself one of an assemblage playing clumps or dancing to the music of a gramophone is a distinct degradation. The introduction of a gramophone in particular is little short of a crime, for Lucia has always made a point of shuddering whenever she happened to hear one, so consistency demands that she leave the party when the gaiety is at its height. Mrs. Bracely's supper, too, is quite beyond what Riseholme generally offers, and the champagne and the caviar sandwiches have a good deal to do with Lucia's tart comment to her one-time ardent adorer, Georgie Pillson.

"As far as I know Riseholme, and perhaps I know it a little better than dear Mrs. Bracely, Riseholme does not care for that sort of thing. It is not quite in our line; we may be right or wrong, I am sure I do not know, but, as a matter of fact, we *don't* care for that sort of thing. Dear Mrs. Bracely did her very best last night; I am sure she was prompted only by the most hospitable motives; but how should she know? Peppino counted nineteen empty champagne-bottles. . . . Art is not advanced by romping, and we are able to enjoy ourselves without two hundred caviar sandwiches being left over."

Not long after this Olga sent out cards for an evening at home, "with music," in the lower left-hand corner. It happened to be a wet afternoon, and Lucia, seeing from the window Olga's closed motor coming from the station with four men inside, jumps at once to the conclusion that Olga has hired the awful string quartet from Brinton that plays in the hotel lounge after dinner. She rather wonders that a woman so accustomed to good music should hire the Brinton quartet, but she remembers the gramophone and her doubts vanish. Lucia has already accepted Olga's invitation, so she sets out prepared to wince at any wrong notes that may be played, for she is the recognized authority on music in her circle and her rendering of the first movement of the "Moonlight Sonata" (the next two are more difficult) always evokes the applause of a sigh. The music, a Beethoven quartet, has already begun when she arrives, and she slips into a chair, preparing to be enthusiastic over that tho critical of the performers.

"Olga came up to her when it was over.

"'So glad you could come,' she said. 'Aren't they divine?'

"Lucia gave her a most indulgent smile.

"'Perfect music! Glorious!' she said. 'And they really played it very creditably. But I am a little spoiled, you know, for the last time I heard that it was performed by the Spanish Quartet. I know one ought never to compare, but have you ever heard the Spanish Quartet, Mrs. Bracely?'

"Olga looked at her in surprize.

"'But they are the Spanish Quartet!' she said, pointing to the players."

One can hardly imagine a worse fiasco than that, but another was to come, proceeding, as it should, from Lucia's own pretensions.

An Italian composer comes down to see Olga and to offer her his new opera. He speaks little English, and the singer, in perfect innocence, having heard that the Lucases always speak Italian at home, invite them to dinner. They are completely routed, but again our admiration is excited by the ingenious way in which Lucia rights herself in the eyes of Riseholme by intimating to her friends that Signor Cortese was a Neapolitan and spoke a dialect quite unintelligible to those who really understood the pure language. Later on, after Olga has departed for a tour in America, she begins to recall things of which no one else has the least remembrance.

"How she had discust music with Signor Cortese and he had asked her where she had her musical training. Such a treat to talk Italian with a Roman—*lingua Toscana in bocca Romana*—and what a wonderful evening it was!"

The book is lacking in what we are constantly told is necessary for a good novel. There is not much plot; there is no love interest; there is no climax—the book just stops (much to our regret) after chronicling one more Riseholme failure in the line of spirit manifestation. But it is long since one has seen such a masterly bit of satire, such a piece of character-study as Lucia. She has played with her mental integrity for so long, she has so constantly refused to look herself and her motives in the face, that she has become impervious to truth in any form—a fearful spectacle.

Depending on miracles

MOTHER leaves them with a sigh of relief, feeling they will be safe until school is out in the afternoon. She is thankful for the well-equipped school which trains their little minds and bodies for six hours of the busy day.

She takes it for granted the school is safe. She knows it has fire drills. She has seen its fire escapes.

She never thinks, any more than the school and city authorities, what a miracle it is when a fire drill in actual fire works as it does in practice! But isn't it a miracle for children to keep a drill when unchecked flames are pouring up from the basement, cutting off the stairs, filling the building with stifling gases and smoke; flames bursting out windows and across fire escapes? Isn't it a miracle under real fire conditions like these that children do not always break into a wild panic that crushes and maims them even before fire destroys?

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS
Continued

TWO FRENCHWOMEN IN AMERICA

SEEING ourselves as others see us is an occupation for which we Americans have a veritable passion. And when the observers are two such charming and generously disposed persons as the sisters Countess Madeleine and Mlle. Jacqueline de Bryas, who collaborate in giving "A Frenchwoman's Impressions of America" (The Century Company), the sight is, indeed, a most agreeable one, which we may be easily pardoned for enjoying.

Altho their mother was an American, born in Philadelphia and a direct descendant of George Clymer, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and a framer of the Constitution of the United States, neither of the sisters had ever visited this country before the spring of 1918, when at the request of the American Committee for Devastated France, of which Miss Anne Morgan was the head, they came here to aid its work.

Countess Madeleine de Bryas had made pro-Ally speeches in Spain, as well as doing other war-work, so when asked to come to the United States she hesitated only a very little while, tho before the war anything of the kind would have been "quite an unheard-of proceeding for a French *femme du monde!*" Her sister accompanied her, and for six months the two traveled through the country, going from coast to coast, making speeches first for the Third Liberty Loan and afterward for war-propaganda; "my work was to consist mostly in making speeches to spur on war-work in shipping plants, labor temples, and in factories engaged on munitions, airplanes, and various other war-productions."

In a pleasant, chatty style the sisters tell of their encounters with the ubiquitous reporters: "we concluded that they grew like mushrooms, springing up in a single night"; with Pullman sleeping-cars, which at first gave them "the feeling of entering a catacomb . . . there in semiobscurity were feet, legs, arms, and occasionally heads protruding from behind long, green curtains," with ice-water, American women both in and out of uniform, American hospitality, and many other things, including, of course, the chewing-gum habit. With this last they first became acquainted in an elevator. Four men were ascending with them, and, "pityingly, I concluded that one was suffering from an unlucky affliction of the jaw, so I transferred my glance to his neighbor. But he, too, seemed to have the same affliction. So I thought I would rest my eyes by looking at the next one. Good Heavens! He was no different from the other two, and when I looked at the fourth I was astonished to find that he also was making his mouth move in the same rabbit-like manner." But, of course, it was the effect, not of jaw disease, but of gum.

In New York and Washington and San Francisco, and in many other cities, they were welcomed and fêted. Speaking fluent English, they were spared many of the troubles of the average foreigner. They were introduced to the genial cocktail and to the ice-cream soda—which latter they found a "blissful beverage—in the hot American weather a real drink for the gods"—as well as to many interesting and distinguished people. Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt entertained them at Oyster Bay, Colonel House in New York. "One might easily imagine that the Americans have nothing to do but to entertain foreigners; and yet we know they are busy people. . . . They lavished their time on us until we found them adorable."

In the West the sisters were received and entertained no less enthusiastically than in the East—tho how they ever lived through the positively appalling schedule prepared for them is a mystery. Traveling constantly, and making anywhere from three to six speeches a day, it seems little less than miraculous that the break-down did not come long before the Pacific coast was reached. But their impressions of the West are as lively as those of the East—especially their impressions of the thronging motor-cars. "For them"—the Westerners—"houses are places in which they occasionally sleep in winter, when the weather is too cold for out-of-door life. . . . Their homes do not give one the feeling of being inhabited, but rather the impression of a place through which one rushes. The people seldom stay at home, as they scarcely ever take their meals there, going out to the club or restaurant for them."

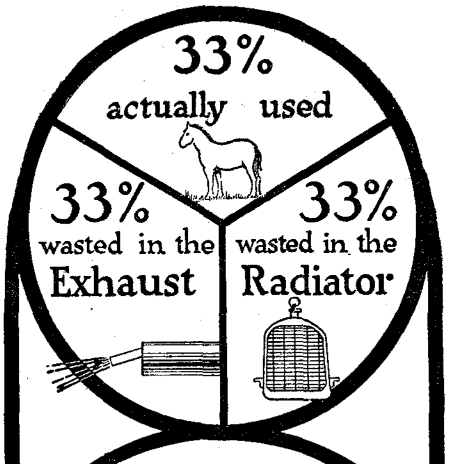
It is, of course, war-time America which we here find pictured, and "in every town we went to I always held a meeting at the Red Cross rooms, where hundreds of women were making surgical dressings for the hospitals and garments for the refugees. . . . The Red Cross organization was another proof of the extraordinary unity that reigned throughout the whole country. The amount of work accomplished was stupendous from what I could judge when . . . I was taken to examine the work accomplished by these devoted women."

Every luncheon or dinner to which they were invited was, of course, strictly "Hooverized," and everywhere were women in uniform. "American women look very smart and alert in their uniforms, having a particularly businesslike appearance," yet the writer admits that she, being a Frenchwoman, has "no personal interest in women's uniforms," and found them more than a little puzzling. "In France, a woman always looks unmistakably feminine. But in America it often happened that I could not make out to which sex the wearer of the uniform belonged. . . . I suppose Christopher Columbus was as puzzled as I was then when he landed on the new continent, wondering which were the Indians and which were their wives."

American generosity and American idealism impress the sisters profoundly. "Americans seem literally to lavish their hearts upon one, pouring them forth freely and yet having a reserve to the point of overflowing. . . . Their reputation of being above all businesslike is quite wrong judgment, given by foreigners who have certainly seen nothing beyond Wall Street. . . . Americans are dominated by their hearts and easily carried away by their emotions and their ideals."

The American conception of life, especially as held in the West, seemed to them "far superior to that of the rest of the world . . . the great beauty of their way of looking at life resides in the fact that the upper classes wish the others to benefit as much as possible by the same advantages and joys as they themselves have. . . . It is truly democracy in the most beautiful sense of the word, life as it will be understood later by all. . . . I had never before found that attitude; nor had I thought that such principles were applied on this planet!"

But for all their admiration and their



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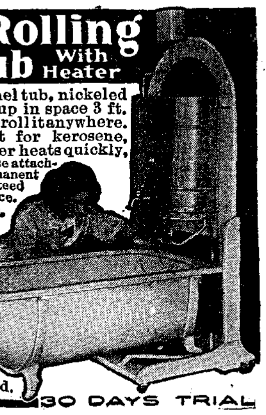

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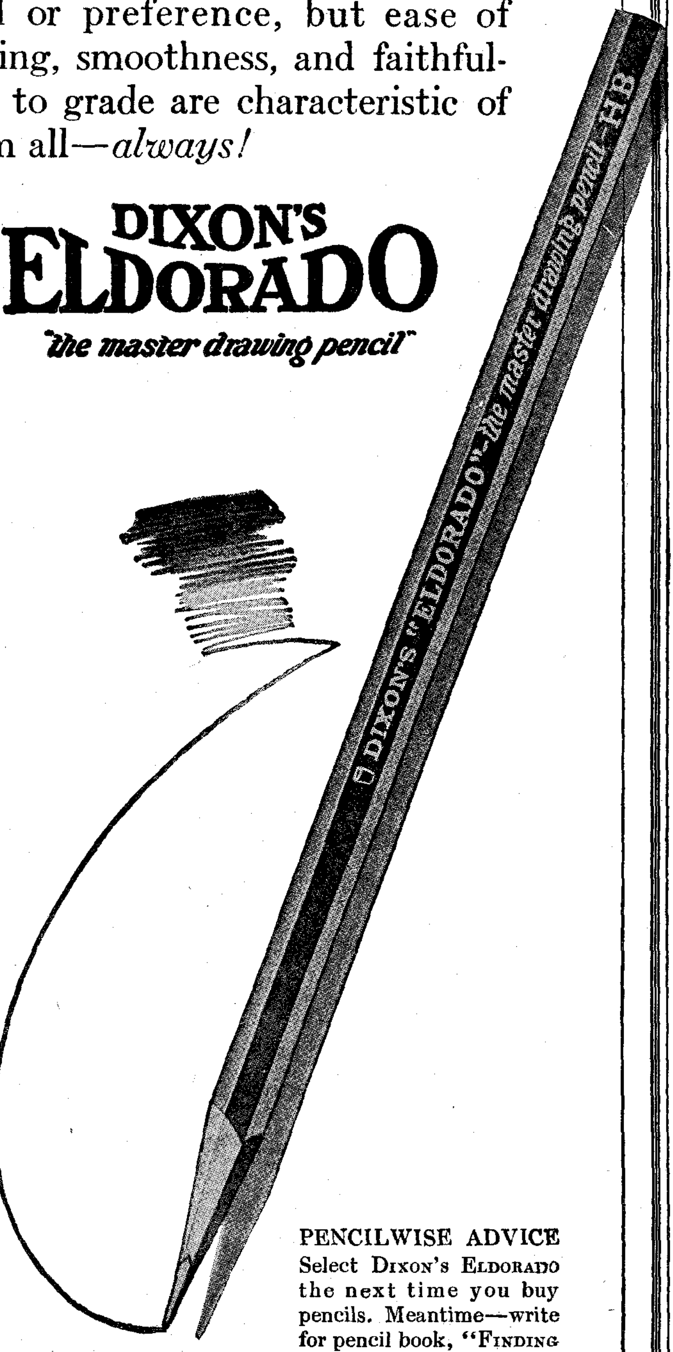
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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS
Continued

generous view-point, the Countess and her sister sound at least one note of warning: "America in many respects is to-day steering for her moral pole toward despotism." It is, perhaps, a note worth heeding.

BITING THE BITERS

"'MY name is Drew. I wish to find a Mr. Charles Arthur Carter. Can you tell me where he is likely to be at this hour?'"

The query was voiced in the little town of Hamilton, some twenty miles from New York City. It was addrest to the languid clerk of the sole hostelry in the place by a portly stranger with a humorous eye. The clerk showed concern.

"'Come-On Charley? You say you're looking for him. . . . Anything wrong?'

"A curious light twinkled in Mr. Drew's eyes.

"'Why, as to that, Mr. ——'

"'Teeters—Percival Teeters.'

"'I don't think you would call it trouble—I am quite sure you would not.'

"'Because,' explained Mr. Teeters, 'Come-On is a good boy. He's the best boxer in town and strong as a goat. But he's easy James all right. He's held the bag till he's got warts on his hands as big as waffles. What's doing?'"

Mr. Drew had come on a pleasing errand. But the spirit of mischief stirred in him, and he exaggerated the pleasantness considerably. He was the bearer of a small fortune to Charley, willed to him by an uncle who had left town broke years earlier, and on whom Charley had prest his own lone silver dollar. This dollar had grown to be ten thousand, and that sum the lawyer stood ready to deliver to the heir. But that imp of mischief caused him to exaggerate. When he had told Teeters of the agreeable nature of his mission, that gentleman was greatly moved.

"'How much is it?' he squeaked.

"'How much?' Mr. Drew hesitated a bare second. 'Two million dollars.'"

Reeling, Teeters goes to seek Charley, who is at the moment playing pool in the back room. He is a shoe clerk, but has the morning off because his boss is busy burying his mother-in-law. He is a "compactly built, muscular young fellow, of medium height, with a broad and not ill-favored countenance. The eyes were hazel and serious-looking, with long, dark lashes. The nose was straight and the mouth wide and full-lipped. It was a face expressive of profound good nature, and the other man felt a twinge of compunction for his misstatement to Mr. Teeters. He had multiplied Charley's legacy two hundredfold to give himself a moment's pleasantry, and now he would have to dash those hopes risen high."

But he doesn't. It seems easier to let the idea stand. And then—

"'Two million dollars,' Mr. Drew said musingly, 'is a force behind a man that translates him into a mighty power. The common knowledge that he is seized of so much money makes him irresistible. He doesn't have to show it to get what he wants; he doesn't really have to use it. The mere repute for great wealth unlocks all doors before him. And to the man himself, if he's of the right sort, the sense of possession is dynamic; it gives him an impetus and assurance that carry him to success. What do you say, Mr. Carter? Am I speaking by the card?'

"'Sure,' said Charley, seriously."

They dispense with the reading of the will, at Mr. Drew's suggestion, but he tells Charley there is one thing to be noted.

"'You are not to be placed in possession of your two million right away. The fact is—er—you are expected to turn a trick or two with that ten thousand first. . . . The two million are back of you, remember—the dynamic sense of possession; but—er—Well, you get me, don't you, Mr. Carter?'

"Charley looked straight into his questioner's eyes, soberly and steadily.

"'I get you,' he answered, and looked away."

Thereupon the adventures of Charley, detailed in "Come-On Charley" (Bobbs-Merrill), begin. They take you through a good-sized book, and there is a sweep and dash to them that carries you with quite a breathless interest to their ending. Among the many we pick out one as typical. There is no room to give more. Let it be realized that Charley has come to New York and put up at one of the more splendid hotels. That he has brought Mr. Teeters with him, at the latter's own suggestion, as his private secretary. That he has backed a show and made money at it, having consented to appear each evening with the Caroling Canaries, whom he had befriended to the extent of putting two thousand dollars at their disposal. His fortune has trebled with that venture, and another, where Charley came out at the right end of the two-bag trick. Now for the adventure of the stolen ruby.

It is at Mouchard's, "where you pay more for a lobster than at any other place on earth," that Charley and Teeters run into Drew. So far, tho they have called at his office once or twice, they have failed to meet him. Drew seeks at first to evade the two, but perceiving this can not be done, puts on a bold front and waves a beckoning napkin at them.

After greetings, Drew tackles the subject in his mind.

"'Been to the office to see me about your fortune?'"

But Charley explains that it was only a friendly call, tells him he has managed, by good luck, to increase his ten to thirty, and relates, briefly, his set-tos with various tricksters—in which the tricksters have come out at the small end of the horn. Teeters adds joyfully that they have a new graft, "robbing robbers."

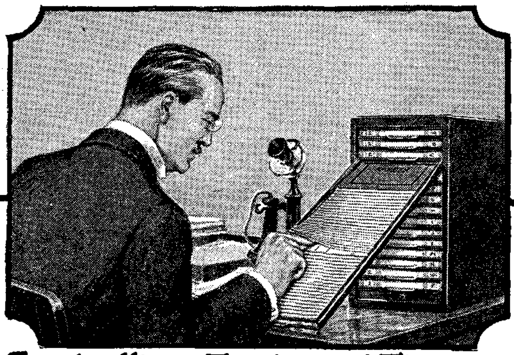
Drew is amused, but impress too. And he asks them why, if that is their specialty, they don't keep a look-out for Brahma's Eye, the great oriental ruby that was stolen in Paris from Morton Butler, who bought it of an Indian prince for his collection, paying one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for it. At this moment a gentleman, Major Norris, for whom Charley and his secretary had been waiting, approached. Drew, declining an introduction, bows himself away. Norris remarks upon his jovial aspect. "Actor?" he inquires.

"'He's Come-On's lawyer,' spoke up Mr. Teeters, importantly.

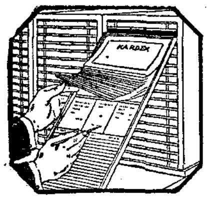
"'Ah, I see,' was Major Norris's simple comment . . . and he went on with his cassolette of lobster a shade thoughtfully."

The three then discuss the famous eye. Of course Major Norris had heard of it; why, all the papers were full of the theft, as Charley would have known if he ever looked at anything but the sporting page. Cleverly done. No ordinary thieves.

And then the Major confesses he is in a



Controlling Facts and Figures at Your Command Instantly



THE important data on every card in Kardex is always in plain sight—instantly accessible—a glance, a flip of the finger and the desired facts or figures are before you.

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It is really worth your while to see Kardex—to know all its many distinct time and money saving advantages.

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When tired foot muscles allow the arches to fall, it results in aching feet, weak ankles, bunions, corns, finally flat foot, as shown

Dr. Scholl's "Foot-Eazer" relieves overstrained foot muscles, and nerves by supporting the arch and evenly distributing the weight. Invisibly worn inside any shoes

Are you trying to go forward on feet that hold you back?

Do your feet *never* let you forget them? They feel rheumatic, so much soreness and pain is there. Such a feeling of fatigue, of nervous strain, of general inefficiency, comes upon you.

When your feet tire, when they begin to cramp and pain, when your legs ache, and corns, callouses and bunions appear, it means just one thing: the muscles and ligaments supporting the foot arches over which the body's weight is distributed and carried, are beginning to weaken and let the arches sag.

Weak foot and fallen arches are the direct precursors of flat foot—with its train of miseries.

Weak feet need scientific support

The best corrective for this trouble is to supply a gentle mechanical support to the weak arch—the exact purpose for which Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, the eminent foot authority, has devised his Foot-Eazer. Like all of Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Appliances, it is built according to accepted orthopedic principles to relieve and permanently correct the cause of foot weakness.

The Foot-Eazer is a scientific foot arch cushion, devised to support the arch and relieve the strain and pressure on tired foot muscles. It is easily adjusted to any foot and comfortably worn inside any shoes, high or low heels. It is light and springy and cannot break down the shank of the shoe.

An examination and fitting for *your individual foot*

A shoe or department store near you carries Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazer and other Foot Comfort Appliances. There you will find a graduate Practipedist—a foot expert trained in Dr. Scholl's own methods. Have him examine your feet, without charge.

He will fit to your shoe and adjust to *your own individual foot, for your own particular trouble*, the Dr. Scholl Appliance you need.

With the proper Dr. Scholl device fitted to your *individual* foot, you will enjoy immediate relief and permanent correction. Don't put it off; you *can* have active, comfortable, rested feet.

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS
Continued

little difficulty, and would they be willing to help him out.

"'Sure!' Charley responded. 'How much?'"

But the Major waves the suggestion aside. It isn't that sort of a fix. It is his daughter. She arrives to-morrow on the *Veronica* from London, and at the last minute he is prevented from meeting her. He has no one to send, unless? Would they do him the great kindness?

Sure! The Major had a picture of his child with him, a lovely thing. As Teeters cries, they'd know her in a million. But how will she know them?

That is easy. A wireless from father, and the two to wear white roses. They arrive rather late, fearful they have missed the lady. But she is still there, "a beautiful girl, small and slender, seated in a low wicker chair, saucily indifferent to the baleful glare of a big, burly old gentleman with a bulbous nose who stood menacingly over her. . . . She was indolently picking at a five-pound box of candied fruit which lay in her lap . . . as Carter and Teeters walked in. . . . . .

"'Charley!' she called out in a glad voice. This absence of formality staggered yet delighted Mr. Carter, and, it may be added, surprized him. . . . 'Charley,' she chattered on, 'do tell these horrid people that I am a perfectly proper person, and you've known me for ages. They've been frightfully disagreeable.'"

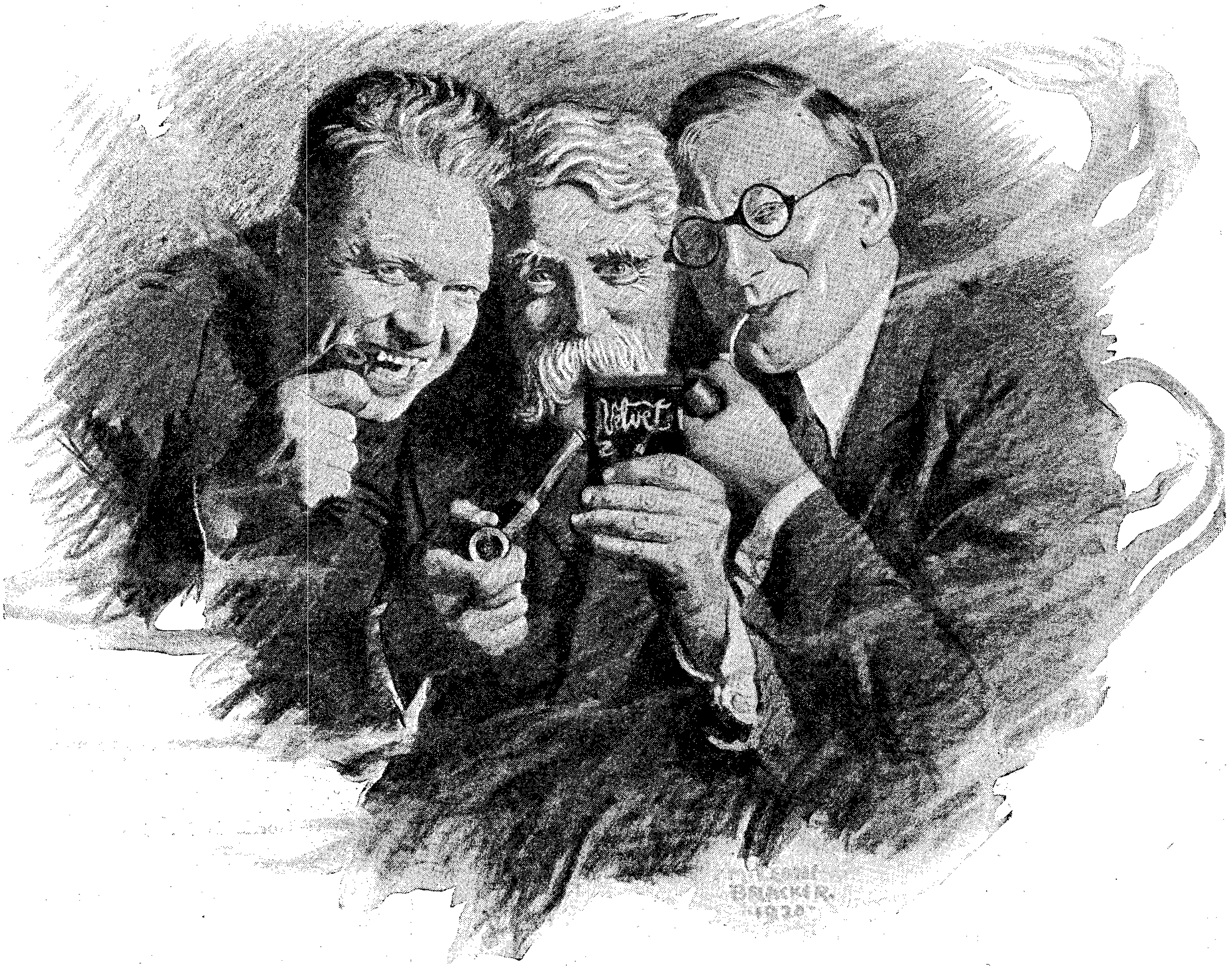
There were two Treasury agents in the room ranged beside the old gentleman. As Charley stept forward, the girl, holding her box of sweets against her breast with one hand, rose and, drawing him to her with the other, kissed him impetuously. "Help me," she breathed in his ear. It affected Charley. He glared at the old gentleman, and wanted to know what the trouble was, and who is he, anyhow? This lady is a friend of his, so is her father, Major Norris. The girl gives the information with a malicious smile.

"'Why, it's Mr. Morton Butler. He owns everything in sight except, I am told, a ruby called the Brahma's Eye. . . . He thinks, Charley,' she gurgled, 'that I have his ruby. He's been watching me like a cat all the way over. Oh, I'd like to see papa's face when he hears of it! Mr. Teeters, do hold this for me,' and she thrust the box of crystallized fruit in his arms. 'I want to find my handkerchief.'"

She wipes away the tears of laughter, and sinks back into her chair. But Mr. Butler is unmoved. He insists that she shall be searched before leaving the ship, asserts that her actions in Paris were suspicious, and refuses to be moved from his position by either the girl's appeals or Charley's statements. At that the girl demands the protection of her father's presence, and refuses to allow a finger to be laid on her till he arrives. She appeals passionately to Charley to go and get her father.

"'Sure thing,' rejoined Mr. Carter. 'Guess the Major'll make him dance?' He moved swiftly toward the door.

"'Go with him, Mr. Teeters.' The girl ran to the secretary and urged him on. 'Tell my father he must drop everything and come, if it costs him millions. No! No!' she broke out petulantly, as he would have returned the box of fruit to her. 'Keep it for me. Get my father. . . . . .'"



Ain't It So—

Of wrinkles on men's faces, thar's but two important styles,
The ones that's made from worries, an' the ones that's
made from smiles.
The first won't get you anywhar; the other kind impart
Good cheer to folks around you, and keep youth within
your heart.

Velvet Joe

Fill your pipe with Velvet, that smoothest of America's tobaccos.

Light up, lean back! And get that fragrant *aroma* while you're enjoying the mellow, good old *taste* of Kentucky's "heart-leaf" Burley. Now try to frown! *You can't do it.*

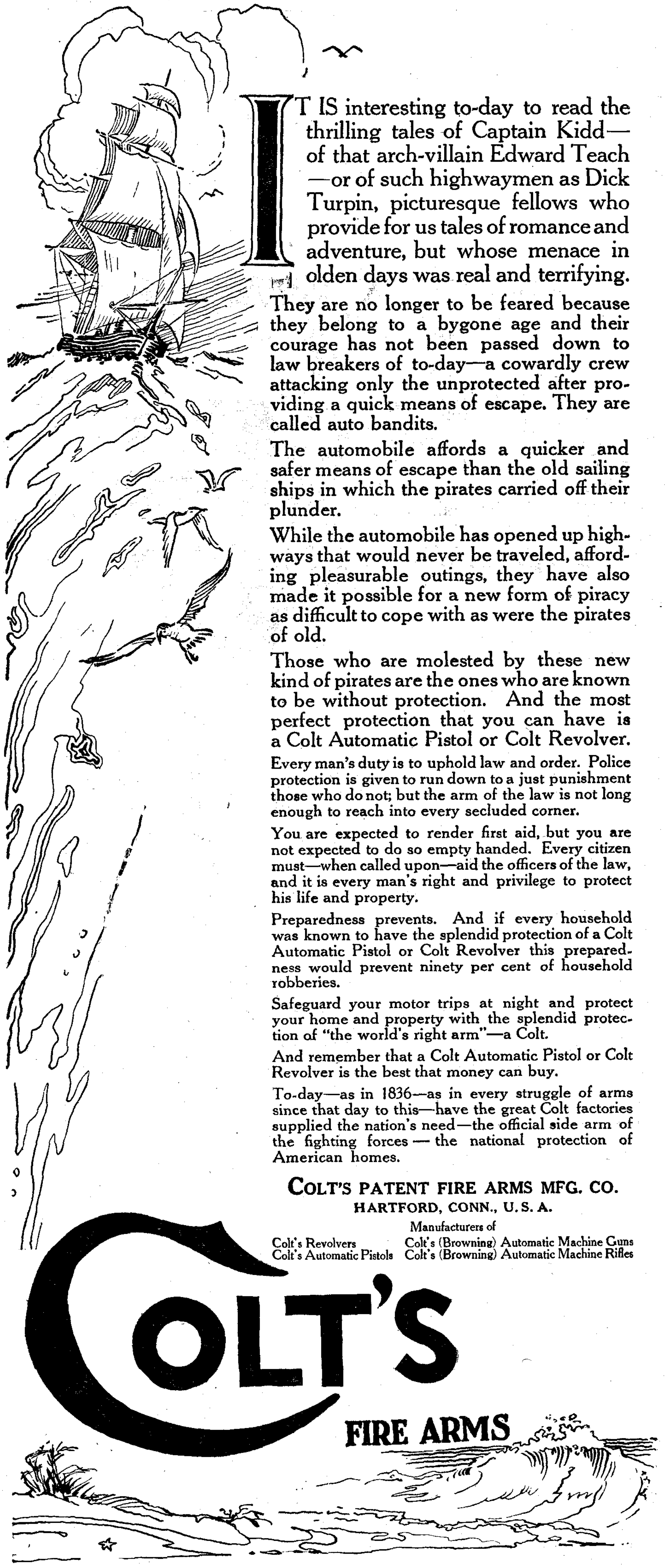
You just naturally smile, contentedly. Nature *built* that contentment into Velvet during its two years ageing in wooden hogsheads.

A little more good fellowship—a few more pipes of Velvet—a few more laughs, and this old world would wag the better.

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Velvet
TOBACCO
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

America's smoothest smoke



IT IS interesting to-day to read the thrilling tales of Captain Kidd—of that arch-villain Edward Teach—or of such highwaymen as Dick Turpin, picturesque fellows who provide for us tales of romance and adventure, but whose menace in olden days was real and terrifying.

They are no longer to be feared because they belong to a bygone age and their courage has not been passed down to law breakers of to-day—a cowardly crew attacking only the unprotected after providing a quick means of escape. They are called auto bandits.

The automobile affords a quicker and safer means of escape than the old sailing ships in which the pirates carried off their plunder.

While the automobile has opened up highways that would never be traveled, affording pleasurable outings, they have also made it possible for a new form of piracy as difficult to cope with as were the pirates of old.

Those who are molested by these new kind of pirates are the ones who are known to be without protection. And the most perfect protection that you can have is a Colt Automatic Pistol or Colt Revolver.

Every man's duty is to uphold law and order. Police protection is given to run down to a just punishment those who do not; but the arm of the law is not long enough to reach into every secluded corner.

You are expected to render first aid, but you are not expected to do so empty handed. Every citizen must—when called upon—aid the officers of the law, and it is every man's right and privilege to protect his life and property.

Preparedness prevents. And if every household was known to have the splendid protection of a Colt Automatic Pistol or Colt Revolver this preparedness would prevent ninety per cent of household robberies.

Safeguard your motor trips at night and protect your home and property with the splendid protection of "the world's right arm"—a Colt.

And remember that a Colt Automatic Pistol or Colt Revolver is the best that money can buy.

To-day—as in 1836—as in every struggle of arms since that day to this—have the great Colt factories supplied the nation's need—the official side arm of the fighting forces — the national protection of American homes.

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COLT'S
FIRE ARMS

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

Continued

They hurry. The customs man casts an eye at the box—which has no lid on it, and passes it with a grin. But as they got into their waiting car a mischance happened. "Charley's foot was on the running-board when he held back and motioned Teeters to jump in first. . . . In some way his foot encountered Charley's foot, he tript . . . the fruit was scattered all over the floorcloth. . . . .

"'Gee!' ejaculated Charley. 'That's a muss. Have to get another lot. Jump in in front, Skeeters. I'll chuck this stuff out as we go along.'

"He did. He left a trail of plums, pears, apricots, and what-not all the way from Eighteenth Street to Twenty-third Street, where the supply gave out. Then he leaned back in the seat and gave himself up to reflection."

At the hotel they find the Major has not returned, but since his engagement was for ten, and it is nearly eleven, he must soon be back. Charley sends Teeters out for a fresh box of fruit, with which he returns, anxiously bewailing the lateness of the Major and the consequent uneasiness of the lovely daughter. A man approaches, spruce and businesslike. A bell-hop has pointed Carter out to him. His name, he says, is Jones, and he has come to say that Norris may be detained another hour. Teeters explains to him the fix Miss Norris is in. He seems more amused than disturbed, but says he'll hurry back and get the Major to hot-foot it down there. Had she, by the way, sent any special word, or anything?.

Just the candy, but they were to keep that for her. However, Jones says they've had bother enough, and he'll take it along and leave it with Norris.

In a short while after this Miss Norris appears, and tells them she decided there had been a hitch in getting father, and that she let them search her to get away. Even then they weren't satisfied. They had her followed, but she had been able to give them the slip. Most amusing. But she stops laughing when she hears about Jones. And when, on asking for her fruit, she is told that Jones has it, she suddenly collapses into a chair. Just then the Major, extraordinarily dishevelled, rushes in, screaming to the girl, "'Madeleine, has Skelton been here?'"

Teeters is utterly bewildered. Charley looks interested. The girl pulls herself together, and shuts up the broken Norris. She begs the two young men not to think him crazy. This Skelton, or Jones as he called himself, is a scamp against whom she had warned her father—"Now, well, now they must get him, that's all. Will the two of them help."

"'Sure,' responded Charley, blithely."

They take his car, and do not notice that they are followed by another. On the way Charley sees Drew, stops and gets him in, too. They reach the lair of the wicked Jones, but the bird has flown.

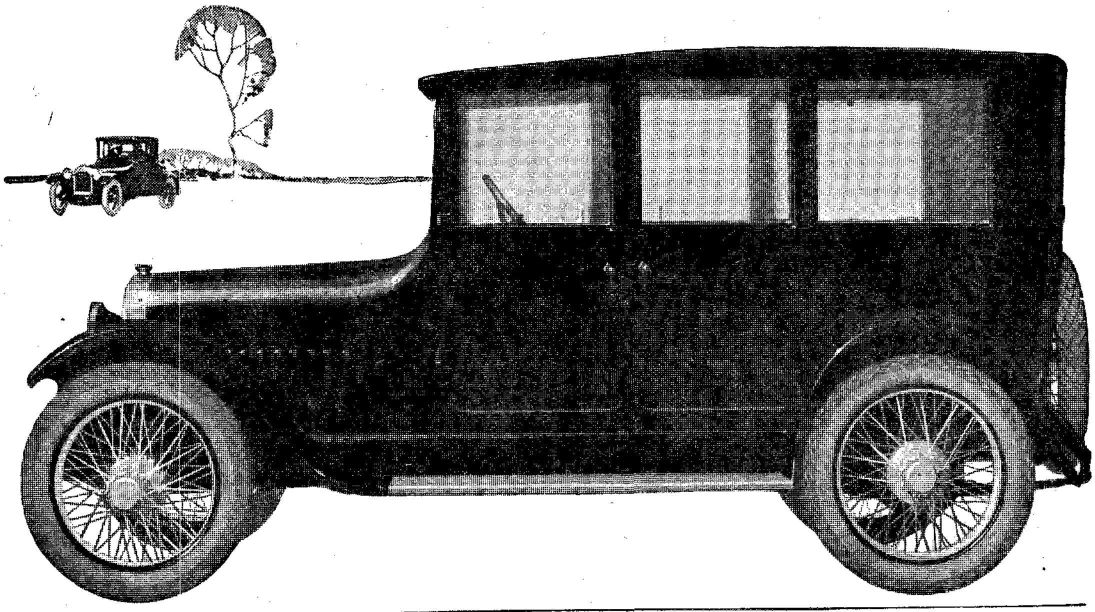
"Miss Norris glanced round, and her eyes came to rest on her father's face. He moved away from her as if a dagger-thrust had been delivered at him. Then from between the girl's pearly teeth shot a word. . . . . . .

"'Bilked!'"

She turned to go, but at this instant Teeters discovers the box of candied fruit, emptied into a waste-paper basket. Amazed, he carries it to the table and

Oakland

OAKLAND OWNERS REPORT RETURNS OF FROM 18 TO 25 MILES PER GALLON OF GASOLINE AND FROM 8,000 TO 12,000 MILES ON TIRES



THIS NEW OAKLAND SENSIBLE SIX FOUR DOOR SEDAN IS POWERED WITH THE FAMOUS 44-HORSEPOWER, OVERHEAD-VALVE OAKLAND ENGINE

THE basic factor in the value of this new Oakland Sensible Six Sedan is usefulness. The car is built to serve. Every element in it—its ample power, its spacious comfort, its shelter against all weather—is designed to contribute to efficient personal transportation. Smoothly and reliably it does all that any car can do, and does it at exceedingly moderate cost. The present model embodies the same scientifically light weight construction responsible for Oakland's fine performance in the past. A longer wheelbase, a refined and strengthened chassis, now make it an even more desirable investment than before.

OPEN CAR, $1395; ROADSTER, $1395; FOUR DOOR SEDAN, $2065; COUPE, $2065. F. O. B. PONTIAC, MICH. ADDITIONAL FOR WIRE WHEEL EQUIPMENT $85

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Pontiac, Michigan*

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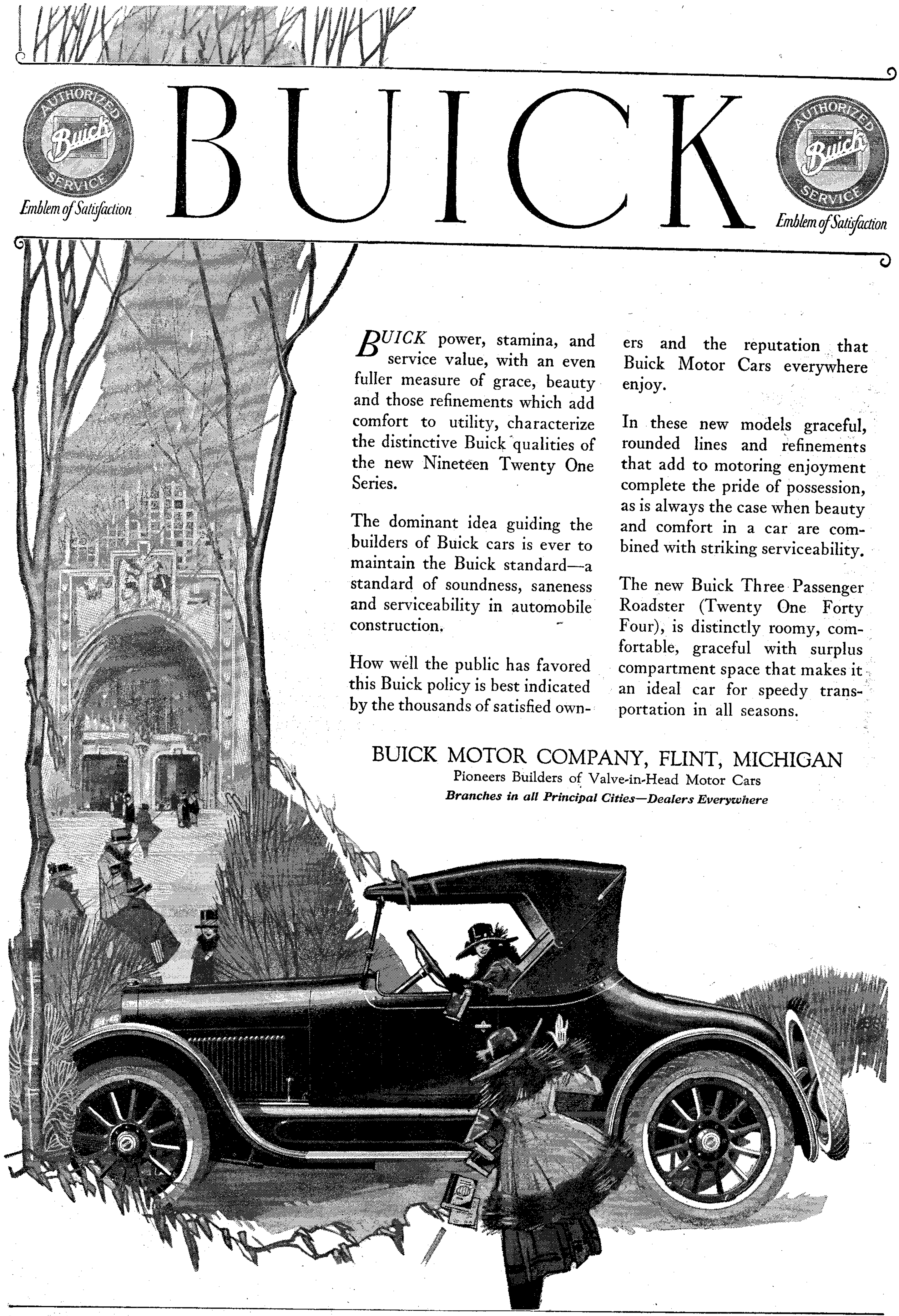

BUICK power, stamina, and service value, with an even fuller measure of grace, beauty and those refinements which add comfort to utility, characterize the distinctive Buick qualities of the new Nineteen Twenty One Series.

The dominant idea guiding the builders of Buick cars is ever to maintain the Buick standard—a standard of soundness, saneness and serviceability in automobile construction.

How well the public has favored this Buick policy is best indicated by the thousands of satisfied owners and the reputation that Buick Motor Cars everywhere enjoy.

In these new models graceful, rounded lines and refinements that add to motoring enjoyment complete the pride of possession, as is always the case when beauty and comfort in a car are combined with striking serviceability.

The new Buick Three Passenger Roadster (Twenty One Forty Four), is distinctly roomy, comfortable, graceful with surplus compartment space that makes it an ideal car for speedy transportation in all seasons.

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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

Continued

dumps it there. With a snarl the Major hurls himself upon it and begins to claw it over. But the girl looks at the box-lid, thrusts it under the Major's nose, crying, "'It's not mine!'"

Teeters explains. It's the one he gave Jones—the other—

"'Is still at the hotel?'"

The Major breathing hard, bends forward to get the answer. Then it is that Charley steps forward and elucidates:

"'No. Percy spilled it in the car. Accident. Pitched it out. Bought another—'"

He is stopt by the girl, who falls back on the bed of the tousled room in hysterics. "'It's the limit, the limit, the limit!'" she keeps shrieking. Drew stands aghast, pale with apprehension.

"'What does it all mean, Carter?'" he demands.

And here the door opens and Morton Butler appears.

"'Caught red-handed,'" is his comment, as he surveys the scene. But Drew steps forward. He has acted for him in a merger suit, and is recognized. He introduces Charley while the Major and his daughter prepare to leave.

"'You'll find two men waiting for you at the door,'" remarks the old millionaire, pleasantly. Upon which they decide to stay. And then he wants to know what the rest are doing in this mess, with these two crooks.

A few words impart the needful information. Jones has skipt, and the box of fruit, bought at Leroy's, lies there. The other, spilled in the street—

"'Good Heavens!'" groans poor Butler. "'Then the ruby is lost beyond recall—crusht, or swept up and carted away!'

"'So that's it!'" It was Drew, who has been putting two and two together and now sees how things stand. "Brought in tucked away in candied fruit."

Morton Butler sinks into a chair. "'I'd give twice the reward I offered to get that ruby back. . . . There's not another like it above ground. And—' he glared at the girl—'I'd give twice ten thousand dollars to jail the thieves.'"

But there is no proof, and when Miss Norris demands that they be allowed to go, and the secret-service agents be told they are to be let alone, Butler acquiesces. She calls a good-by to Charley, but catches his eye, and possibly reads a warning there. For she and the Major leave without further ado.

Charley turns to the dejected millionaire. "'Fifty thousand dollars reward for the ruby, you said. Mean it?'"

The old man nodded dully. This ruby was to him what an only child is to its mother.

"'All right. I can tell you where your ruby is. But you must promise that no one shall leave the room for thirty minutes.'"

And from an inside pocket Charley produces a wondrous stone, glowing and glorious.

"'Found it in a plum—big one—when I was chucking out that candied fruit. Had an idea I'd run across it. Wanted to see what the girl would do. Fun.'"

There are many varieties of green-goods men in New York, and Charley meets most of them. But he does not come off the worse for these encounters. At the end of the book he has a million, and when Drew tells him it's the only one he has, he smiles. He had guessed that long ago. And then, he is not interested in money just then, for there is a girl, a very dear and lovely girl.

MURDERING A DEAD WOMAN

THAT'S what it was, queer as it sounds. Madala Grey was dead, and word of her death comes to the little circle, the supposedly devoted group of friends and literary admirers in this wise:

"There was a heavy sound in the passage, a heavy sound of feet. It caught at my heart. It was a sound that I knew. They had come tramping up the stairs like that when they fetched away mother. Thud—stumble—thud! I shivered. But as the steps came nearer they belonged to but one man. The door was opened and the fog and the man entered. Every one turned to him with a queer, long flash of faces.

"'Kent!' cried Anita, welcoming him. Then her voice changed. 'Kent! What's wrong? What is it?'

"He shut the door behind us and stood, his back against it, staring at us, like a man stupefied.

"The Baxter girl broke in shrilly—

"'He's wired. He's had a wire!' She pointed to his clenched hand. . . . . .

"'A son,' he said dully.

"'Ah!' A cry from the corner eased the tension. Great-aunt Serle was clapping her hands together. . . . 'The good girl! The pretty— And a son too . . . . . .'

"Anita turned to her, her voice like a scourge—

"'Be quiet, mother!' Then—'Well, Kent? Well?'

"'Well?' he repeated after her.

"'Madala? How's Madala? Madala Grey?'

"'Dead!' he said.

"*Dead*. The word fell among the group of us in the circle of lamplight, like a plummet into a pool. *Dead*. For an instant one could hear the blank drop of it. Then we broke up into gestures and little cries, into a babel of dismay and concern and rather horrible excitement."

Madala, whose story is told in Clemence Dane's "Legend" (Macmillan), had been the genius of the group. Her three books had set all England by the ears. It was Anita who had "discovered her." It was Anita who had exploited her. It is Anita, who, now that Madala is dead, proposes to write a life of her.

It is Anita's young cousin, Jenny, who tells us the story. She is fresh from the country, and new to London's ideas and favorites. But the Baxter girl likes her and tells her something of what is going on. Madala, of course:

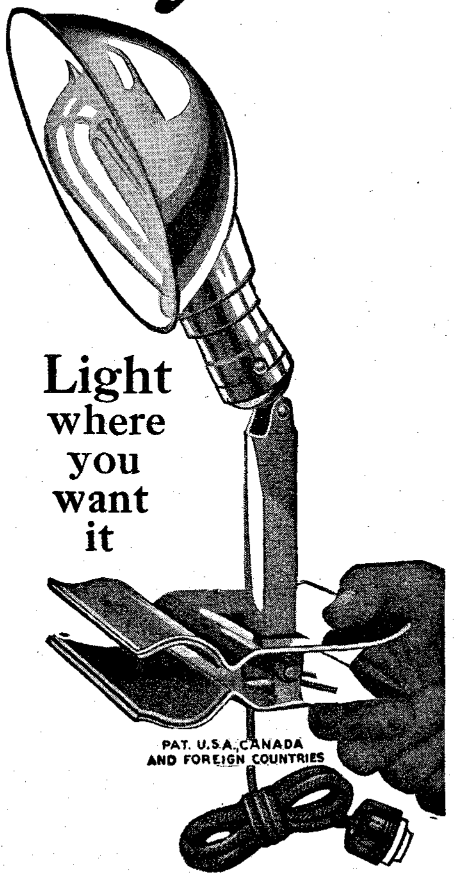
"'You mean to say you've never heard of Madala Grey? You've never read 'Eden Walls'? . . . My word, I envy you! I wish I were reading "Eden Walls" for the first time—or "Plowed Fields." I don't care so much for "The Resting-Place." She laughed. 'At least—one's not supposed to care about "The Resting-Place," you know. . . . . .'

"'What's wrong with it?'

"'Sentimental. Anita says so. She says she doesn't know what happened to her over "The Resting-Place."'"

This had happened. Madala had fallen in love, fallen in love with just a simple nice man, a man who cared nothing for literature but a great deal for Madala. Anita hated him. "Marriage," she said, "and all that it implies, was apostacy. I stand for literature. . . . Oh, I knew from the first what it would be! She could never do anything by halves. She had no moderation. The writing, the work, all that

"It Clamps Everywhere"



Adjusto-Lite
A FARBERWARE PRODUCT

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A NEW wonderful invention—ADJUSTO-LITE, a lamp that you can attach anywhere—to bed, shaving mirror, table, desk or chair. Stands perfectly wherever an ordinary lamp is used. Throws the light exactly where you need it most. Prevents eye strain. Cuts lighting cost.

Gripping clamp is felt-faced and cannot scratch. Compact. Durable. Solid brass. Guaranteed for five years.—**Price $5.75.**

Ask for Adjusto-Lite at the store
where you usually trade. If they
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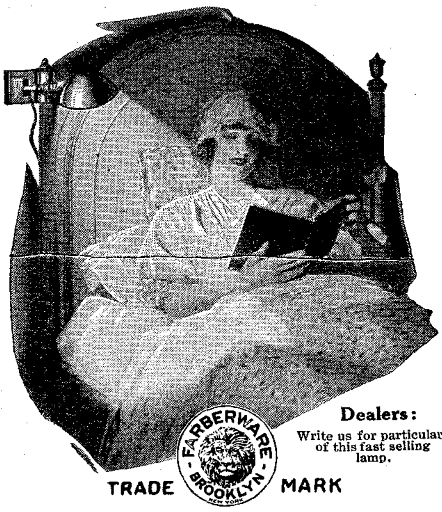
Prices in U.S.A., complete with 8-foot cord, plug and socket. Brush Brass finished, **$5.75;** *Statuary Bronze or Nickel finish,* **$6.25.** *Pacific Coast prices,* **25c** *per lamp higher.*



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TRADE FARBERWARE BROOKLYN NEW YORK MARK

Adjusto-Lite
A FARBERWARE PRODUCT

Your boy's hands are just itching for a rifle

When you were a boy, did you ever stand around and watch the other boys shooting at a target? Even if it was only a bottle or an old tin can, didn't you just fairly ache to get hold of the gun and have a try at it yourself?

It's just born in a boy—your boy—to want a gun. It's the best sport ever devised for a boy or man, and no boy will ever be satisfied until he owns a gun of his own, and learns to handle it and take care of it properly.

When you have bought your boy the gun he ought to have—a Daisy Air Rifle—take a little time with him and teach him how to use it. Then when he has learned to spot the center of the bull's eye, or pick a tin can off the post, at 25 yards, he has learned some of the real lessons of life that he will never learn from books. For it takes real self-control—control of eye, hand and nerves—to become a crack shot.

For over 30 years, the Daisy Air Rifle has been the favorite rifle of the American Boy. Millions of boys, now grown, learned their first lessons of manly sport and self-reliance with a Daisy.

The Daisy is a gun any boy can be proud to own. It looks just like a real high-powered hunting rifle, and shoots as straight within its range. Economical too; over 500 shots for 10 cents.

The Military Daisy, 50-shot repeater, looks surprisingly like the guns our boys carried "over there" with a strap and removable rubber-tipped bayonet........................$5.00

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The Daisy Pump Gun, 50-shot repeater, same pump action as found in the highest type of modern hunting rifles...$5.00

Other models, $1.00 to $4.00. Your dealer will show you the Daisy line, or any model sent direct from factory on receipt of price.

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Phil. B. Bekeart Co., Managers
717 Market St.
San Francisco, Cal.

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DAISY
AIR RIFLES

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS
Continued

made her what she was, tossed aside, for a whim, for a madness, for a man. I can't help it—it makes me bitter.'"

And now we get a picture of Madala with her husband, still through Anita's eyes. Anita had been to visit her where the two lived. "A pretty place. The sort of place she would choose. All roses. No conveniences. . . . He, you know, a poor-man's doctor! She told me that, too—flung it at me. She had an extravagant way of talking, manner more than anything else, of course, but to hear her you would almost think she was proud of the life they led. . . . I—I wished I hadn't gone. . . . It wasn't the husband . . . I hardly saw him. It was Madala herself. Changed . . . I remember sitting with her . . . we had been talking, . . . and she had grown flushed and had begun to stammer a little. You know her way. . . . She was tracing a parallel between the development of the novel and the growth of the woman movement—her old vein. Brilliant she was. And all at once she stopt and began staring in front of her. . . . I knew something big was coming. She could be—prophetic, sometimes. At last she said in a worried sort of way: 'I've a dreadful feeling that we're out of coffee and it's early closing.' No, I'm not exaggerating—her very words: And then some long rigmarole about Carey's appetite, and if she made the coffee black and strong she could persuade him to take more milk in it. Oh—pitiful! And in a moment she'd dashed off on a three-mile walk to the next village . . . it made me realize the effect he was having on her—stultifying! I always did dislike him. . . . He came in at tea-time . . . and when he opened the drawing-room door and found she was out, you should have seen his look! . . . And off he went at once to meet her, on his bicycle. . . . They didn't come back for hours. . . . I saw them from the window . . . and there was Madala Grey, perched on *his* bicycle, with a great bunch of that white parsley that grows in hedges . . . while he steadied her, and both of them *talking!* and as he helped her off she kissed him . . . and no word of apology to me. All she said was—why hadn't I seen that he had tea before he went after her? I think it's the only time I've ever seen Madala annoyed. No, you can't say marriage improved her. . . . I did persuade her to do some work while I was with her, but I soon saw that it was labor thrown away. Her heart wasn't in it. When it wasn't Carey it was the baby-clothes. For the sake of her reputation, it's as well that she died when she has. . . . . .

"'Do you think it was a little thing for me to see that pearl of great price—oh, not Madala Grey! I grew to hate her almost, that new Madala Grey—but the gift within her, her great, blazing genius—flung away, trampled on.'"

The talk goes on. And gradually Anita and the others prove to themselves that it was not Carey, Carey, whom they despise, that Madala loved.

"'She was in love with some one else . . . either some man none of us know, or—' her eyes flickered toward Kent Rehan."

Kent stands hidden in shadows, staring out of the window, indifferent to what is going on in the room. There are small exclamations, interest, excitement. Anita will not have it that Madala loved her husband. No; he was a mere refuge, an escape from a frustrated love-affair—perhaps from several.

"'Then, you know, the whole manner of the engagement was so unlike her usual triumphant way. . . . In the matter of the marriage she seems, so far as I can make out, to have been perfectly passive. She left everything to the man—arrangements, furniture—I imagine she even bought her clothes to please him. And the wedding itself—no reception, no presents, no notice to any one, so sudden, so private. Not a word even to her oldest friends. . . . There was something so furtive about it all: as if she were running away from something!'

"'D'you mean?—what do you mean, Anita? Are you hinting—?'

"'Only that it carries out my theory—of Carey as a refuge.'

"'From what?'

"'Life—frustration—what do you think I meant?'

"'I don't know. Nothing. It was my evil mind, I suppose.'

"'The marriage *was* sudden! . . . . . .

"'A seven months' child' . . . .

"Anita started.

"'I never suggested that,' she said sharply. But there was a quiver in her voice that was more excitement than anger.

Great-aunt Serle rouses at that. She won't allow her daughter, Anita, she won't have them all, reviling Madala, the dear, the kind . . . the marriage a hole-in-the-corner business, indeed, that nobody knew about? She knew . . . she was there . . . she pinned her veil for her and kissed and blest her. . . . . . .

So the old lady is hustled off to bed. Kent goes up to sit and talk with her, to soothe her. And down in the room the talk goes on, and Anita keeps insisting that there was some one else, perhaps not Kent, but some one. Finally she brings out a letter, the draft possibly of a letter, which she had picked up once at Madala's. It is a love-letter, beautiful, flaming, tender. It ends: "I love you. I shall love you till I die. Till—? As if death could blot you out for me! I used to believe in death. I used to believe that it ended everything. But now, since I've known you, I can never die. You've poured into me an immortal spirit—"

. . . "Why shouldn't it be written to Carey?" some one asks.

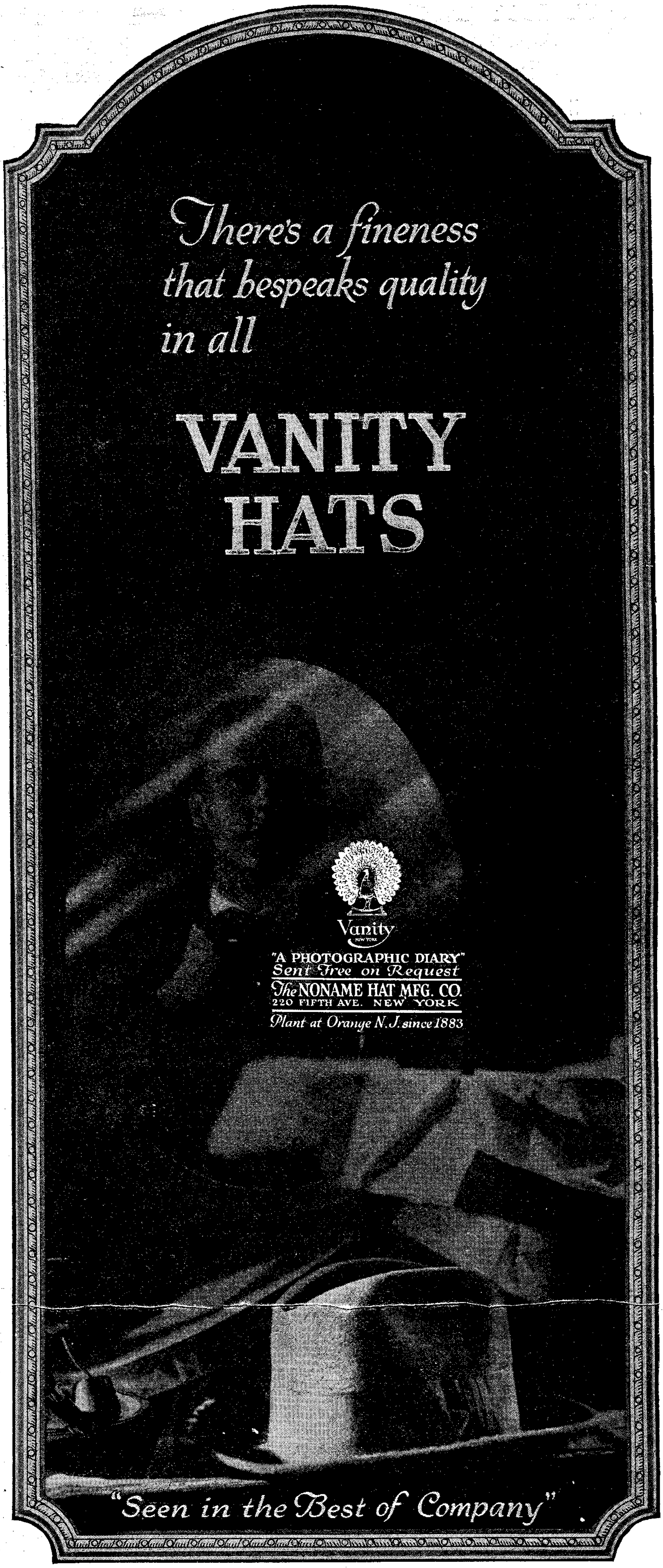
"'Oh, don't be absurd. It's Carey that makes it impossible. How could Carey have written a letter needing such an answer. Little he cared. . . . Isn't it obvious, isn't it as plain as print, that Carey happened, Carey and all he stands for, *after* the writing of this letter, because of some hitch. . . . What happened? What folly, what disillusionment? . . . To send her, with that letter half written, into Carey's arms? Carey, that stick, that ordinary man. . . . Wait till I've made my book. Wait till I've sifted my evidence, till I've ranged it, stick and brick, step by step, up, up, to the letter.'

"Suddenly, from where he sat, half-way between me and them (since he had come down-stairs again), Kent spoke—

"'Anita, you can't publish that letter. . . . it's not decent . . . it's not right, it's not fair. . . . . . .'"

There was a furious response from Anita. The whole group, except Jenny, sided with her. Anita insinuates that only in case of a right—has he a *right* to ask for the letter; does he recognize it as a rough draft of one that had been sent—

He said he had no right—but that she should not print it. She laughs at him, and the next moment he has taken the letter from her, jammed it down on the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THE things that ABERTHAW builds are not put up for play.

Factories, storehouses, power-plants, shipyards,—each piece of this Company's work constitutes a producing element in the wealth of the Nation.

Each must be designed to meet a need completely foreseen. Each must be constructed so ably, so honestly, so economically, that when the finished plant begins to operate, its output shall be burdened with no unnecessary costs due to a builder's mistakes.

Meeting these requirements is serious business for serious men:—men who are trained for their task, who value reputation above immediate profit, and among whom honesty is not merely a company policy but a personal code.

Today, in an era that offers new problems demanding new means of solution, the steadfast effort of such men is making *Built by ABERTHAW* the accepted symbol of a progressive industrialism that constructs for accomplishment.

ABERTHAW
CONSTRUCTION COMPANY

BOSTON BUFFALO
ATLANTA PHILADELPHIA

6-102

smouldering fire, and held it there until it was consumed.

"Anita was dreadful. She was tremulous with anger. Her whole body shook." She can not control herself. There is more than just the anger for a lost paper, there is a rage, a reproach, a passion. Kent says that it is better he should go. "You'll never understand—you didn't know her," he tells Anita. He goes to the corner to get this coat, and the group drifts back into the other room, all but Jenny. Anita's voice comes back sharply. . . . Did you hear him? *I* not understand Madala! If *I* don't know Madala—"

And now Jenny looks up and sees a woman standing in the doorway, the door leading into the hall. The fog pours in with her, isolating her and Kent and Jenny. A tall girl, a girl like a spring day, holding a candle in her hands and standing in a lovely attitude of guardianship, of sheltering. "Her eyes, as she listened to the group by the hearth, were sparkling with amusement and that tolerant, deep affection that one keeps for certain dearest, foolish friends. It was evident that she knew them well. . . . . . ."

A peace falls over the two rooms. Even Anita grows quiet. The glance that falls on them all is healing as it is kind. The fog grows thick, hiding the others, and suddenly Jenny sees that the fingers screening the candle flame were coldly luminous, that the breast was motionless, unstirred. Fear seized her.

At that moment Kent turned and saw the figure.

"There was a rush and a cry. . . . . .

"'Madala Grey! My God, Madala Grey!' And Kent's huge body, hurling against the door, pitched and fell heavily.

"For the door was shut."

But the kind, the revealing eyes had told Jenny what she had not guessed about her own heart. They showed her Kent, as a mother might. And when the bewildered group rushes in, questioning, wondering, she guards Kent from them. The secret is his and hers and Madala's.

For they understand love, and they can afford to pity and forgive those who do not.

THE FAILURE OF DIVORCE

WOULD-BE divorcees need not be beguiled by the title of G. K. Chesterton's book on "The Superstition of Divorce" (John Lane Company). The stand of the writer is uncompromising against the practise for which our reputation is not altogether savory. Chesterton calls his effort "a pamphlet, not a book," in that it "deals with passing things." More than that, the things are such that the author "hopes will pass"; and "in that sense it is the object of a pamphlet to be out of date as soon as possible." Americans will have to take into account the fact that the book deals largely with certain measures being advocated for the reform of divorce in England at the present time; their application to us, however, may not be so very remote.

You can not, affirms Chesterton, deny the existence of sex-attraction, of love, and of the family. No more can you deny the fact that the family unit is a unit that must not, can not, be dissolved.

Marriage is a vow, a contract voluntarily entered upon by two supposedly free

from GUESSWORK to a SCIENCE

How the Chart Established America's Supremacy in Scientific Automobile Lubrication

"EVERY great scientific truth," said Agassiz, "goes through three stages. First, people say it conflicts with the Bible. Next, they say it has been discovered before. Lastly, they say they have always believed it."

You may not realize that scientific automobile lubrication has passed through three somewhat similar stages—indifference—passive acceptance—active endorsement.

Fifteen years ago the Vacuum Oil Company organized its study of motor car lubrication. We were the first to take up in a scientific manner the lubricating problems of all makes of motor cars.

As a result of careful analysis and experiment there was formulated the first Chart of Recommendations ever made for automobile engine lubrication. Although there were then only about 125,000 motor cars on the roads, the Vacuum Oil Company foresaw the immense possibilities of the automobile. They felt keenly that more might be properly demanded of an oil than "that it kept the car running all right."

By the fall of 1906 the first Chart was complete. In January, 1907 the Chart was ready—in booklet form—for general distribution.

The Chart in two respects was revolutionary. It specified different grades of oil for different cars. In some cases it specified a different grade of oil for winter use than that recommended for summer.

In its early history the Vacuum Oil Company Chart of Automobile Recommendations did not escape belittlement. But by the sheer soundness of the scientific principles advanced, and by the sheer quality of the grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils provided, the outcome was never uncertain.

Today no one longer questions the soundness of the advice given through the Vacuum Oil Company's Chart of Recommendations. This Chart points the way to scientific automobile lubrication the world over. Over a million copies have been distributed in the United States during 1920. Hundreds of thousands of copies are in active use in all parts of the globe.

The Chart, and the several grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils have thus established America's supremacy in the field of scientific automobile lubrication.

To follow the Chart is to admit that science and experience count in automobile lubrication as well as in other fields of endeavor.

If the partial Chart shown here does not list your car, send for a copy of our book "Correct Automobile Lubrication," which contains the complete Chart. Or consult the complete Chart at your dealer's.

Chart of Recommendations *for* AUTOMOBILES

(Abbreviated Edition)

How to Read the Chart

THE Correct Grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils for engine lubrication are specified in the Chart below.

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

These recommendations cover all models of both passenger and commercial vehicles unless otherwise specified.

117—Weekly's & Form No. 1 Automobile 1920 NAMES OF AUTOMOBILES AND MOTOR TRUCKS.	1920		1919		1918		1917		1916	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Acason (2 ton)			A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" All Other Models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Allen	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Apperson (8 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models					A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Atterbury (Model 8-E)	A	A	A	A						
" All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Autocar (2 cylinder)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Beck	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Briscoe (4 cylinder)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (8 cylinder)									A	A
Buick	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cadillac	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chalmers (6-48)									Arc.	Arc.
" (6-40)									A	Arc.
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chandler Six	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chevrolet (8 cylinder)			A	A	A	A	A	A		
" (F. A.)			A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
" (F. B. and 1 ton)	A	Arc.								
" All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cleveland	A	Arc.								
Columbia (Detroit)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
Cunningham	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
D-E (¾ and 2½ ton)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
" (5 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.						
Federal (Model S-X)					A	A	A	A		
" (Special)					Arc.	Arc.				
" All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Gramm-Bernstein (5 ton)	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
" " All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Grant (6 cylinder)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (Com'l) (Model 12)			A	Arc.						
" (") All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.						
Haynes (6 cylinder)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (12 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Holmes	B	A								
Hudson Super Six	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
" All Other Models									Arc.	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jordan	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
Kelly Springfield	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
King (8 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Kissel Kar (Model 48)									A	A
" " (12 cylinder)					A	A	A	A		
" " All Other Models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Koehler (Model M)	A	A	A	A						
" All Other Models	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Liberty	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
Locomobile	A	E	A	E	A	E	E	E	E	E
Madison (6 cylinder)			A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (8 cylinder)							A	A	A	A
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
M. H. M.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
Mitchell (6 cylinder)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (8 cylinder)									A	A
Moline-Knight			B	A	B	A	A	A	A	A
Nash (Quad)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" (Model 671)					A	A				
" All Other Models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
National (6 cylinder)	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (12 cylinder)			A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Nelson	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Oakland (8 cylinder)									A	A
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Oldsmobile (4 cylinder)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.					Arc.	Arc.
" (6 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.		
" (8 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Overland	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Packard	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Paige (6 cylinder)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (Cont. Eng.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" All Other Models	A	A								
Paterson	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Peerless (8 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models					Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Pierce Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Com'l) (5 ton)	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc
" (") All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
R. & V. Knight	B	A								
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
ReVere	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.				
Riker	A	E	A	E	A	E	E	E		
Rock Falls	A	Arc.	A	Arc.						
Saxon			E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Sayers Six	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
Sayers & Scoville (S & S)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc
Scripps-Booth (4 cylinder)					Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (6 & 8 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Selden (¾ ton)							A	Arc.		
" (5 ton)	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.				
" All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Service (120-130-140-170-220)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stearns-Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A	B	A
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Templar	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Velie (Model 34)	A	Arc.								
" (6 cylinder)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	[illegible]
" (Com'l) (¾ ton)			A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
" (") All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.				
Westcott	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	[illegible]	Arc.	Arc	[illegible]	[illegible]
White (16 valve)			A	A	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
" (3 ton)			A	A	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
" All Other Models			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Willys-Knight	B	A	B	A	B	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Willys Six	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Winton	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

The Chart first appeared when touring cars were advertised as "double phaetons"—when the fashionable automobile was characterized by red paint and a great deal of exterior brasswork.

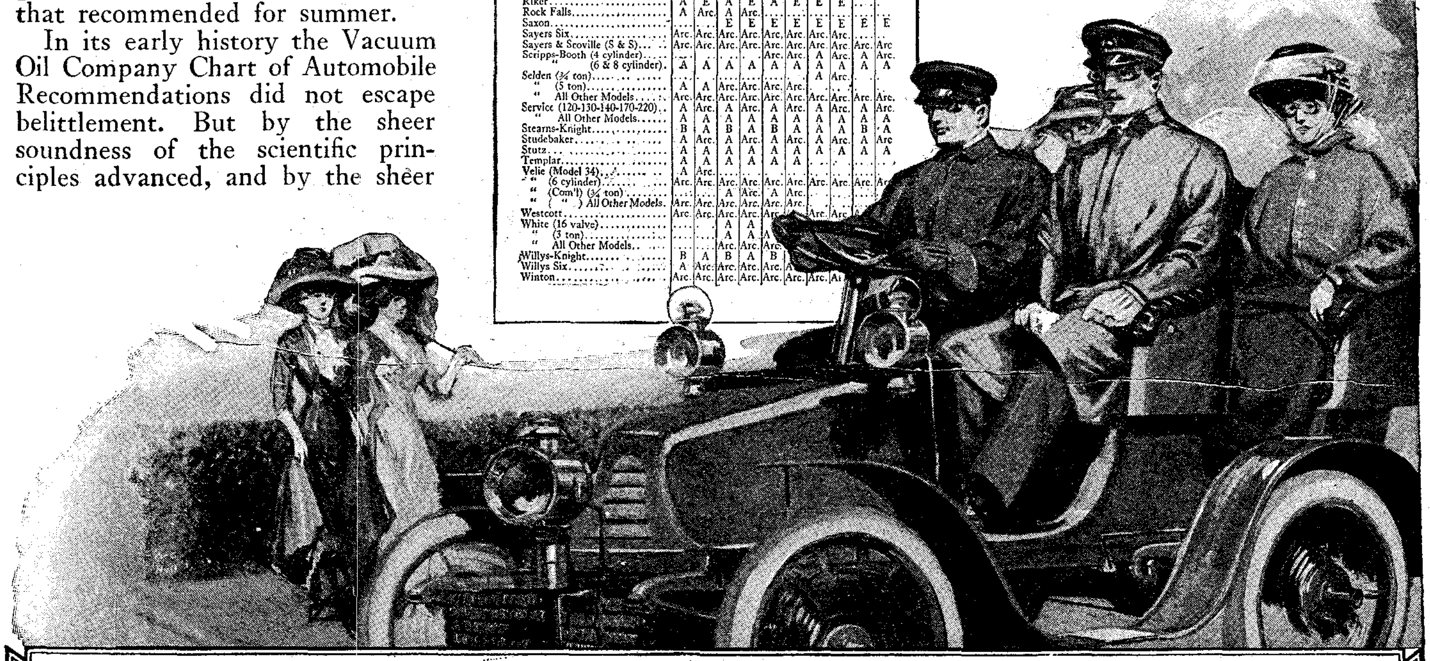
GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

Domestic Branches:

New York	Boston	Philadelphia
Pittsburgh	Detroit	Chicago
Minneapolis	Indianapolis	Des Moines
	Kansas City, Kan.	



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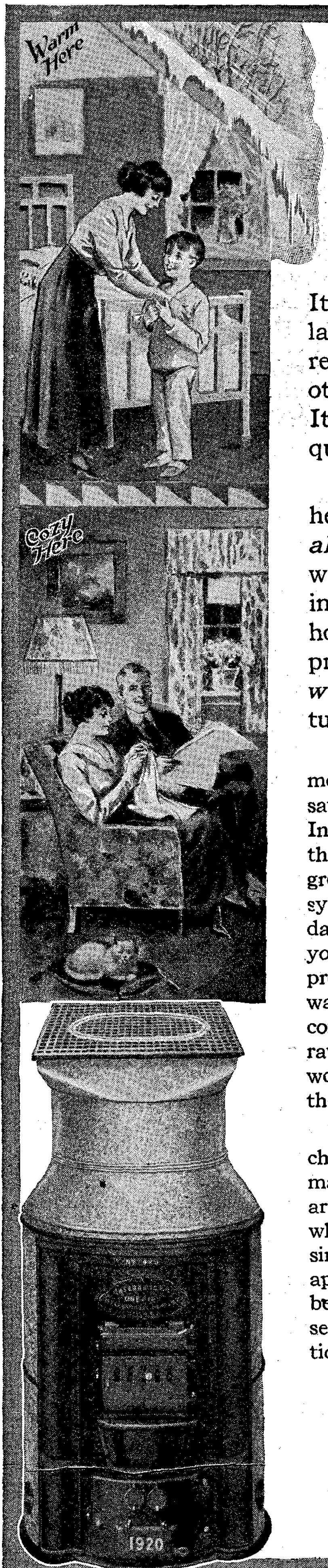

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By filling out and returning the chart and question blank which we mail with our catalog, our engineers are enabled to give you heating advice which will be reliable and unbiased, since we make all types of heating apparatus. If you intend building or bettering your present heating system, send for our catalog, chart and question blank.

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS
Continued

agents. The marriage ceremony sets the seal of society upon a personal agreement. It is not a form of constraint, but a form of liberty, declares Mr. Chesterton, and he adds: "It is the partizans of divorce, not the defenders of marriage, who attach a stiff and senseless sanctity to a mere ceremony, apart from the meaning of the ceremony." Chesterton's plea is made rather against those who seek to undermine the indissolubility of marriage by lessening the significance of the marriage vow, than against the others who would do away with marriage altogether.

In other words, don't get married at all if you would have recourse to legal dissolution. Be consistent. "It is not hard to see why the vow made most freely is the vow kept most firmly. There are attached to it, by the nature of things, consequences so tremendous that no contract can offer any comparison. There is no contract, unless it be that said to be signed in blood, that can call spirits from the vasty deep, or bring cherubs (or goblins) to inhabit a small modern villa. There is no stroke of the pen which creates real bodies and souls, or makes the characters in a novel come to life. The institution that puzzles intellectuals so much can be explained by mere material fact (perceptible even to intellectuals)—that children are, generally speaking, younger than their parents. 'Till death us do part' is not an irrational formula, for those will almost certainly die before they see more than half of the amazing (or alarming) thing they have done."

Mr. Chesterton's leaning to Catholicism was due to his ardent desire to attach his faith to something he felt to be permanent. At any rate, the instinct of fidelity, so strong in him, demanded an object upon which to fasten itself. Running through all his writings is a passionate longing for an object to which to attach his faith. Marriage is such an object, and what he would call that wild anarchic excess is at the same time the greatest of all (tho they be self-imposed) restrictions.

With faith as his starting-point, little wonder that Mr. Chesterton dogmatizes, for if one can argue over faith and call it into question, is it indeed faith? Mr. Chesterton does not question the law, neither does he argue about its evils or its benefits; he simply lays down the law.

"Divorce," he declares, "is for us at best a failure, of which we are more concerned to find and cure the cause than to complete the effects; and we regard a system that produces many divorces as we do a system that drives men to drown and shoot themselves. For instance, it is perhaps the commonest complaint against the existing law that the poor can not afford to avail themselves of it. It is an argument to which normally I should listen with special sympathy. But while I should condemn the law being a luxury, my first thought will naturally be that divorce and death are only luxuries in a rather rare sense."

Many arguments based on the need for unity in educating children are Chestertonianly marshaled, many of them enlightening, and some convincing. But what is undoubtedly the most arresting contention in the book is this: the capitalistic system favors divorce, that is, the disrupting of family ties. The factory is the enemy of the family.

"Capitalism, of course, is at war with the family, for the same reason which has led to its being at war with the trade-union. This, indeed, is the only sense in which it is true that capitalism is connected with individualism. Capitalism believes in collectivism for itself and individualism for its enemies. It desires its victims to be individuals, or (in other words) to be atoms. For the word atom, in its clearest meaning (which is none too clear), might be translated as 'individual.' If there be any bond, if there be any brotherhood, if there be any class loyalty or domestic discipline, by which the poor can help the poor, these emancipators will certainly strive to loosen that bond or lift that discipline in the most liberal fashion."

Chesterton is advancing no argument merely to further the Socialist cause. He tells us plainly that he has "gone through Socialism, and is no longer a Socialist. He inclines to agree with Balfour that Socialism spells slavery. He further states that "Without the family we are helpless before the state, which in our modern case, is the servile state. To use a military metaphor, the family is the only formation in which the charge of the rich can be repulsed. It is a force that forms twos as soldiers form fours; and, in every peasant country, has stood in the square house or the square plot of land as infantry have stood in squares against cavalry. How this force operates thus, and why, I will try to explain in the last of these articles. But it is when it is most nearly ridden down by the horsemen of pride and privilege, as in Poland or Ireland, when the battle grows most desperate and the hope most dark, that men begin to understand why that wild oath in its beginning was flung beyond the bounds of the world; and what would seem as passing as a vision is made permanent as a vow."

The individual will, of course, chafe; he will demand his right to happiness. The man or woman who swears the solemn oath will ask to have that oath as solemnly annulled. As Mr. Chesterton phrases it, "The fashion of divorce would not be a modern fashion if it were not full of this touching fallacy. A great deal of it might be summed up as a most illogical and fanatical appetite for getting married in churches. It is as if a man should practise polygamy out of sheer greed for wedding-cake. . . . The modern man wants to eat his wedding-cake and have it, too."

Organized as society is now organized, the only way, according to Mr. Chesterton, to preserve the liberty of the many is to curb that of the few. Captains of industry tolerate but one form of freedom, "and that is the sort of sexual freedom which is covered by the legal fiction of divorce. . . . They [the captains of industry] are trying to break the vow of the knight as they broke the vow of the monk. They recognize the vow as the vital antithesis to the servile status; the alternative and therefore the antagonist. Marriage makes a small state within the state, which resists all such regimentation. That bond breaks all other bonds; that law is found stronger than all later and lesser laws. They desire the democracy to be sexually fluid, because the making of small nuclei is like the making of small nations. Like small nations, they are a nuisance to the mind of imperial scope. In short, what they fear, in the most literal sense, is home-rule."

The last of man's liberties, the liberty of choice, must remain uncontaminated:

"What is vitally needed everywhere . . . is choice; a creative power in the will as well as in the mind. Without that self-limitation of somebody, nothing living will ever see the light."

House at Belmont, Mass. Stanley B. Parker, Architect, Boston

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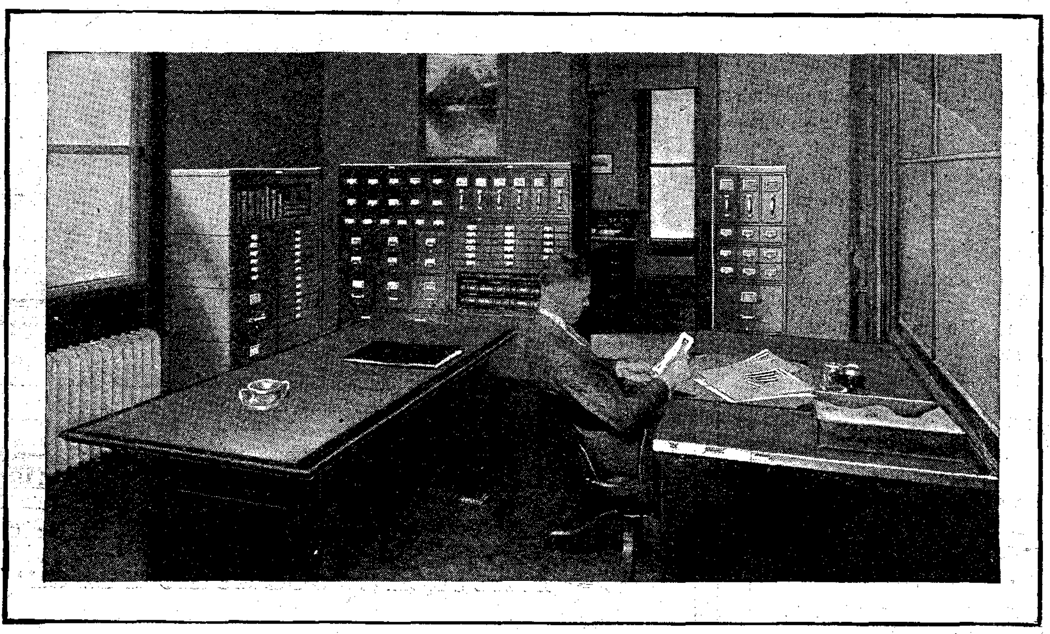

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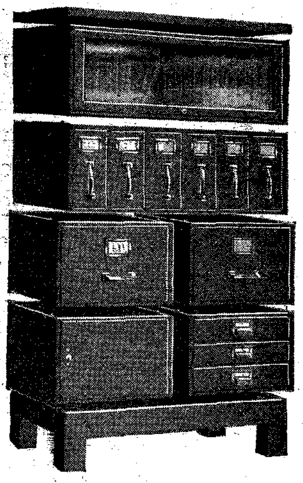

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS
Continued

"THE ANCIENT ALLAN"

THOSE fortunate persons who once journeyed to the country of "The Ivory Child" will not have forgotten that when our dear old friend Allan Quatermain returned from Kendah Land in the company of Lord and Lady Ragnall, the latter brought with her a small quantity of the mysterious Taduki herb, and told Allan that the day would surely come when they two, who had once had so strange an experience with the smoke of that same herb, would partake of it again, and together. Now here we have the story of that second experiment, the experiment which gave to the Allan Quatermain we know acquaintance with certain of the adventures of "The Ancient Allan" (Longmans, Green & Co.), who in those far-away ages when the once mighty Egypt had sunk into a mere satrapy of the all-conquering King of kings, was called Shabaka, a hunter and warrior, in whose veins flowed the blood of the ancient Pharaohs.

When we first meet this same Shabaka, who in another incarnation was to be named Allan Quatermain, it is at the splendid court of those whom the Egyptians termed "the Easterners," whither he had come in obedience to a summons from the Great King, who wished to learn "how we of Egypt kill lions and other beasts." With him had come his slave, the Ethiopian dwarf, Bes, whom many will remember as the Hottentot Hans. There was a great lion hunt, the Great King, vain of his skill with the bow, venturing to wager that he would slay more lions than Shabaka, himself the finest archer of his day. Shabaka won the wager, but in his ignorance broke certain of the rules of the despotic Eastern court, and was condemned to death by the torture of the boat, which Houman, the eunuch, thus explained to him: "You will be laid upon a bed in a little boat upon the river, and another boat will be placed over you, for these boats are called the Twins, Egyptian, in such a fashion that your head and your hands will project at one end and your feet at the other. There you will be left . . . and twice every day the best food and drink will be brought to you. Should your appetite fail, moreover, it will be my duty to revive it by pricking your eyes with the point of a knife until it returns. Also after each meal I shall wash your face, your hands, and your feet with milk and honey lest the flies that buzz about them should suffer hunger."

But, thanks to the devotion and quick wit of Bes, the dwarf, Shabaka did not die thus, but was sent back to Egypt with a message which was in truth but a pretext for declaring war, that Egypt might be crusht utterly. This message demanded that the Lady Amada, priestess of Isis and Royal Lady of Egypt, niece of the Prince Peroa, and herself by birth the lawful ruler of the two lands, should be sent to the Great King to become an inmate of his House of Women. Now Shabaka loved and had long loved the royal Amada, "the fairest and most learned woman in the world," whose dedication to Isis forbade marriage. But the high priest had the power to release her from her vow.

And so when, after many stirring adventures, Shabaka came at last to the court of the Prince Peroa in the ancient city of Memphis, he gave bold counsel and upon its success staked his life and fortune.

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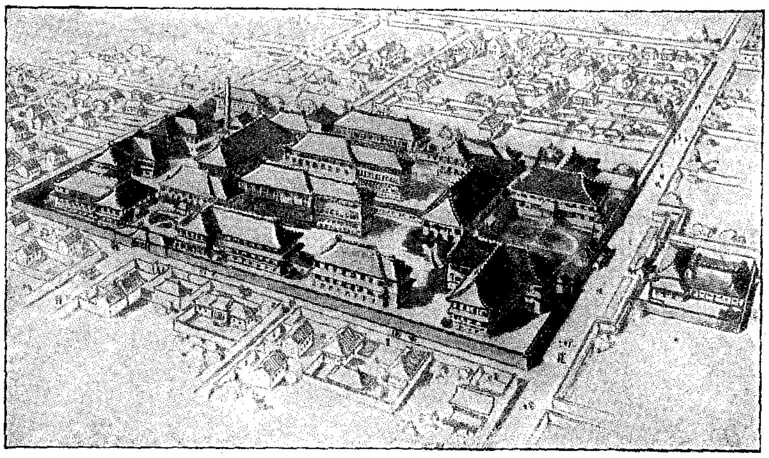

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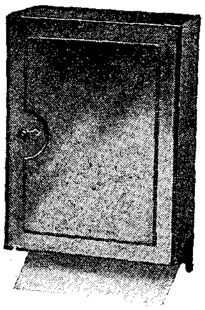

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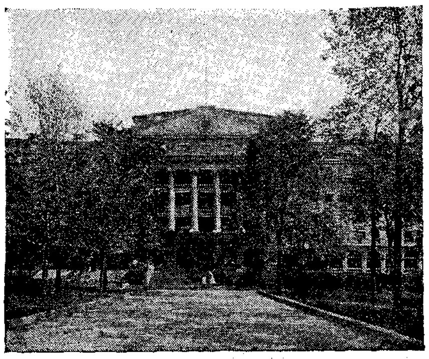
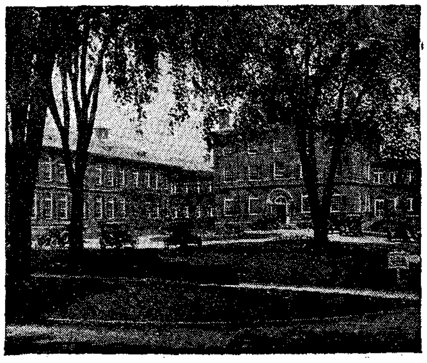


Main Building of Battle Creek Sanitarium



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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS
Continued

This counsel involved the use of the Great King's private signet, which Bes, the dwarf, had stolen and brought to Egypt. By use of this signet Idernes, the satrap, who dwelt at Sais, should be induced to retreat with all his army. "When they are in retreat we will fall on them and destroy them, and declare you, O Prince, Pharaoh of Egypt."

Then were summoned the high priests of Ptah, of Amon-Ra, of Osiris, and the other gods of Egypt, together with such of the great merchants and landowners and nobles as could be reached swiftly. The Prince Peroa spoke, putting the whole matter before them, and they swore a great oath that they would hold together whether Fortune favored them or no. So when Idernes came and demanded that the Lady Amada be surrendered to him, "Satrap, I will not," answered Peroa. "The demand is an insult put forward to force us to rebellion, since there is no man in Egypt who will not be ready to die in defense of the Royal Lady of Egypt."

Idernes and Peroa made haste to assemble each his forces. A great battle was fought, wherein Shabaka met Idernes in single combat, and, thanks principally to his skill and courage, Egypt was freed from the yoke of the foreigner, and Peroa acclaimed as Pharaoh. But Shabaka did not receive the reward which should have been his—the hand of the Lady Amada. For she had learned that it was he who had let slip her name in the presence of the Great King, and in haste and anger she had for the second time vowed herself to Isis, and from these second vows no priestly power could liberate her. Too late she heard the full truth, and Shabaka, heart-sick and sorrowful, went with his devoted mother, the lady Tiu, and his dear friend the dwarf Bes, into that distant country of Ethiopia where Bes was king and lord. There they had many exciting adventures, and at last word came from Egypt that the Great King was about to invade Egypt, that he might dethrone the Pharaoh, and bring the Two Lands again under vassalage. "The Great King advances upon Egypt with an army countless as the sands, nor can Egypt hope to battle against him unaided and alone. He comes to make of her a slave, to kill her children, to burn her temples, to sack her cities and defile her gods with blasphemies. Moreover he comes to seize me and drag me away to shame in his House of Women.

"Therefore, for the sake of the gods, for Egypt's sake and for my own, I pray you come and save us. Moreover, I still love you, Shabaka . . . For that love's sake, therefore, I am ready to break my vow to Isis and to dare her vengeance, if she should desire to be avenged upon me, who would save her and her worship. . . . Now, I, Amada, have written."

So in response to Amada's appeal, the army of the Ethiopians, commanded by Bes and Shabaka, marched into Egypt. There they heard naught save ill tidings; "It seemed that the Great King with a countless host had taken all the cities of the delta, and after a long siege had captured Memphis and put it to the sack, and that the army of Egypt, fighting desperately, by land and upon the Nile, was being driven southward toward Thebes. Pharaoh added that he proposed to make his last stand at the strong city of Amada."

And there outside of Amada, the city in which the Royal Lady of Egypt had been born and where she now resided as high priestess of its beautiful temple of Isis, was fought that great and thrilling fight which is the climax of the novel. Outnumbered tho they were, the Ethiopians performed marvels of valor, and at last the hosts of the Great King turned to fly. Shabaka saw the King's chariot afar off, saw the sun glint upon the shining armor and silken robes of the King himself, the King who was speeding beyond the reach of the just venegance of the man he had most deeply injured.

But not yet had he, the King of kings, won to safety. "I aimed, I drew, I loosed! Swift and far the shaft spent forward. By Osiris! It struck him between the shoulders, and lo! the King of kings, the Monarch of the World, lurched forward, fell on to the rail of his chariot, and rolled to the ground.

Then, triumphant, albeit they bore with them the body of the dying Pharaoh Peroa, the allied armies of the Egyptians and Ethiopians entered the city. And there in the sanctuary of the temple and before that alabaster statue of the goddes Isis which clasped in its arms an "Ivory Child," Shabaka and Amada plighted their troth, even tho they knew they were risking the curse of Isis: "Not only for this life, but for all lives that may be given to us."

In that curse Lady Ragnall, who had once been Amada, Royal Lady of Egypt, fully believed, telling Allan Quatermain so soon as the spell of the Taduki smoke was past: "I know beyond possibility of doubt that whatever we may be called to-day, you were the General Shabaka and I was the Priestess Amada, Royal Lady of Egypt, and between us and about us the curse of Isis wavers like a sword."

But tho the Lady Ragnall declared that it was all gone, much of the Taduki was left, and the novel closes with a hint that some day he who as Allan Quatermain had had so many and such thrilling adventures learned yet more about the wondrous experiences of his former self, "The Ancient Allan." We can at least hope he did, and that in his own good time Sir Rider Haggard will do us the favor of telling us about them.

Father's Advice.—"Well," cried Mrs Henpeck, "our son is engaged to be married. We will write to the dear lad and congratulate him."

Mr. Henpeck agreed (he dare not do otherwise), and his wife picked up her pen.

"My darling boy," read the son, "what glorious news! Your father and I rejoice in your happiness. It has long been our greatest wish that you should marry some good woman. A good woman is Heaven's most precious gift to man. She brings out all the best in him and helps him to suppress all that is evil."

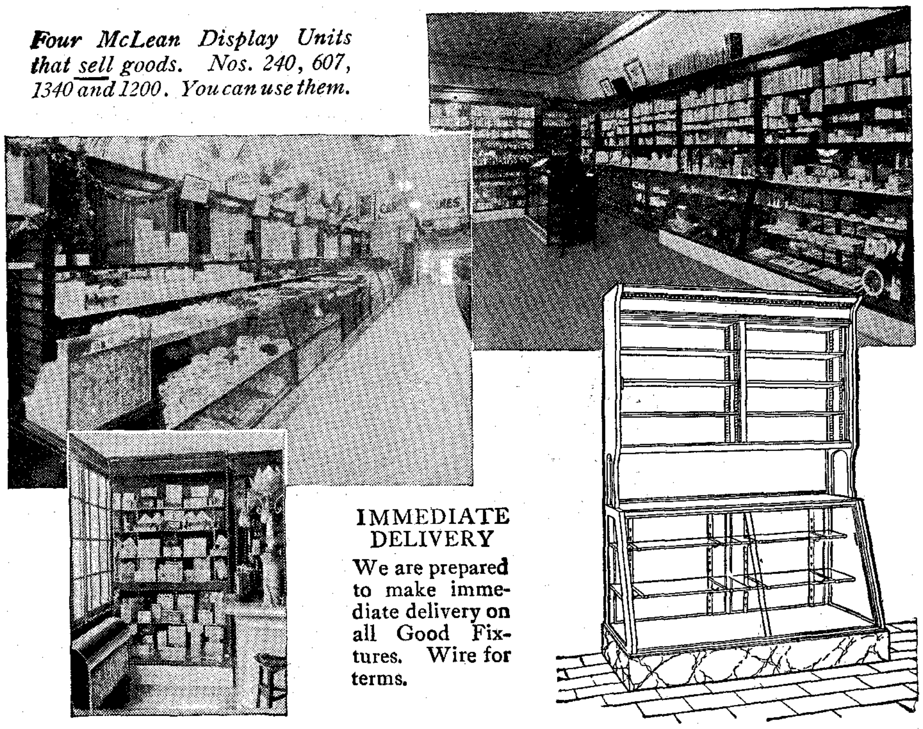
Then there was a postscript in a different handwriting:

"Your mother has gone for a stamp. Keep single, you young noodle."—*London Tit-Bits.*

Safe.—The late William Dean Howells, while living in Boston, entertained Mark Twain, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Bret Harte, and other literary celebrities of the past at a sumptuous dinner in his Beacon Street residence. While Mr. Howells was carving a duck his knife slipt and the succulent bird rolled out of the platter and fell to the floor.

"Look out! Here comes the cat!" said Mark Twain.

"It's all right," said Mr. Howells. "I've got my foot on the duck."—*The Yonkers Statesman.*



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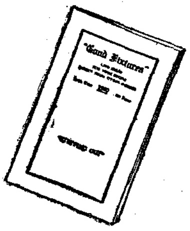

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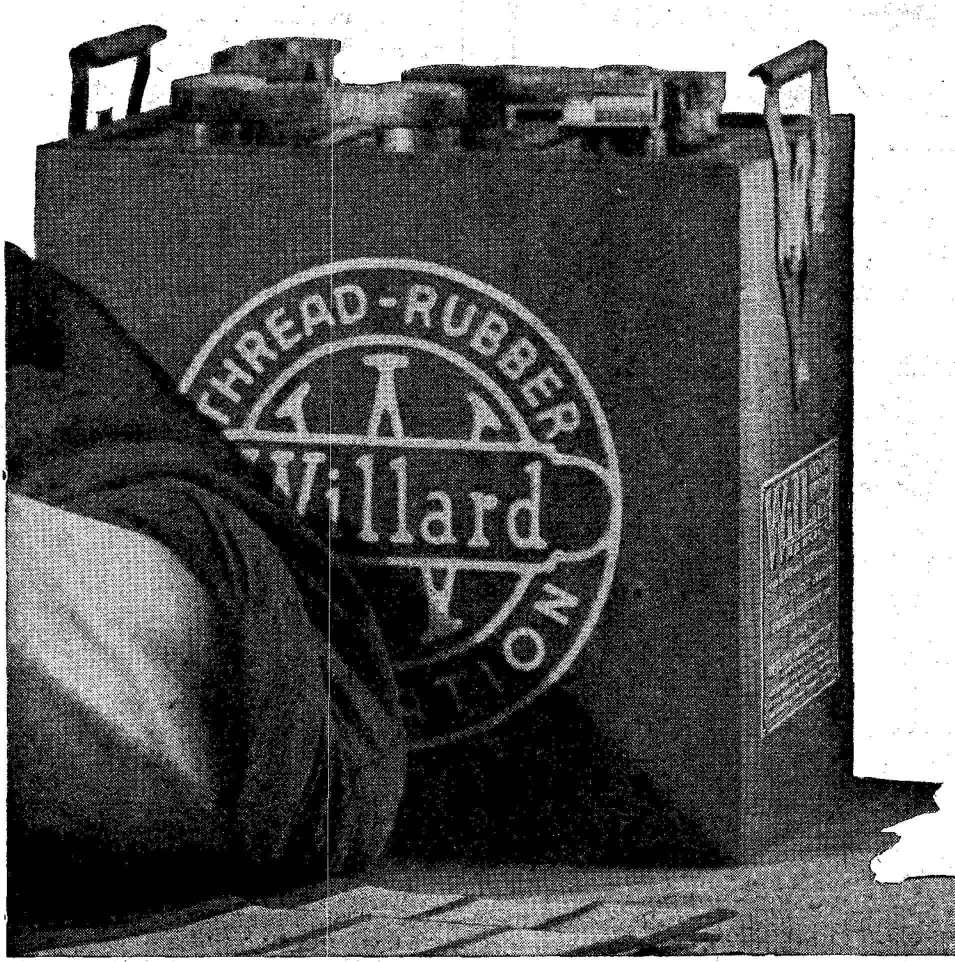

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*L. M. C.
Luverne
Madison
Marmon
Master
Menges
Menominee
Mercer
Mercury
Meteor (Phila.)
M H C
*Mitchell
Murray
McFarlan
*McLaughlin
Napoleon
Nash
Nelson
Nelson & LeMoon
Noble
Northway
Ogren
Old Hickory
*Olds
Oneida
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*Paige
Parker
Peerless
Peugeot
Phianna
Pierce-Arrow
Premier
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Ranier
Renault
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ReVere
Riddle
Robinson
Rock Falls
R & V Knight
Rowe
Sandow
Sayers
Seagrave
Service
Shelby
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Standard 8
Standard
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Sunbeam
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Thomart
Titan
Tow Motor
Transport
Traylor
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*Westcott
White
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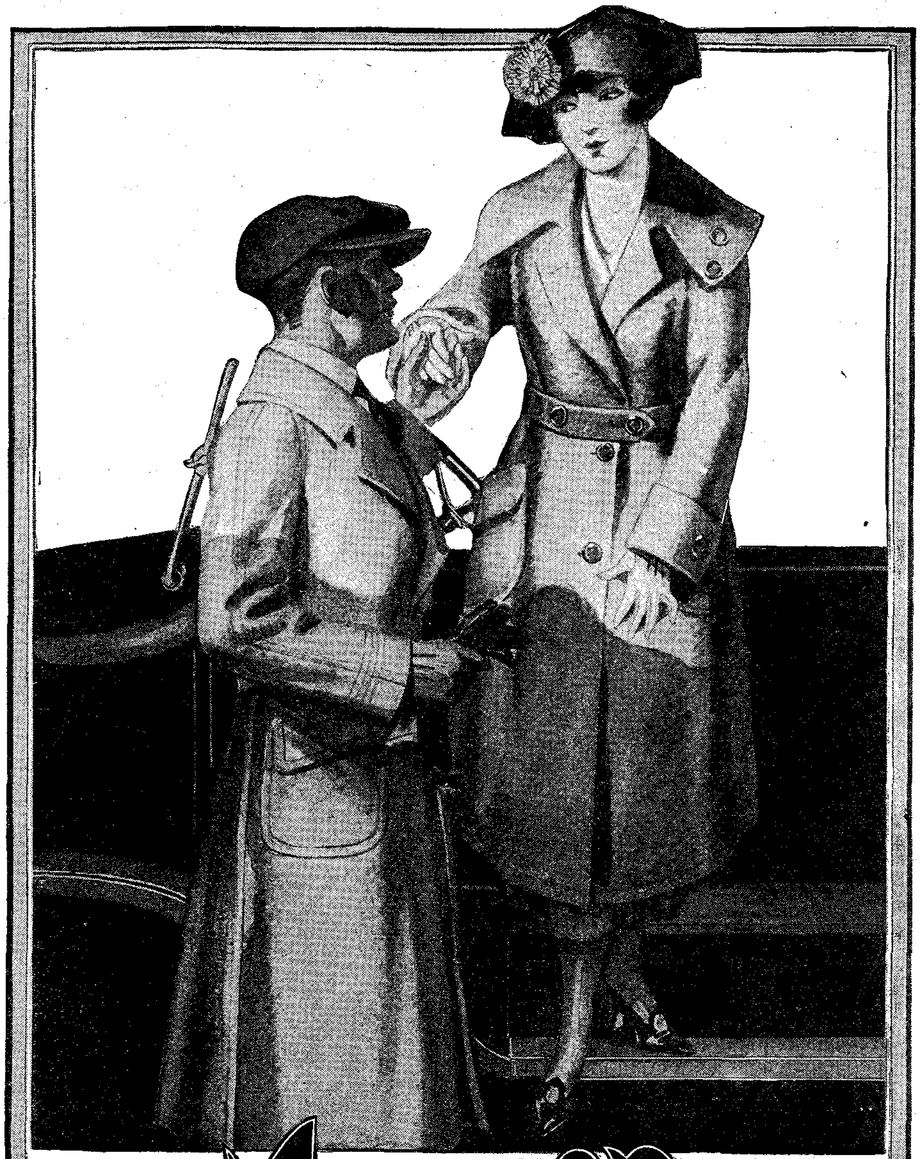
**For Export*



Kenyon
Weatherproofs

Exclusive Fabrics, Expertly Tailored

KENYONS are made in hundreds of styles with one quality in common—they all have the Out-door look.

All are out-doorish in fabric.

All are tailored with distinction.

All are decidedly "the right sort."

THE MAN wears a soft and chamois-like swagger coat of Kenyon camel's hair.

THE WOMAN wears a coat of mannish lines, cut full and out-doorish, from a fine, woolly, green Kencheviot. Lined with a distinctive Kenyon green plaid.

On sale everywhere in the United States and Canada. Identify the genuine by the label—C. Kenyon Co., Makers, N. Y.

Style cards and name of local merchant mailed on request.

C. KENYON COMPANY, INC.
5th Ave. Bldg., New York 223 Jackson Blvd., Chicago

MAKERS OF Kenyon Cord TIRES AND TUBES

PAYING FOR FRUIT DISEASE

WHEN you grumble at the high price of fruit, remember that you are paying for the diseased ones that nobody eats as well as for the good ones that you do eat. Whole car-loads are often spoiled in this way. In a consignment of pineapples, eighty per cent. will sometimes rot before reaching market. This decay is due to disease, and the disease may be prevented, or greatly lessened—so we are assured by Dr. O. F. Burger, pathologist of the Bureau of Plant Industry, United States Department of Agriculture, writing in *Foods and Markets* (Albany, N. Y.). In an article on "Diseases of Fruits and Causes of Deterioration in Transit," he tells us that fruits arriving on the market are subject to three classes of disease—first, those which occur in the field and do damage to the fruit there, such as apple scab, peach scab, and russeting of citrus fruits; secondly, those which originate in the field but through transportation and improper environment spread and cause decay, such as the brown rot of peaches; and thirdly, those that arise during transportation as the result of bad methods. Writes Dr. Burger:

"You can tell brown rot of peach in the field. Every conscientious packer or grower when he packs peaches tries to have the peach packed free from disease. That is, there are no apparent defects in the fruit. We recognize several types of infection of brown rot of peach. One, of course, is the glaring, large, brown decayed spot which appears in the field. That is always culled out. . . . Then there is another type of infection. That is where the fungus has gained entrance to the fruit but is merely microscopical and can only be determined by the microscope. . . . If . . . the fungus has already entered the peach but the infection has not enlarged to such an extent that it is visible to the naked eye, when that peach is packed and the proper environment arises, that is, if the temperature goes over fifty, that peach is going to decay on the way to market. . . . . .

"Then there is this other type which can not be called infection, but where the spores of fungus merely hang to the outside of the peach. When the temperature goes up in the car, and the moisture is there, that fungus spore, the seed body, will germinate on the peach and it will decay during transportation. . . . There are a lot of cars arriving on the market with the temperature showing all the way from sixty, seventy, eighty, and higher, and when you get them with the higher degrees of temperature you have a greater amount of rot, sometimes from seventy-five to eighty per cent.

"The third class of diseases consists of those which arise during transportation and are induced by the methods of transportation and marketing. . . . Blue-mold is one of the most ubiquitous fungi we have to deal with on the market. It attacks almost all fruits when they are injured, but I do not know that it has ever been shown that blue-mold is able to enter an unpunctured skin. . . . . .

"Rhizopus rot is considered a transportional disease. . . . That also occurs when the temperature gets from forty-five to fifty. The black rot of pineapple . . . is also a transportational disease.

"If we could only take some of you who are not used to seeing pineapples come on the large markets in New York and Chicago, and show you that seventy-five to eighty per cent. of a lot of those cars are culled out on the trackside, you would then see why pineapples cost all the way from thirty-five to fifty cents apiece. You are paying for two pineapples which are lying on the trackside somewhere. The difficulty with the way in which the pineapple is handled is this: In Cuba they put enough in one car to ship across to Key West and fill two cars. There is the heat of the tropical sun and then the heat sent out by the respiring pineapple, and you might guess what heat there will be in such cars of pineapples. The temperatures will run all the way up—well, the sky is the limit, I think, in some of those cars. Then the car is split and two cars are made at Key West and are sent north, and by the time they get here, seventy-five to eighty per cent. are rotten. That fungus does not grow under forty-five degrees.

We have been carrying on some experiments with the United Fruit Company, shipping fruit all the way from Costa Rica. They were sustaining about fifty per cent. loss in their shipments, even more, and they were putting those pineapples in the hull of the boat, where they were carrying the bananas. The bananas were generally kept at fifty to fifty-five degrees. We constructed an ice-box and put it on the deck, strapped it down, and kept the temperature at 45° Fahrenheit. The pineapples in the hull of the ship with the bananas sustained a loss of 50 per cent. while on board ship, in our ice-box; where the temperature was kept at forty to forty-five, the loss was something between three and five per cent. . . . . . .

"A gentleman in Texas grew spinach. He put it in a hamper with a chunk of ice on the top and put it in an express-car without any other icing in the car. When it arrived on the market in the North it was all slimy, soft, rotten, not fit for the horses, but only fit for the dumps. . . . Remember that fellow is spending fifty-one weeks in the year trying to raise his crop, and in one week he has got to market that crop. . . . The State Marketing Bureau has the task of showing the farmer that he has got to take fifty-one times more care during that week than during any other week throughout the whole year.

"I was down in Maryland watching them pack peaches. . . . The man I was visiting thought he ought to get his stuff up here in good condition. . . . He said: 'Now you have seen my packing shed. You have been in Georgia. What do you think of my packing shed?' I said: 'I am sorry, but I am afraid that if you lived in Georgia you would not market one peach.' He was taking no precautions whatever. Now we must help those fellows and show them where the faults are in their work, and the precautions that must be taken.

"Just one word about the inspection service. . . . I believe the thing we need most is men with backbone who are untiring and who will stand firm and give us the

Belber
TRAVELING GOODS

IF you are the least bit critical about the way your clothes are carried and kept—you will come straight to a Belber Wardrobe Trunk.

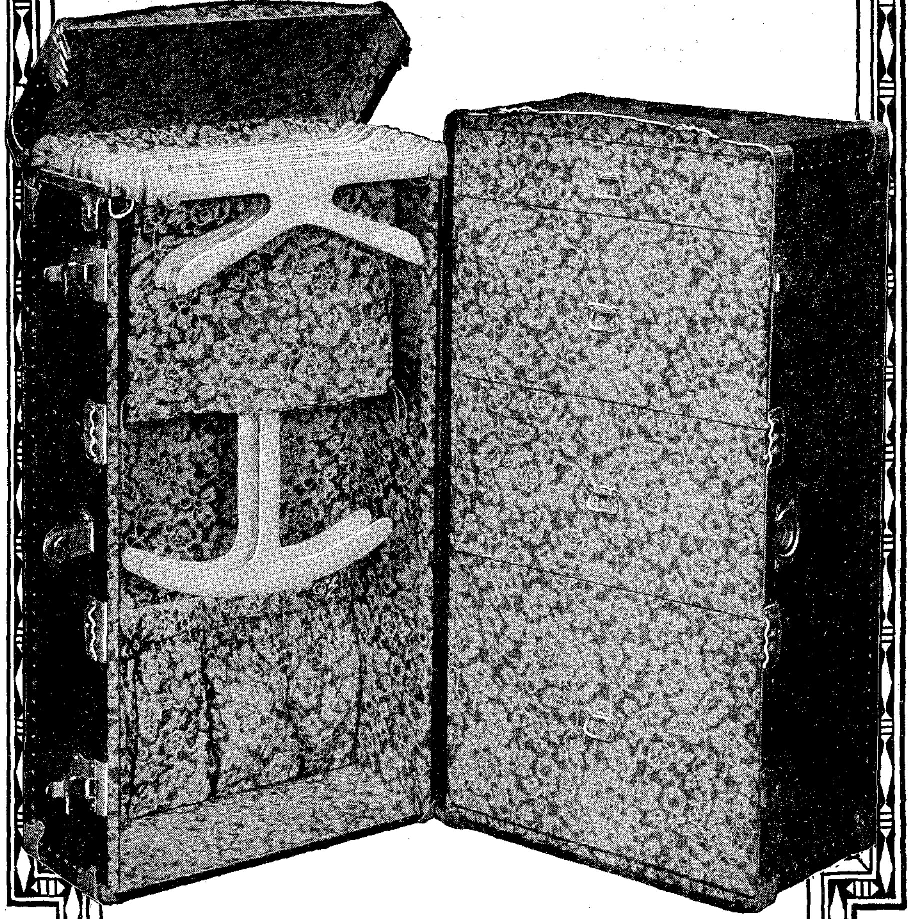
You'll find that it meets traveling needs to the last dot of style, convenience and practical value.

A Belber Wardrobe Trunk is closet and dresser combined. Clothes hang up on hangers—place for shoes, for hats, for underwear, for laundry, for small accessories. Everything kept neat and orderly —nothing mussed or wrinkled.

No more trouble to pack it than to hang things in a closet—and you needn't unpack it at all. Simply take things out when you want them and place them back again when you are through.

The Belber name on a Wardrobe Trunk, a Bag, or Suit-Case is the dominant guarantee of smart metropolitan style and of quality beyond question.

Find the dealer who makes a specialty of Belber Luggage. You can trust him to give you full value for your money. If you do not know his name, write us.



THE BELBER TRUNK & BAG CO., Philadelphia, Pa.
Sales Offices and Factories:
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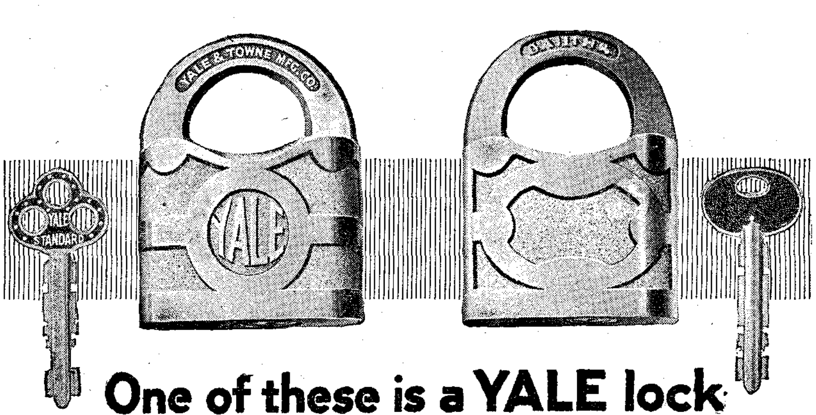


One of these is a YALE lock
-the other is not

At first glance they look alike.

The outside shape is very similar in both cases.

But the inside? Ah! Now you're coming to it.

Inside there is a big difference indeed—all the difference between a Yale Lock and a lock that is not Yale.

Without the name there would only be two ways of finding out.

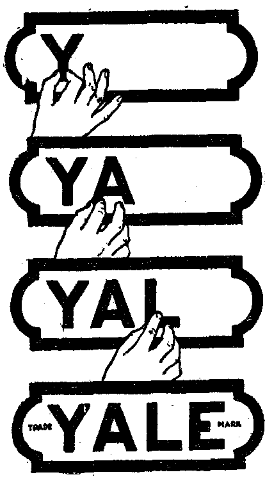
One would be to take the lock to pieces and look at its inside. The other would be by watching it at work, seeing how it stood up to every demand that a good lock is supposed to meet. Either way would satisfy you that Yale quality is very much of a reality.

But you don't have to do either of those things.

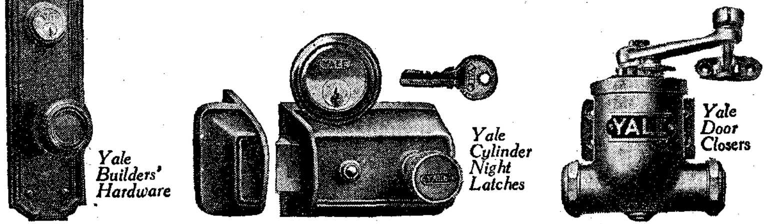
When you buy a lock, there's just one thing that you have to do to satisfy yourself that it's the sort of lock you really want—see the name Yale on it.

Without that name, a lock is not a Yale. But when that name is there you know that the inside of that lock has everything that makes a Yale lock.

And it's the inside that counts.



Yale Made is Yale Marked



The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co., Makers of the Yale Locks--General Offices & Works: Stamford, Conn.
New York Office 9 E. 40th St. Canadian Yale & Towne Ltd., St Catharines, Ont. Chicago Office 77 E Lake St.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

facts, because the carrier and the receiver want the facts.

"Connected with this market inspection, our experience shows that it is necessary to have pathologists engaged with the market inspectors, not only to describe to them the diseases as they come in, but also for investigational work. The last word has not been said on transportational diseases. We are finding out new things all the time. . . . The work can not be done in five minutes, nor in ten, nor in a day, nor in many days. Much of the work will take years. . . . . .

"If marketing is based on gambling, the scientist can not help. . . . If, however, this system of marketing is established on a scientific basis, I believe that the pathologists can step in and fill a gap in bettering the transportational conditions.

"Another thing the pathologists must do for the service is to delineate the diseases which the inspector can understand, so he can grasp them readily, show him the important diseases, and point out to him the difference between similar diseases. This we have done in the Bureau by colored photographs. Secondly, the pathologist must be able to see that the commission men are able to grasp them. . . . . .

"Just as soon as our market system and our knowledge of diseases become based on more scientific facts, just that soon, I believe, all interested parties will be able to take a scientific view of these different questions for use in settling claims and difficulties."

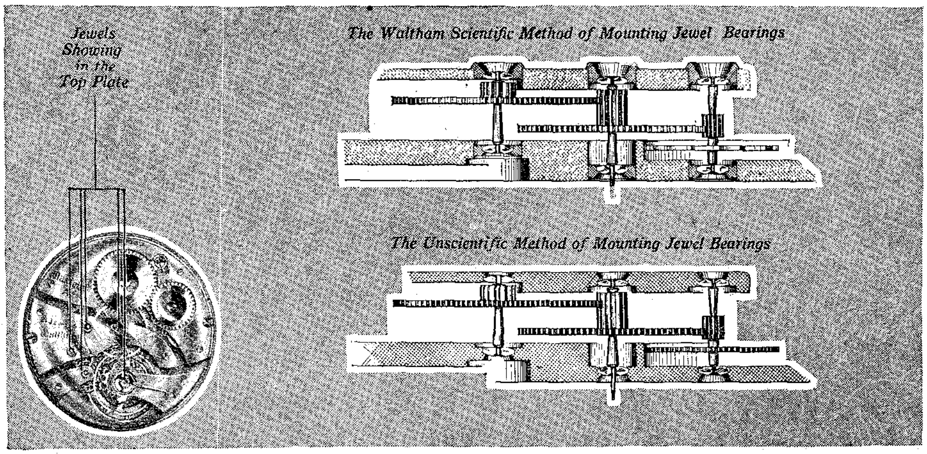
SHALL UNCLE SAM SELL LIQUOR?

DR. HARVEY W. WILEY urges that the Federal Government establish and operate dispensaries for the sale of liquors for medicinal purposes. This, he says, would relieve druggists from the odium that now threatens their profession. The medical profession might also be protected by requiring all alcoholic prescriptions to be written by physicians connected with the army, the navy, and the public-health service. Arrests and prosecutions for the violation of regulations for the use of alcohol as a medicine are already very great, he says, and amount to a scandal that should be done away with. Reputable pharmacists and physicians are already protesting against being forced into the retail liquor business. If Uncle Sam desires alcohol to be sold for medicinal purposes, he should himself take charge of its distribution and see that the proper regulations are strictly observed. Writing in *Drug Topics* (New York), Dr. Wiley says:

"The scandals which are certain to fall upon both physicians and pharmacists in view of the present regulations for the distribution of whisky and brandy for medicinal purposes are already in evidence. In my address before the Pharmacopœial Convention I emphasized the possibility of these dangers in the following words:

"'I do not believe that any reputable physician or pharmacist will fancy going into the business of retailing liquor. They are not compelled to do so, and, in my opinion, large numbers of them will refuse

PROOF


Jewels Showing in the Top Plate
The Waltham Scientific Method of Mounting Jewel Bearings
The Unscientific Method of Mounting Jewel Bearings

THE MOST SCIENTIFICALLY BUILT WATCH IN THE WORLD

The Waltham Scientific Method of Mounting Jewel Bearings that is so Important in Your Watch

THE bearings of a watch are jewels because a precious stone is the hardest known substance for use in this important function. The harder the material and the smoother its polish the less resultant friction.

The chief problem confronting the old-time watchmaker when he first conceived the idea of using precious stones was a correct method to secure properly the jewels in the plates of the watch.

To do this, he cut a seat in the watch plate, then with a sharp tool forced the metal over the edge of the jewel.

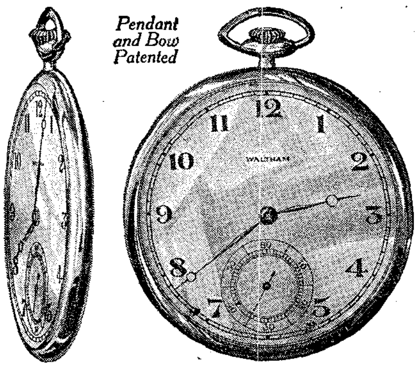
So important was the necessity of securing the jewels rigidly in relation to their bearings (with the pivot hole exactly in the center and the jewel in perfect alignment with the plate and pivot so that the jewels could be removed easily for cleaning or repairing when injured) the Waltham Watch Company, after years of painstaking development, created a scientific method of jewel setting which made it easy for the jewels to be so removed and reset without affecting in any way the original time-keeping quality of the watch.

This scientific Waltham Method secures the jewel in a separate brass or gold setting. This setting is cut to a diameter to fit perfectly its aperture in the plate, then pressed to its correct position in relation to the pivots (or axle) completing the jeweled bearing.

The special tools invented by Waltham so expand the jewel setting, in its aperture that it becomes rigidly located. This eliminates the method of using holding-screws and greatly simplifies the work of the watch repairer whenever it is necessary to replace a jewel bearing.

The Waltham Scientific Method of mounting jewel bearings is a distinctive and better way of securing the jewels in the setting, and also of the setting in the plate. It provides the easiest and safest way for the repairer to handle your watch. It protects the original time-keeping quality of the watch. It reduces up-keep and insures a continuous satisfaction because of dependable time-keeping service.

This is one more reason, in addition to many others of like value, why your watch selection should be a Waltham.



Waltham Colonial A
Extremely thin at no sacrifice of accuracy
Maximus movement 21 jewels
Riverside movement 19 jewels
$200 to $325 or more
depending upon the case

This story is continued in a beautiful booklet in which you will find a liberal watch education. Sent free upon request. Waltham Watch Company, Waltham, Mass.

WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

Pyrene
KILLS FIRE
SAVES LIFE
Photo by Brown Bros. N. Y.

Children ARE IN **Danger**

PROTECT THEIR SCHOOLS

American communities have suffered the actual horrors of schoolhouse fires. This costly lesson is unheeded in cities and villages without number.

In every community there are school buildings which lack full fire protection.

A Pyrene Fire Extinguisher will put out any fire in its early stages, even a gasoline or electric fire. A teacher or pupil can operate it.

Pyrene puts out many a blaze while the fire department is "on the way."

A Pyrene extinguisher should be in every schoolroom and a Guardene soda-and-acid extinguisher in every hallway.

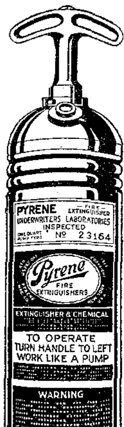
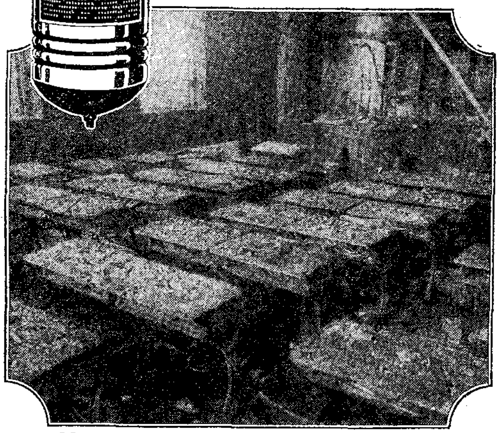

PYRENE
Pyrene FIRE EXTINGUISHERS
TO OPERATE TURN HANDLE TO LEFT WORK LIKE A PUMP
WARNING

Photo by Brown Bros., N. Y.



More than 100 children perished in this school fire

PYRENE
MANUFACTURING CO.
INC.
17 East 49th Street, New York
Atlanta Chicago Kansas City San Francisco
Pyrene Manufacturing Co. of Canada, Ltd.
Montreal, P. Q.

Sold by hardware and electrical supply, school supply dealers and garages

Write for Pyrene Fire Booklet showing complete line of fire-fighting and fire-prevention appliances for public buildings, homes, industrial plants, etc.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

to do so. We can not shut our eyes to the fact that in every profession, no matter how honorable, there are those who, for the sake of gain, may be willing to bring discredit to the profession. Fortunately, the number in medicine and pharmacy is very few, but these few may bring criticism upon the whole profession, a criticism which the more honorable members of that profession do not crave, and would greatly regret.'

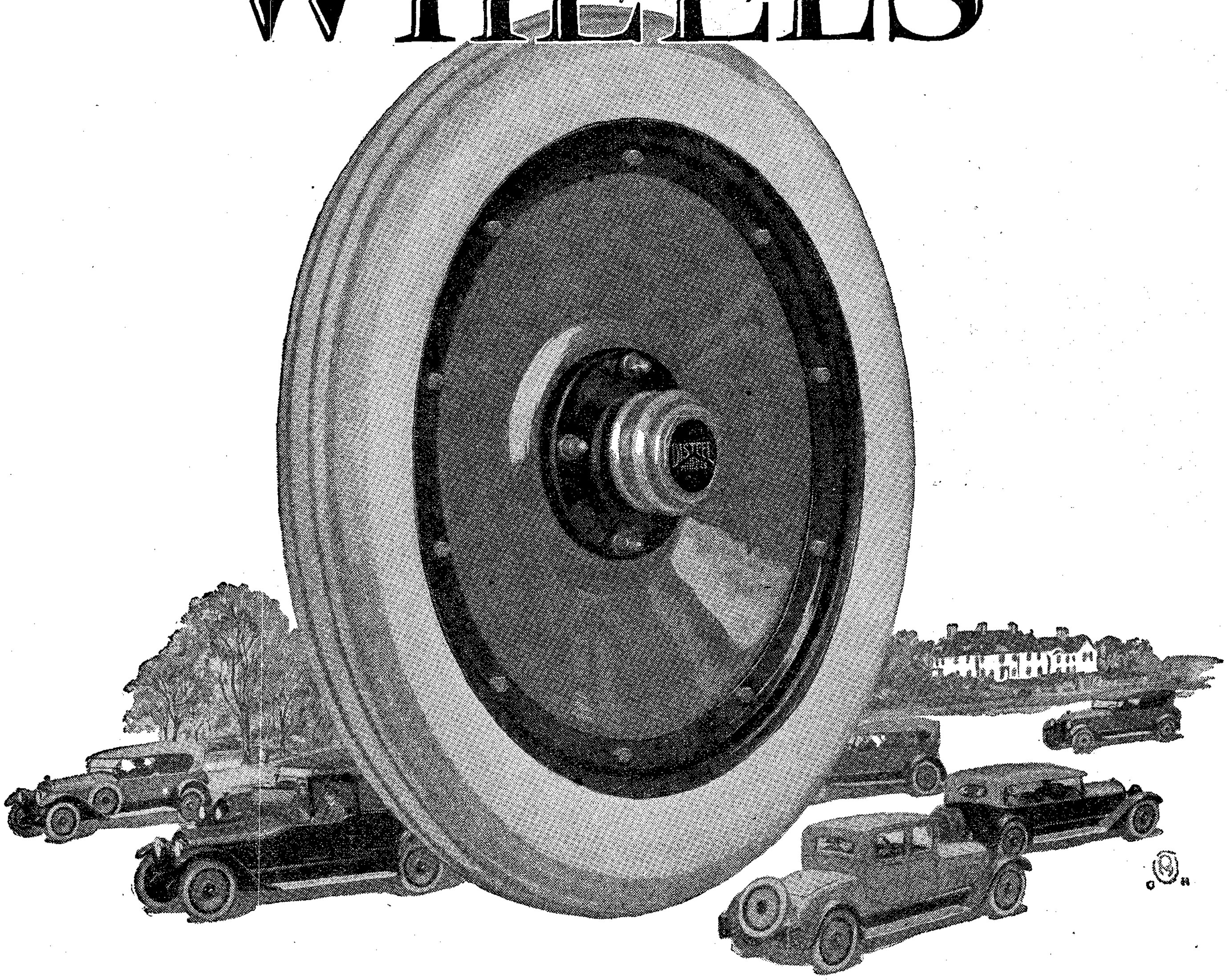
"Much to my surprize the predictions which I made have been more than verified already and the number of arrests and prosecutions for violating the regulations for the distribution of whisky and brandy as a medicine is already very great. In one instance a pharmacist has been convicted for the writing of fourteen thousand prescriptions for whisky as a remedy, almost every one of which was for a full quart. These prescriptions were written by physicians and the charge was collusion between the physician, the patient, and the pharmacist. I have not seen anything more than a sketch of the evidence, but from what I have seen the charge was not substantiated by the testimony. Nevertheless, the druggist was convicted and sentenced both to imprisonment and a heavy fine.

"I believe that if the Government should act as the dispensing agent the pharmacist would be relieved from the odium and danger. This would not, however, take away from the physician the temptation, which unfortunately a few physicians yield to, to write prescriptions where really the remedy is not indicated. We should have, in order to protect all parties, a staff of government physicians to do the prescription writing. The surgeons and assistant surgeons of the Army and Navy have a lot of leisure on their hands; Army officers are detailed to give instructions at the agricultural colleges of the country; why not have the surgeons and assistant surgeons of the Army, Navy, and the Public Health Service deputized to write all prescriptions for whisky and brandy as remedies? This would relieve the medical profession also, as well as the pharmaceutical profession, from having anything to do with the case. I believe some such arrangement as this is the only way in which scandal can be avoided. Even this arrangement may not safeguard the government officials. I have known government officials to go wrong, but the number who would go wrong, in my opinion, would be extremely small.

"There is another way in which this matter could be handled. The highest authorities at the present time, medical and pharmacological, who have made investigations, that is, real investigations of the effect of alcohol, are at one in the opinion that alcohol is not a tonic; it never has been a tonic and never will be one. It is a narcotic, pure and simple. Its supposed tonic effect is nothing but incipient intoxication. Both whisky and brandy are, at the present time, excluded from the Pharmacopœia, and let all who have the honor of the medical and pharmaceutical professions at stake unite in a determined effort that these bodies shall not be reinstated in the Pharmacopœia.

"Do not let us stop with that. Let us preach the doctrine, based upon the latest discoveries, that whisky and brandy are utterly useless as narcotics. Let us preach the doctrine, which has already been

DISTEEL WHEELS



FIVE years of scientific investigation and $800,000 in money were devoted to Disteel Wheels before they were offered to American motorists and motor car manufacturers. These years of constructive engineering have produced the Inwardly Curved Wheel—the Disteel Wheel. The unalterable laws of Science decree that it be Inwardly Curved. If it is not Inwardly Curved it is not a Disteel Wheel.

Disteel Wheels are the most distinctive and outstanding feature of the American motor cars of 1920 design. The inevitable accompaniment of Success is Imitation. That is more than flattering. It is conclusive proof of priority and preeminence. It is conclusive proof that Disteel Wheels stand supreme in the final judgment of American engineers and American motorists.

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Disteel Wheel Corporation

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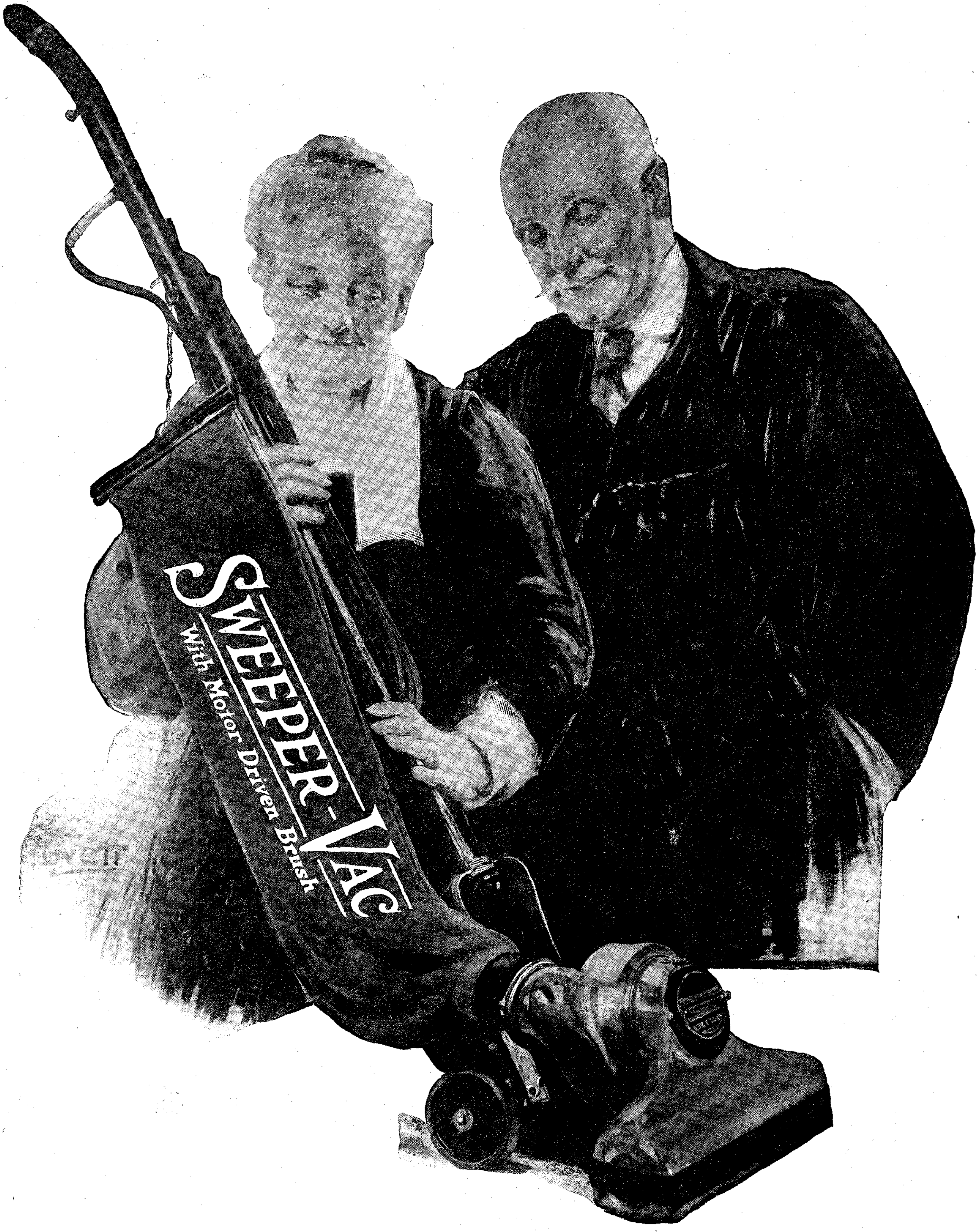
THE WHEELS THAT COMPLETE THE CAR



Mother—Just what I have always wanted—the Vacuum Cleaner with "That Lever" I've heard so much about. Now I can keep everything spick and span!

Father—Yes, I knew you would be pleased, for I realized as soon as I saw it work that the SWEEPER-VAC combines all the wanted features of a Suction Cleaner plus the Motor Driven Brush.

Write today for the most elaborate Vacuum Cleaner book ever issued.

PNEUVAC Company — 164 Fremont Street — Worcester, Massachusetts

demonstrated very successfully, that they are worse than useless, that they are positively harmful.

"I realize how difficult it will be to teach the old members of the medical profession this new doctrine. They are perfectly honest in their convictions that in many diseases, as, for instance, in influenza, alcohol in some form is the best remedial agent there is. This opinion is not buttressed by any reliable data to show that influenza patients who were dosed with whisky had any lower death-rate than those to whom alcohol was denied. It is unfortunate that statistics of this kind were not gathered. I have made several requests of competent medical authorities for such statistics and find that none are to be had. I believe that if we had accurate statistics the result would be astounding. I feel certain that the death-rate among influenza patients who were denied alcohol was much lower than when alcohol was administered. I regret that this is purely a theoretical conclusion based on my conviction that alcohol is not a tonic, but a narcotic. The matter is one of very great significance. It is one which can not be lightly put aside by any pharmacist or physician.

KEEPING TUNNELS DRY

TUNNELS under large bodies of water are now fairly common, and in many cases they are cheaper and more usable than bridges. The flooding of a tunnel of this sort would be a disaster; even a trifling leak must be looked after at once. Writing on the great river tunnels that give access to New York on both sides, M. A. Henry, in *The Scientific American* (New York), tells us that they are constantly leaking. Water from the river overhead seeps into the tunnels all the time, and scores of automatic sentinels stand guard day and night, not alone to insure proper control, but to guard against an actual break in the tunnel wall which would admit the water in greater volume. He continues:

> "These sentinels are electric pumping stations located at intervals along the tunnels. They are entirely automatic and need only an occasional inspection to ascertain that everything is in working order.
>
> "Each pumping station consists of two main units, a small pump for taking care of the water which ordinarily drains into the tunnel, and a larger pump for emergencies. Both pumps are driven by electric motors and are controlled automatically. The water collects in a sump in which there are two float switches, one for each motor, and when the water rises to a predetermined point the float switch for the smaller motor closes. This energizes an automatic contractor which starts the pump. When the water in the sump is brought down to a proper level, the switch opens and stops the pump. But should the smaller pump be unable to handle the flow, the water continues to rise until the larger pump is automatically started through actuation of its float switch.

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The First Complete System for Preventing Check Frauds

All common forms of fraud affecting the signer of a check are prevented by the Todd Anti-Forgery System—changing the names or endorsements; changing the amount; or forgery by "counterfeiting" or duplicating genuine check forms.

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backed by an iron-clad forgery-insurance policy, issued gratis to each user of the System, positively insuring *the user and his bank, jointly*, for an amount that amply covers the average daily bank balance. Additional insurance, if desired, may be secured by users of the Anti-Forgery System only, at a merely nominal premium, because under this complete system of fraud prevention THERE IS NO NEED FOR INSURANCE, there is no risk, there has never been a penny of loss, not a single claim ever reported out of all the policies in force, covering 100,000 of the country's very largest business concerns insuring millions and millions of checks yearly.

The Protectograph Check Writer

writes and "shreds" the amount of a check in Dollars and Cents—(in words, not figures)—exact to the penny, in two vivid colors—a complete word to each stroke of the handle. (Todd Two-Color Patents.)

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drafts, and other negotiable instruments. Chemicals in the fibre prevent altering names or any written or printed portion of the document without instant detection. PROTOD is registered, accounted for and safeguarded like Government silk-thread bank notes. The well known water-mark reproduced above identifies PROTOD.

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FREE, please send "Scratcher Sends a Warning" and description of the Todd Anti-Forgery System.
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(Enclose your business card or letterhead)
L. D. 9-20

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LEONARD MORTON & CO., a Chicago Mail Order House, through its unique method of merchandising and by specializing on the *necessities* of life, is one of the most successful in this profitable field. Its management—of 20 years' experience—has built up a business with **one million** customers, in only 2½ years.

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7% Higher Interest Rates

Owing to a general advance in interest rates, we shall for a short time at least, be able to get Seven Per Cent for our customers on First Mortgage Loans. We suggest that you take advantage of this and arrange to take some of these loans at the higher rate. Good loans are offering. Write for Loan List No. 77

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INVESTMENTS ◆ AND ◆ FINANCE

HOW POSTAL BANKS COULD FINANCE THE GOVERNMENT

TO provide for government financing, to release bank funds for business and industrial purposes, and to encourage savings, open all the fifty-five thousand post-offices, branches, and substations to the people for postal-savings deposits. This is the recommendation made by the former managing director of the War Finance Corporation, Eugene Meyer, Jr., to the United States Senate Special Committee on Reconstruction and Production. He is "on sound and even impregnable ground" when suggesting this "method of placing the savings of the people at the service of government financing, which is now a heavy impediment to business," according to *The Wall Street Journal.* "Pay Government's Money to the People and not to Banks," is the head-line characterization of the Meyer plan on the financial page of the New York *American,* which summarizes the chief points as follows:

> The fundamental question of the country is to increase savings.
>
> The way to increase savings is by extension of the postal-savings system.
>
> Pay the people four per cent. on savings instead of paying six per cent. to bankers on treasury certificates.
>
> Encourage thrift among the people.
>
> Expansion of the postal-savings system will result in paying off entire floating debt of $2,500,000,000 in one year.
>
> Proper handling of funds will provide sufficient surplus for redemption of Victory notes, amounting to $4,000,000,000 on their maturing in 1923.
>
> Will afford necessary relief to banks and Federal Reserve system.
>
> Will reduce the cost of financing.
>
> Actual direct savings through extension of postal savings would amount to $1,000,000,000 annually.
>
> Help of women is essential.

Taxed surplus of the wealthy classes is going to pay government expenses, so that surplus for investment has to come from the great mass of people, according to Mr. Meyer. He argues:

> While the Government has provided a Federal Reserve system to furnish financial assistance to bankers and industries of the country, not enough has been done by the Government to furnish banking facilities to the great body of the common people. The development and enlargement of the postal-savings system would fill this purpose.
>
> The postal-savings law should be amended to authorize the payment of four per cent. rate of interest on deposits instead of the two per cent. as at present, and the number of post-offices authorized to receive deposits should be increased from 6,500, the present number, to all of the 55,000, post-offices, branches, and substations.
>
> By taking up the treasury certificates through the increased postal savings the Government would relieve the banks of the burden imposed on them during the war and since, and permit the banks to use all of their available funds for business and industrial purposes.
>
> It would also relieve the Federal Reserve system of the rediscounting of several hundred millions of certificates which would improve the reserve position of the Federal Reserve banks. Redemption of treasury certificates would furthermore bring about a rise in Liberty bonds of from five per cent. to ten per cent., and relieve the banks of hundreds of millions of loans now being carried upon Liberty bonds.
>
> If large amounts of treasury certificates now held by banks and corporations for temporary investments were gradually but promptly paid off, a large buying-power would be thrown into the outstanding Victory and Liberty bond issues with resulting enhancement of prices and reduction in interest income yield, which would, in turn, reduce the whole interest basis for temporary and permanent financing.
>
> Without venturing to prophesy, I would state that within a short time it might easily reduce the cost of financing an average of one per cent. per annum or more throughout our entire financial structure. This, in turn, would stimulate legitimate business, help marketing of crops, and reduce the cost of living.
>
> The actual direct savings to the Government and the people of the country through extension of the postal-savings system would amount to about one billion dollars.

Statistics from European countries, quoted by Mr. Meyer, show that highly developed postal-savings systems make for the greatest number of savings-bank depositors. In the United States only 565,000 citizens, less than one-half of one per cent. of the people, now have government savings deposits.

THE DIAMOND MONOPOLY—Some interesting facts about the De Beers diamond monopoly are presented by *The Wall Street Journal* in giving a negative answer to a reader who writes demanding an exposure of the diamond monopoly's profiteering. We read:

> The De Beers Company controls the trade in diamonds, and fixes the price, with the willing consent of its smaller competitors. It has paid great dividends on a relatively small capital, in the past, and its business has done something to build up the trade of South Africa. That grateful country even protects the monopoly by a special statute against "I. D. B.," which imposes imprisonment for ten years for illicit diamond buying.
>
> For a reason which would impress anybody but the man who chooses diamonds for an investment, the market price is entirely artificial. So far from there being any difficulty about getting diamonds, the company limits its output to a quantity of rough diamonds which will not flood the market. There is enough diamondiferous blue clay in sight in the Kimberley fields, all controlled by the De Beers Company,

The Part That Atmosphere Plays

ATMOSPHERE has a definitely measurable effect in shaping the opinions and actions of men and women.

There is the relaxing, soothing atmosphere of the club—luxurious, massive chairs, deep rugs, soft click of billiard balls, carefully-chosen pictures—these combine to lend an atmosphere that banishes business cares.

At the hotel, the snowy linen, gleaming silver, and nattily-uniformed attendants create an atmosphere of smartness and spending which pays the management big dividends.

A picture of the ideal home does not show the bricks, lumber and stucco—but a glowing fire-place, a cozy chair and an open book—atmosphere.

And atmosphere has measurable results in business—and on dollar-profits.

The carefully planned and beautifully furnished office, permanent in clean-cut, harmonious steel, creates an atmosphere which immediately builds confidence and inspires action in a customer. More than that—it stimulates efficiency and increases the self-respect and loyalty of the office-worker. Too many firms have found this true to permit of argument.

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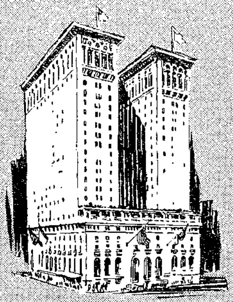
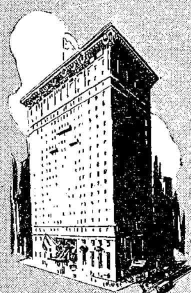
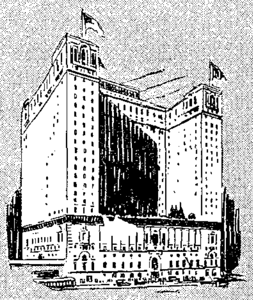


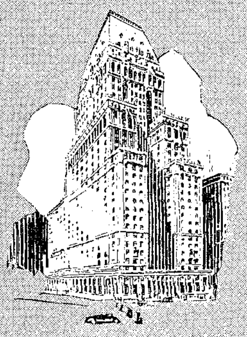
The Biltmore
Adjoins the
Grand Central Terminal



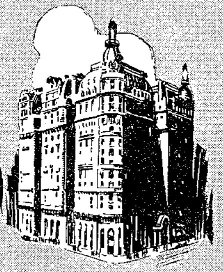
The Belmont
JAMES WOODS, VICE-PRES.
Opposite Grand Central Terminal



Hotel Commodore
GEO. W. SWEENEY, VICE-PRES.
Grand Central Terminal
"Get off the Train and
Turn to the Left"



PLAN OF PROPOSED NEW BUILDING
Murray Hill Hotel
JAMES WOODS, VICE-PRES.
A Short Block from the Station



ALSO The Ansonia
EDW. M. TIERNEY, VICE-PRES.
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PERSHING SQUARE HOTELS
NEW YORK

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

to put diamonds at least well within the reach of the unionized worker, if not of the mere taxpayer.

The diamond-cutting industry is probably the tightest trades-union in this country. There are brokers in diamonds, and even a curb market, up in the theatrical district. It seems to be well conducted and there is no immoral short selling. The specialists are really the pawnbrokers; and, like other specialists, they make the lion's share of the profits in the minor movements, after the De Beers ring has provided for its dividend requirements.

This is a monopoly with no danger to the public. It is in no danger itself and could only be affected by a general development of common sense and good taste, not at all likely for an indefinite time to come.

HOW THE EXCESS-PROFITS TAX DISCOURAGES INVENTION

WRITERS in the business and financial press are fond of harping on the defects of the excess-profits tax. A contributor to *American Industries* argues at some length to prove that this tax is discouraging inventors, and thereby, of course, actually doing injury to the public. He even endeavors to prove that this tax, intended to hit the trusts, is actually a godsend to the big manufacturing monopolies. He reasons as follows:

> We must recognize that the inventor who invests his time and work and he who invests money in the promotion of inventions is taking perhaps about the same risk as he who invests in oil or mineral enterprises. Unfortunately, a great many enterprises based on inventions fail. A great many inventors lose the time and money which they invest before the proposition ever reaches the stage where organization and promotion is justified. A great many fail after promotion and entry into the manufacturing business. On the other hand, many meritorious inventors succeed and many of the most useful industries in the United States to-day have originated in and are the outgrowth of meritorious inventions which have succeeded under conditions existing in the past and which could not exist under the present excess-profits law because that law as at present drawn and applied intervenes and appropriates the large return which would otherwise be realized and which alone justifies the risk of either time or capital upon a venture so hazardous.
>
> There are cases of record where industries thus founded upon inventions have been taxed as high as seventy per cent. of the net income of the corporation. What remains to the corporation is obviously insufficient to provide for the necessary increases in stock of goods, accounts receivable, and the like, while there is nothing for increased plant and equipment, or as a return for the investor. The tax law saps the growing tree of the food upon which it relies for growth.
>
> The law offers no balm to those whose ventures fail. As the situation stands, the investor and the inventor lose if the venture fails and the Government appropriates the bulk of the earnings if the venture succeeds. When this situation

becomes generally understood, who will invest time or money in inventions? The law has reduced the possible return in a venture so hazardous to little more than what can be realized by an investment in railroad bonds, mortgages, or other recognized conservative investments.

Realizing that there would be no more oil-wells or no more mines if the Government deprived the successful investor in these enterprises of his large profits and left the unsuccessful alone with his losses, the excess-profits law has been so drawn as to favor the oil-well and mine investor, but has left the inventor outside the exception.

On the contrary, by a rather brutal exception the inventor has been discriminated against and taxed, in many cases in excess of similar corporations not based on inventions. . . . . . .

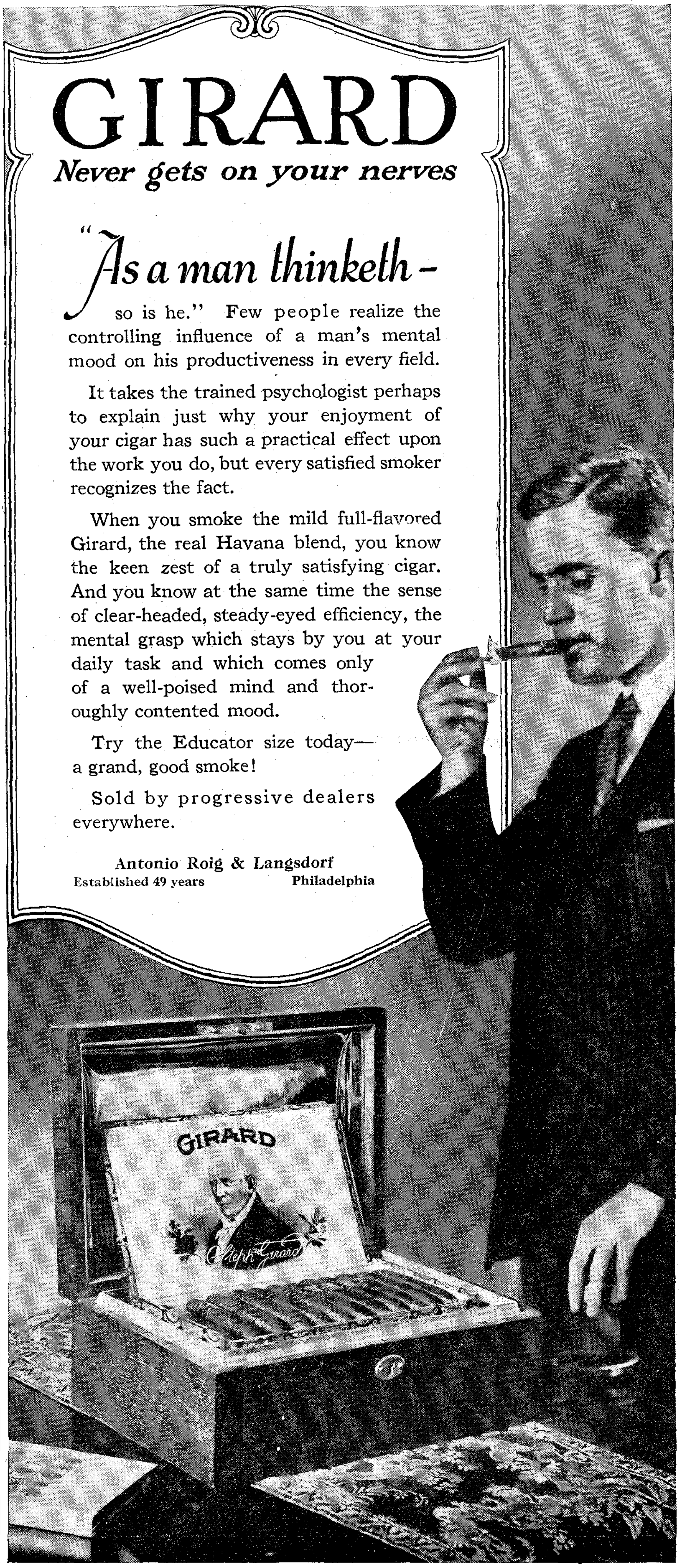
The invention must compete for its promotion with at least two other classes of investments—the conservative investment, which insures about the same return that can under the present tax law be realized from investment in a successful invention, and investments in oil-wells and the like, which present about the same hazard as investments in inventions, but which, in view of the exception in the tax law, promise large returns if the venture is successful. . . . . . .

The injury to the inventor is twofold. In addition to discouraging him in the beginning and discouraging those who aid him, he is handicapped as against the competition he must face when he enters the manufacturing business. His competitors, long since established, have long ago watered their stock, with the result that their capitalization is so high that the tax which they pay per unit of business is much less than the tax per unit of business of a smaller concern which has started with a small capital. Consequently, in addition to having to overcome the keen competition of older concerns, he must pay the Government twice or ten times as much per unit of business as his competitor.

Thus suppose the inventor company pays seventy per cent. tax and the competitor ten per cent. Seven times as much of the selling price of each article sold by the inventor company goes to the Government as is paid by his competitor. Only under some special conditions can the inventor, paying these taxes, survive at all. Not only are new inventions discouraged, but the trusts and monopolies are insured continuation without competition. The inventor with a better, and often cheaper, article, who has in the past proved to be the most formidable competitor, is delivered by the tax law up to the trust, tied hand and foot. All during the futile efforts of the Department of Justice to dissolve the trusts, the inventors with new and better articles were constantly menacing and breaking the security of the monopolies. One would think that Congress had intended by the tax law to end this nuisance to the trusts. If continued, in effect that will be the practical result.

The apparent purpose and intent of the law was to raise revenue from the rich. The effect of the law has been very different. The rich have escaped with a moderate tax, but the law has literally deprived the industrious and the enterprising of the fruits of their industry and enterprises.

If the present law continues in effect, and its baneful influence becomes generally known among those who are interested in the development of and promotion of newly invented articles, it will be practically impossible to secure any capital



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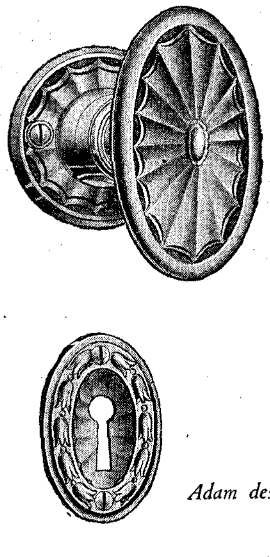
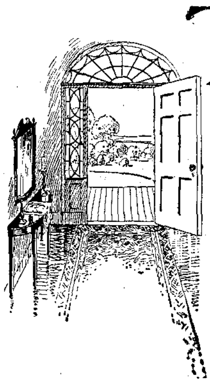


Adam design

You owe it to yourself



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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

for the purpose of promoting inventions at all, and the stimulation of the development of the sciences and useful arts by the patent laws will be annulled. It is needless to say that such a result would be disastrous in a great many ways.

OUR NEW CROP OF MILLIONAIRES

MILLIONAIRES sprouted like mushrooms during the war, according to one interpretation placed on the tabulation of wealth in this country recently made public from the income-tax returns. About two thousand residents have sworn that their incomes during 1919 reached $50,000 a year, and a man with an income of that amount is classed as a "millionaire," inasmuch as that is the lowest probable return on $1,000,000. But, as a Washington dispatch to the New York *Times* points out, not all of these so-called millionaires are actually the possessors of $1,000,000. Men with incomes of $50,000 as salaries would come in this classification, and many of these have no large sums in bank. Some, indeed, live on their salaries, and have no investments. Contrasted with these "millionaires" are the two million persons in the United States whose incomes are two thousand dollars or less, and the dispatch states that—

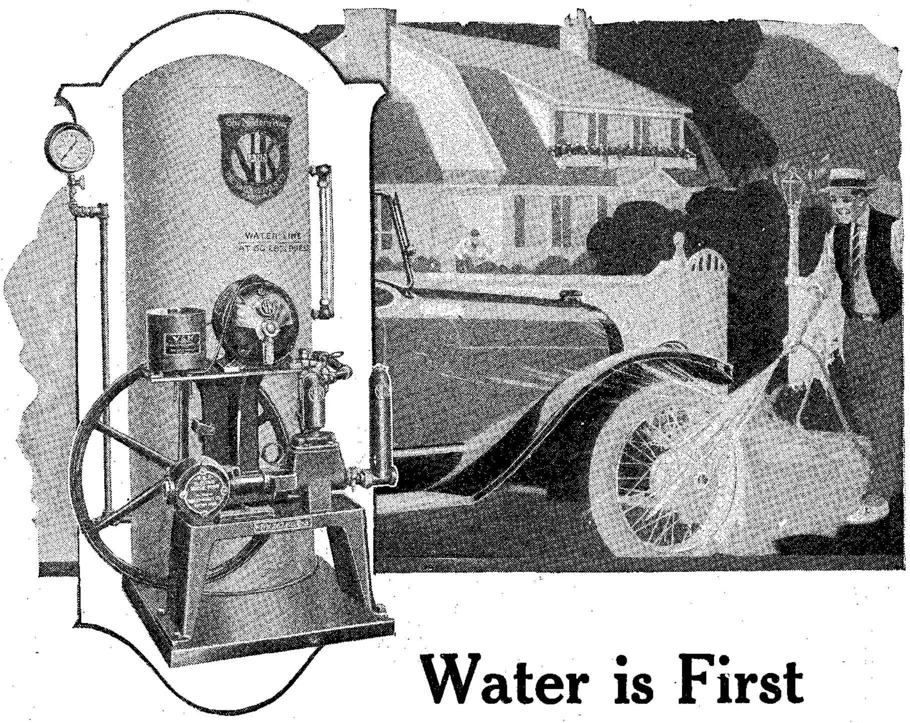
> The Internal Revenue Bureau estimates that half of the 4,000,000 individuals who have rendered statements come within the $2,000 class.
>
> There are two men in the country who have incomes above $3,000,000 annually, twenty-eight with incomes above $2,000,000, and thirteen with incomes between $1,500,000 and $2,000,000. It is said one hundred and sixty-two have incomes of $1,000,000, and ninety possess incomes of more than $750,000.
>
> Officials have said that 16,000 men had incomes of $50,000 to $750,000. Among the rich men there are 1,271 in the $50,000 to $60,000 income class; 901 in the $60,000 to $70,000 class; 658 who have $70,000 to $80,000; 472 who have $80,000 to $90,000; 274 who have $90,000 to $100,000; 1,084 who have $100,000 to $150,000; 476 who have $150,000 to $200,000; 263 who have $200,000 to $250,000; 131 who have $250,000 to $300,000; 134 who have $300,000 to $400,000; 74 who have $400,000 to $500,000.
>
> More than six thousand men with incomes of more than fifty thousand dollars live in New York State, and about half of these reside in New York City. Of the twenty-eight richest men in the United States about half also live in New York State. Two of them reside in Delaware and are said to have engaged in munition-making on a large scale. Another whose name is celebrated lives in Michigan. One lives in Ohio, two in Pennsylvania, one in Texas, and one in Rhode Island. Of course, the identity of these men is secret, but the fact that they live in certain States establishes their identity with many persons.

It does not necessarily follow that every new millionaire made his fortune through war-profits, says *The Times*, editorially, explaining that this idea was based on "arbitrary capitalization of certain incomes, and, moreover, it took no consideration of the fact that a man whose income this year is $50,000 might have made $45,000 last year. In that case, according to this very often inaccurate capitalization, he was worth $900,000 a year ago, but because his income increased five thousand dollars in a single year, an increase largely wiped out by the tax—he was called a 'war-millionaire.'" And again—

> He may be making huge profits on a business representing small capital. On the other hand, the Treasury Department quite accurately points out that many men whose capital totals a million or more have it invested very largely in tax-free securities bearing a low rate of interest. Yet the balance is probably the other way; that is, there are fewer actual millionaires than income millionaires.
>
> This suspicion is strengthened by the statement that two men in the United States admit incomes "in excess of three million dollars." That is a loose term, and the two incomes may be widely apart. It will generally be supposed that one of these men is John D. Rockefeller. It may plausibly be conjectured that the other is Henry Ford. What the relative size of their incomes may be nobody knows outside of the Treasury Department, but it is a pretty safe guess that Mr. Ford gets a good deal larger percentage on what might, by any computation, be described as his capital than does Mr. Rockefeller.

The Boston *Transcript* also says that it may never be known how many of the new fortunes were made through war-profits and how many through normal business expansion. But underlying these figures "is the basic fact that the wealth of the United States, and the wealth of thousands of its citizens, increased by leaps and bounds in the period of the war. A great destroyer of life and happiness, war, in the case of the United States at least, has been a no less great creator of wealth." In the opinion of the New York *Call* (Socialist) however—

> The other side of the ledger shows two million persons whose incomes are $2,000 or less, a sum insufficient to maintain a man and family of three in decency and comfort. How many there are below this class is not stated, as they make no income returns to the Federal Government. There are one hundred and sixty-two who have incomes of $1,000,000, two who receive $3,000,000 annually, twenty-eight with incomes above $2,000,000, and thirteen with incomes between $1,500,000 and $2,000,000.
>
> This secretion of financial fat is eloquent testimony to the rosy view of life held by those who have participated in this thieves' supper. They are satisfied with the war and its outcome, the percentage of their Americanism exceeds the standard figure of one hundred, they hate the "Bulshe-viks" with all the venom they are capable of, and are admirers of the political fashions set by the Cox-Harding circus.
>
> Did anybody make any money out of the war? We don't know. Ask the gentlemen whose pockets are bulging with ducats. They may have some informa-



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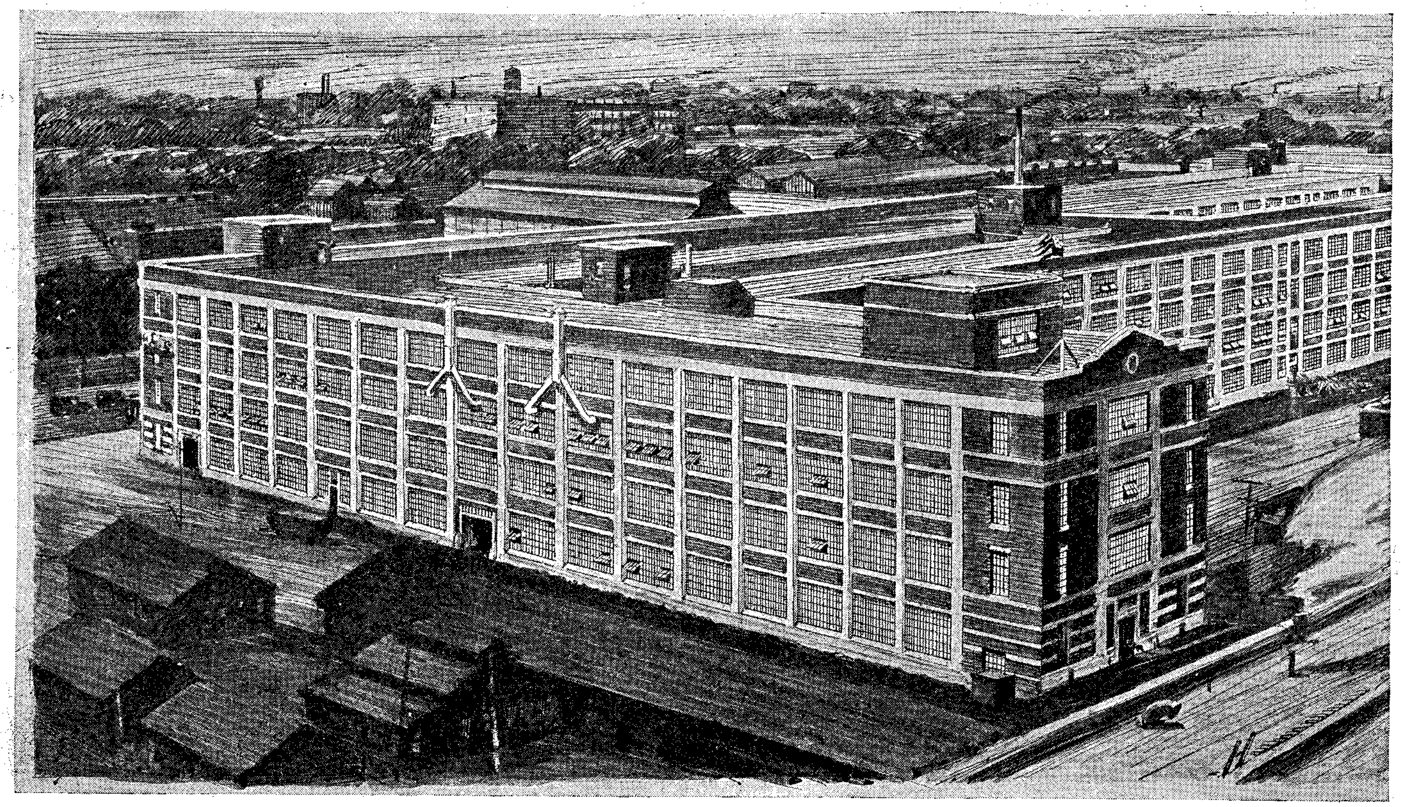

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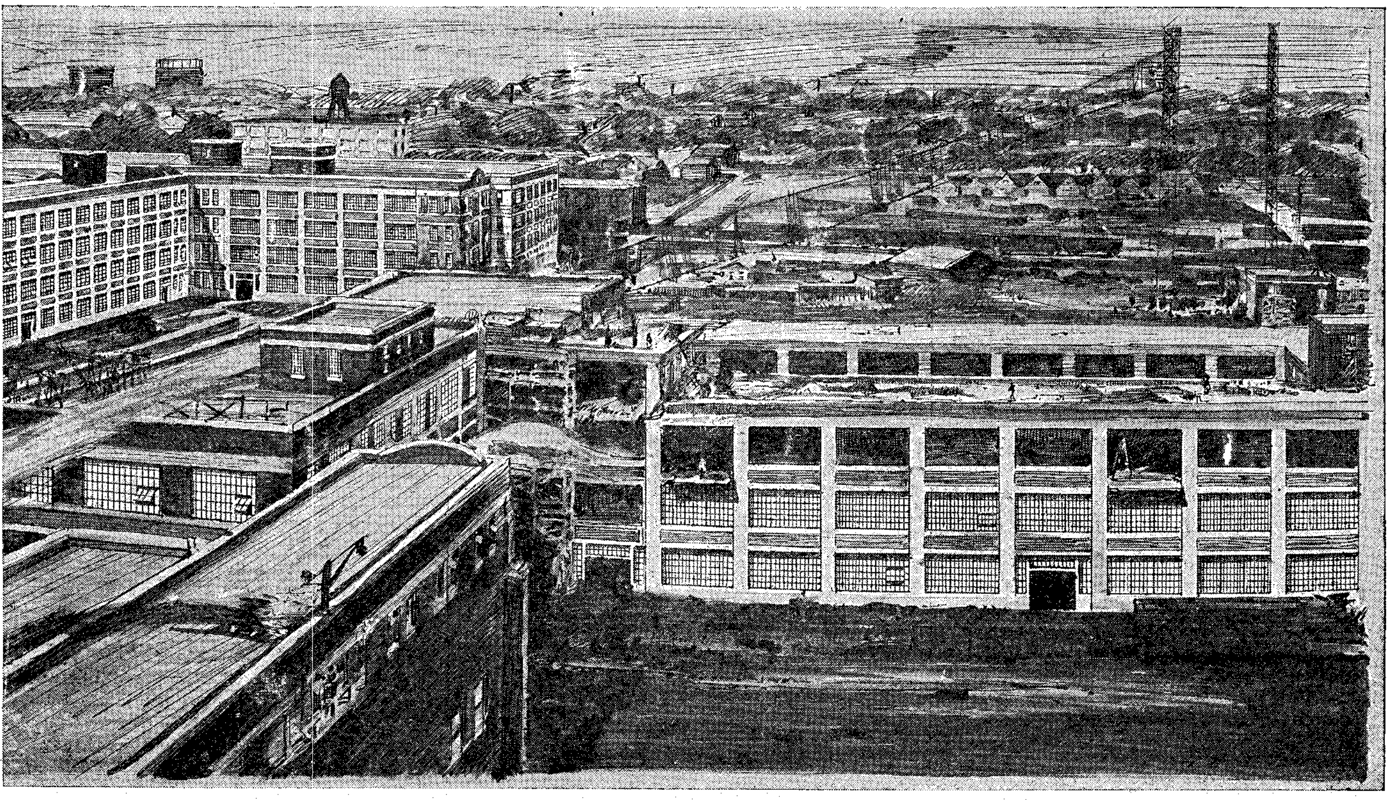

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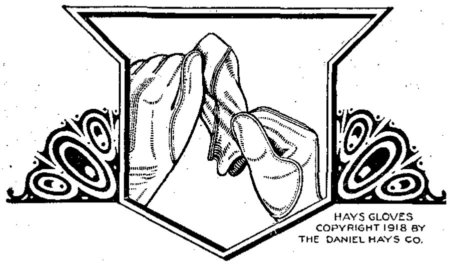
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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

tion regarding this. All we know is that they are happy, profoundly happy, to know that the world has been made safe for something.

COLLECTING INCOME-TAX FROM WAGE-EARNERS

DOES anybody, asks *The Wall Street Journal*, "believe that all the unmarried wage-earners earning twenty dollars a week, or one thousand dollars for the completed year, or the married wage-earners with twice that amount in their pay envelops, paid income-tax?" Does anybody, it continues, "believe that the number who paid even approaches the number who escaped?" This financial paper is convinced that most wage-earners who should be paying a tax are not doing so, and that it is in the interest of the public to see that these taxes, small in each individual case, but large in the aggregate, are collected in full. This is one of the things they do better in Britain, we are told. In the United Kingdom over two billion dollars was collected in income taxes from wage-earners last year. Did we collect any such sum from this source? "And if not, why not?" *The Wall Street Journal* proceeds:

We all know that the man on a salary can not get away. Not only does he state his salary in his income-tax return. The truthfulness of his statement can be immediately checked by the returns which his employers must also make. But the industrial wage-earner is not checked in the same way, or, indeed, as refers to the greater part of him, in any effective way. He can plead periods of unemployment, irregularity in the amounts received, changes from one district to another or from one factory to another, and other things which make it possible to profess inability to make a return. But the British income-tax commissioners accept no such excuses.

Their method is summary but essentially just. They say: "You are a carpenter, and the wages in the trade have been so much in the past year. We shall, therefore, assess you for the year at those wages, and you can prove to us what part of the year you were unemployed." The same method is followed with farmers, who so largely escape in this country. Failing a return, they are assessed at three times the rentable value of their farm, whether owned or rented. It is up to them to explain how their earnings were less than the estimated amount. The English farmer soon learns how to keep books under pressure like this. He can not, moreover, plead that the cost of living for himself and his family is part of his operating expenses. The doctor can not plead it here nor the editor. At least, we should insist that our income tax play no favorites.

Additional expense in collecting the tax is well worth while for the moral effect of bringing home to the wage-earner his direct personal interest in businesslike and economical government.

CURRENT EVENTS

RUSSIA AND POLAND

September 1.—Poland answers the admonition of the United States that the Polish armies halt at the ethnographic frontier of Poland with the statement that altho she agrees that Russian territory should be respected, she is forced to consider the serious consequences which might result should the Polish counter-offensive against the Soviet armies stop at a fixt line without satisfactory guaranties from the Soviet authorities.

General Wrangel, anti-Bolshevik leader in the Crimea, begins a counter-attack against the Soviet center.

It is reported from Warsaw that the northern wing of the Polish Army is advancing without resistance.

September 2.—All available Bolshevik reserve forces have been ordered from Petrograd to the fighting area in the vicinity of Grodno, says a dispatch reaching the State Department at Washington. It is said that an effort to mobilize sailors and to take them from their ships near Cronstadt for service on the Polish front resulted in a riot in which there were several fatalities.

The Bolshevik army of General Budenny, noted cavalry leader, is annihilated during the operations in the Lemberg section, says a report from Warsaw.

The Russian Soviet forces, endeavoring to encircle Lemberg, have retired to the eastward under Polish pressure, says a Soviet official statement reaching London.

It is reported from Harbin, Manchuria, that Irkutsk and other cities in Siberia have overthrown the Soviet forces and that Perm is in the hands of sixty thousand insurgents, assisted by Hungarian troops.

September 3.—A dispatch from Kovno reaching Berlin says Lithuanian detachments have attacked Polish troops and driven them back over the entire Grodno-Suwalki front.

September 4.—Large numbers of Tatar-Bolshevik agents have begun an intensive campaign of propaganda in Anatolia under the control of leaders supporting the Turkish Nationalist Government, says a report from Constantinople.

General Wrangel has launched a successful counter-offensive in the regions north of the Sea of Azof, say dispatches from Constantinople.

September 5.—Fresh successes of General Wrangel against the Soviet forces north of the Crimea are reported in dispatches reaching Constantinople. He is said to be throwing back the Bolsheviki upon the Dnieper.

An attack on Polish forces by the Lithuanians is reported from the region northwest of Grodno. It is also said the negotiations between Poland and Lithuania regarding the frontier have been broken off.

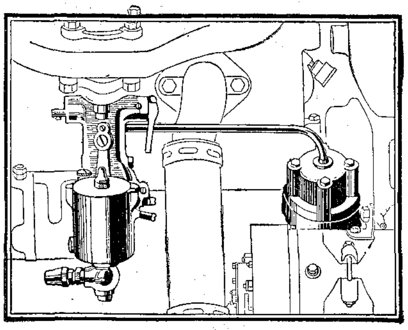
September 6.—The Soviet authorities rush all available east Siberian troops to west Siberia in an effort to quell the growing uprisings, says a report from Harbin. The insurrection is said to be spreading north along the Volga because of lack of harvests, harsh requisitions, and mobilization.

September 7.—The Polish Government

SAXON

Duplex engineering

—protection against burned-out bearings



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—another Saxon
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The conventional car goes half way in the matter of lubrication. At low speed, regardless of how much work is being done by the motor, the lubrication is scant. When the car is running fast, regardless of how little work the motor is performing, there is too much lubrication. How inconsistent this is!

When the everyday car is laboring through sand at 12 miles an hour in high gear, it is robbed of oil at the time it needs it most. Burned-out bearings sometimes result. Then when racing downhill, with very little work for the motor, there is too much lubrication, and the result is carbon on valves and spark plugs.

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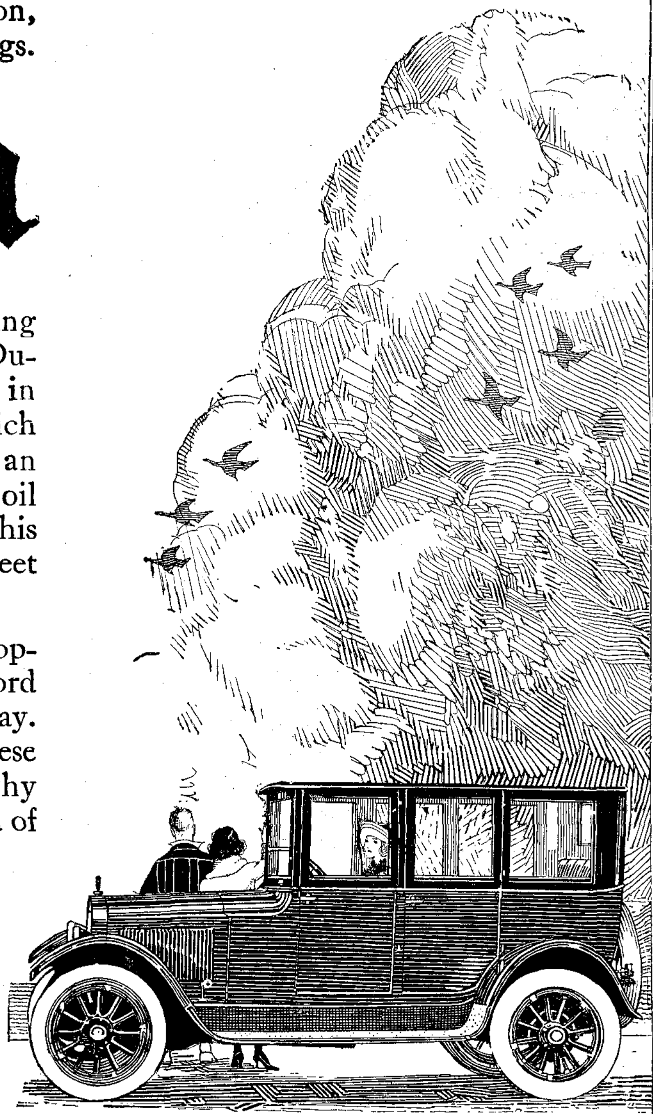

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CURRENT EVENTS
Continued

sends a note to the League of Nations asking it to mediate in the Polish-Lithuanian controversy. The note says the Lithuanians agreed with the Soviet Government to let the latter's army use Lithuanian territory for its passage and the establishment of a military base.

FOREIGN

September 1.—A strike against the payment of taxes, reported from Wurttemburg, Germany, is said to be spreading rapidly and now occasions the Government much anxiety. It is said that the local Bolsheviki are making use of the workmen's irritation and are trying to convert the strike into a revolutionary movement.

September 2.—The coal-miners of Great Britain decide to strike on September 25 if their demands are not granted.

An official communication from Simla, British India, announces violent anti-British propaganda among the frontier tribes in the Manshara region, where an attempt has been made to organize a Provisional Government to supersede the British administration. The ringleaders of the movement have been arrested.

Socialization of industries is reported as the leading issue in the Swedish general election beginning September 5, especially those industries involving mines water-power, forests, and privately owned railroads.

Nine thousand cases of cholera are reported from Korea and three thousand deaths have occurred according to health officers. There is great difficulty in fighting the malady owing to the superstition of the Koreans.

The Turkish Nationalists have proposed an armistice with the Armenians until President Wilson has defined the latter's boundaries, according to Constantinople advices.

September 3.—News is received in French official circles that a violent wave of anti-French agitation has been started in Germany, as a result of which Franco-German relations are said to be threatened. The new German Ambassador was not permitted to present his credentials at the French Foreign Office, as had been planned. It is said the German press have been inflaming the people against the French.

It is reported from Athens that Premier Venizelos, in a recent interview, stated that the Greek Government proposes to approach the Swiss Government in an effort to secure the expulsion from Switzerland of former King Constantine and his followers "who are seeking to disturb public order in Greece."

Strikes and labor disputes are affecting business in all parts of Great Britain, it is reported from London. The electrical and engineering trades are threatened with stoppage and for several days the newspapers in Manchester and Liverpool have been unable to publish because of the strike of compositors.

September 4.—A "Red" revolution on a large scale is reported to have broken out in Italy. Most of the leading cities have been seized by the revolutionary forces, according to advices reaching London. The Italian merchant marine is said to have been confiscated.

Revolutionary activity by followers of Felix Diaz, nephew of the former President of Mexico, is reported in the state of Vera Cruz. It is said that Diaz repudiates the present Government and declares he will fight to restore the Constitution of 1857.

The *Mayflower* tercentenary celebration, which will continue until September 11, begins at Plymouth, England, with a historical and literary conference participated in by British, Dutch, and American *Mayflower* historians.

September 5.—Germany, through Foreign Minister Simon, apologizes to France for the recent incident at Breslau, during which a mob attacked the French Consulate, says a report from Berlin.

Violent speeches denouncing Sovietism are delivered at a conference of Socialists in Berlin called to consider whether the party should adopt the terms which Lenine imposed as conditions of admission to the Third Internationale. No decision was reached.

It is reported from Paris that the situation in Italy where factory-workers in a dozen cities are reported to have seized industrial plants and gained absolute possession, is understood to be growing worse. All the efforts of the Government to come to terms with the malcontents have failed. The Cabinet plans to try to starve the "Reds" out, it is said.

September 6.—In reports from London Premier Lloyd George is quoted as saying that if guaranties are given that the murder of policemen in Ireland will cease the Premier is convinced that Lord Mayor McSwiney and the other hunger-strikers will be released from prison.

It is reported from Mexico City that General Obregon, candidate of the Liberal Constitutionalist party, won a decisive victory in the Presidential elections just held throughout the republic, according to scattering unofficial advices.

September 7.—A violent earthquake takes place in northern Italy, destroying two towns. A number of people were killed and injured.

The general strike in Trieste continues. Street-fights take place between Nationalists and Socialists in which many persons are injured.

DOMESTIC

September 1.—Representatives of the United Mine-Workers of America, representing sixty-five of the one hundred and twenty-five local unions in District No. 1, vote to take a "vacation" until increased wages, recognition of the union, and other demands are granted by the coal companies. The strike involves ninety thousand men in the anthracite fields.

Frank M. Thompson, Attorney-General of Tennessee, in an official opinion says that Tennessee's ratification of the Woman Suffrage Amendment has not been affected by the action of the anti-suffrage majority in the House expunging the record of ratification and passing a resolution to "non-concur" with the Senate.

September 2.—Governor James M. Cox, Democratic nominee for President, starts on a month's speaking tour of the Far West. He will travel nine thousand miles through twenty-two States.

Prosecution of 324 contractors charged with alleged irregularities in connection with war-contracts, has been ordered

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See the results of the new way of teeth cleaning. They are quick and decisive. You will know at once that they mean a lifetime of cleaner, safer teeth.

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Most tooth troubles are now traced to film—to that viscous coat you feel. Film clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

The ordinary tooth paste does not end film. So the film remains—much of it—and may do a ceaseless damage. Nearly all people suffer from it, more or less.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So, despite the tooth brush, all these troubles have been constantly increasing.

New methods now

Dental science, after years of searching, has found new ways to fight film. All have been proved by many clinical tests. They are so efficient that leading dentists everywhere advise them.

These methods are combined now in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. It has brought a new era in teeth cleaning. This is the tooth paste we urge you to try.

Watch the new effects

The use of Pepsodent at once reveals many new effects.

One ingredient is pepsin. One multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. One multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize mouth acids.

Two factors directly attack the films. One of them keeps the teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily cling.

Pepsodent is the new-day tooth paste, complying with all modern requirements. It does what never before was done. You should learn its benefits at once.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. Watch the teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

Every one in your family needs Pepsodent daily, and a week will prove this to you. Cut out the coupon now.

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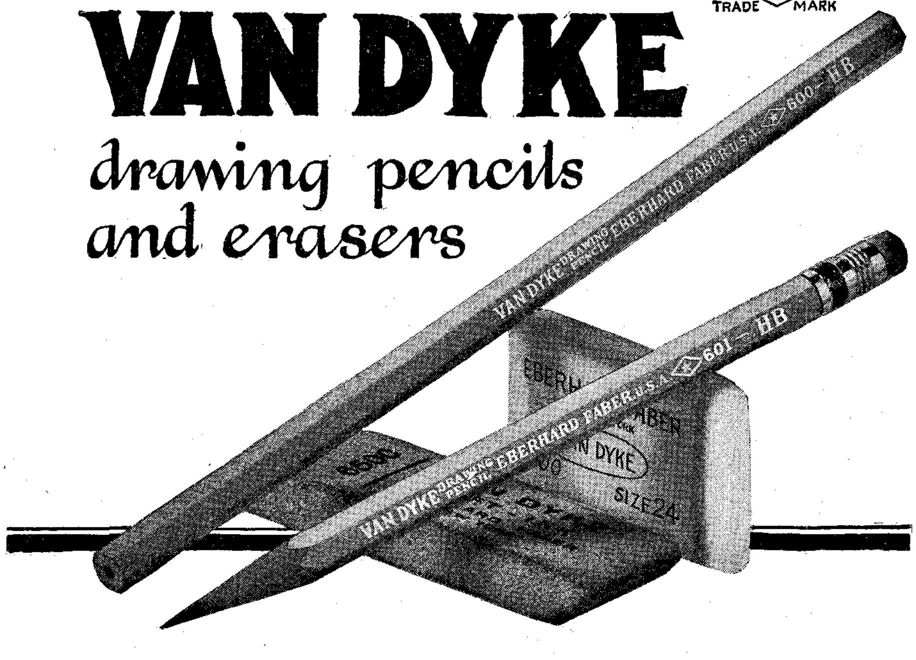
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CURRENT EVENTS
Continued

by the Department of Justice. The proceedings will include both criminal and civil actions and will involve billions of dollars, it is said.

The anthracite coal-industry in Pennsylvania is almost tied up by the "vacation" declared by insurgent mine-workers. About one hundred and twenty-five thousand of the one hundred and seventy-five thousand men in the field have quit work.

More than five thousand painters employed by members of the Building Trades Association in New York City go out on strike, demanding higher wages.

Federal guaranty of railroad earnings resulted in an increase in the public debt of $101,755,000 in August, according to figures of the Treasury just issued. The nation's gross debt now is $24,324,672,000.

Secretaries of all State Councils of Defense are called upon to meet in Kansas City in an effort to consolidate more than five thousand organizations in different parts of the country who claim as their object the combating of "Red" propaganda.

September 3.—Anthracite mine-workers through their union officers appeal to President Wilson to reopen the wage-contract just signed for the purpose of remedying the "inequalities" of the award recently approved by the President. The award gave the anthracite men increases ranging from seventeen to twenty-five per cent., whereas the miners asked for a uniform advance of about twenty-seven per cent.

One hundred and fifty railway executives, representing ninety per cent. of the railroads in the United States, meet in secret session in Chicago to devise plans to speed up the nation's transportation system and strike a blow at the high cost of living.

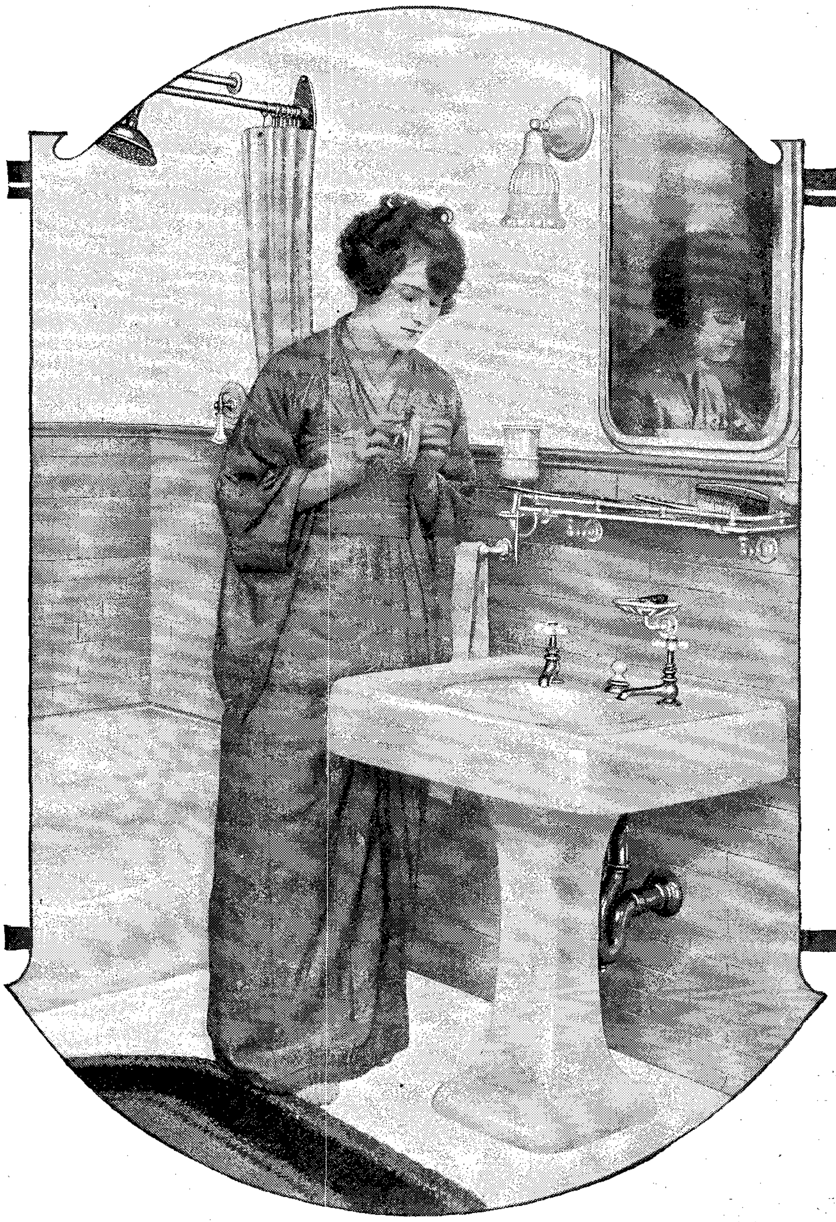
A report issued by E. K. Elsworth, of the Council of National Defense, shows that the Committee on Public Information, of which George Creel was chairman, spent $8,245,249 during its two years of operation. From this sum must be deducted moneys received by the committee from various sources, which makes the net cost to the Government of the operation of the Committee $4,954,200.

September 5.—A nation-wide "wet" crusade is begun in Maryland having for its object the repeal of the Volstead Act and the removal of the Prohibition Amendment from the Constitution. The campaign involves the forming of a national organization of opponents to prohibition.

September 6.—Three persons are killed and two injured at Niagara Falls, N. Y., when they are caught in a slide of five tons of shale on the gorge bank in the Cave of the Winds under the Falls. This is the first accident at the cave since its construction and opening in 1883, it is said.

September 8.—The Director of the Census announces the populations of the following civil divisions:
The State of Vermont, 352,421, a decrease of 3,535 since 1910.
The State of Utah, 449,446, an increase of 76,095.
The State of Connecticut, 1,380,585, an increase of 265,829.
Buffalo, N. Y., 506,775, an increase of 83,060.

"Standard" PLUMBING FIXTURES



TODAY, a house without a bathroom would be considered as extraordinary as was the house with a bathroom thirty years ago.

The modern house should have one bathroom for each two bedrooms. As for the kind—they should have built-in baths, pedestal lavatories and other fixtures in keeping.

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*EAST ST. LOUIS	16 N. MAIN
*CLEVELAND	4409 EUCLID
CINCINNATI	633 WALNUT
*TOLEDO	311 ERIE
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*HUNTINGTON	SECOND AVE. AND TENTH
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*ALTOONA	918 ELEVENTH
MILWAUKEE	426 BROADWAY
*MILWAUKEE	311 FIFTH
*LOUISVILLE	323 W. MAIN
*NASHVILLE	315 TENTH AVE., S.
*NEW ORLEANS	846 BARONNE
*HOUSTON	COR. PRESTON AVE. AND SMITH
*DALLAS	1200 JACKSON
*SAN ANTONIO	212 LOSOYA
*FORT WORTH	828 MONROE
KANSAS CITY	201 RIDGE ARCADE
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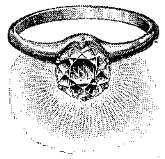

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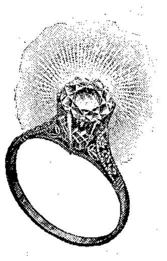

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Fine blue-white perfectly cut diamond, embedded in solid platinum. Ring is handsomely hand-carved in Grecian design.

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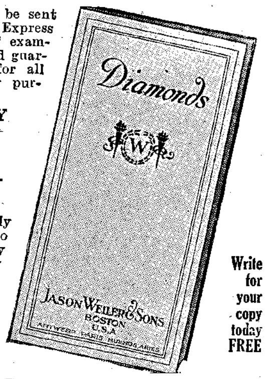

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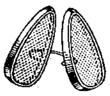

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SPICE ◆ OF ◆ LIFE

Lost, Strayed, or Stolen.—What has become of the old-fashioned nickel that used to be worth five cents?—*Twin Falls Times.*

Unfair Fares.—PASSENGER—"Three pounds ten?—but, my good man, I don't want to buy Glasgow, I only want to go there!"—*London Mail.*

Forced Transfer.—Another reason why pickpockets seem to be on the increase may be because profiteering isn't what it was a few months ago.—*Dallas News.*

Hubby's Hue.—At Deauville women are using colored face powders to match their frocks. But whatever the hue of the latest purchase, the husband always looks a little blue.—*Lady's Pictorial.*

Distances.—"Where do you live in the city—close in?"

"Fairly so—thirty minutes on foot, fifteen by motor-car, twenty-five by street-car, and forty-five by telephone."—*Kansas City Star.*

The Age of Miracles.—HUSBAND (discovering the hall full of packages)—"Heavens! You must have had a successful shopping day."

WIFE—"Yes, dear, and that isn't the best of it. I have actually got something that I am going to keep."—*Life.*

Alienating the Wabblers.—"Let us have done with wiggling and wabbling," said Senator Harding. And, as our cheerful client, Silas Bent, observes, thereby alienated all the votes controlled by that powerful organization, the National Association of Dancing Masters.—*New York Evening Post.*

A Helpful Thought.—Lee County, Mississippi, has had a health campaign in which prizes were offered for health slogans contributed by school-children. Four thousand slogans were produced; the first prize was won by this: "Chew your food; you have no gizzard." Fifteen hundred mile-posts bearing this and other useful health precepts were erected by enterprising merchants throughout the county.—*The Outlook (New York).*

All in the Good Book.—Bishop Hoss said at a Nashville picnic:

"The religious knowledge of too many adults resembles, I am afraid, the religious knowledge of little Eve.

"'So you attend Sunday-school regularly?' the minister said to little Eve.

"'Oh, yes, sir.'

"'And you know your Bible?'

"'Oh, yes, sir.'

"'Could you perhaps tell me something that is in it?'

"'I could tell you everything that's in it.'

"'Indeed,' And the minister smiled. 'Do tell me, then.'

"'Sister's beau's photo is in it,' said little Eve, promptly, 'and ma's recipe for vanishin' cream is in it, and a lock of my hair cut off when I was a baby is in it, and the ticket for pa's watch is in it.'"—*Los Angeles Times.*

Mother's Inning.—Political orators must talk of Pilgrim Mothers as well as Pilgrim Fathers or they will lose votes.—*The Shoe and Leather Reporter (Boston).*

New Political Danger.—Horrible thought! Perhaps deciding whether to be a Republican or a Democrat may develop wrinkles.—*The Shoe and Leather Reporter (Boston).*

Affection's Fount.—"He never learned to appreciate her good qualities until they quarreled."

"Evidently a case of love at first fight."—*Life.*

Unfair Competition.—"How's business?"

"Not too good—thanks to some dishonest rascals who are selling goods at reasonable prices."—*Le Journal Amusant (Paris).*

Going the Pace.—"What kind of a time is he having on his motor-trip?"

"Guess he's having a pretty lively time. He sent me a picture post-card of a hospital."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Her State of Mind.—"Do you think Gladys was surprized when I proposed to her?" inquired the happy youth.

"About as surprized," answered Miss Cayenne, "as a candidate who has received formal notification that he has been nominated."—*Washington Star.*

Not So Bad.—A returned vacationist tells us that he was fishing in a pond one day when a country boy who had been watching him from a distance approached him and asked, "How many fish yer got, mister?"

"None yet," he was told.

"Well, yer ain't doin' so bad," said the youngster. "I know a feller what fished here for two weeks an' he didn't get any more than you got in half an hour."—*Boston Transcript.*

A California Kick.—SIR: I sat in a Loz Onglaze park counting earthquakes. An improvident-looking person approached and asked for two bits to buy a drink. As I slipt him the coin I asked in return—Well, you know what I asked.

"Any shoe-store," quoth he.

"Drug-store," I corrected.

"Shoe-store," he maintained. "Shoe-dressing—any old kind—nearly all alcohol, with a kick like a musket."

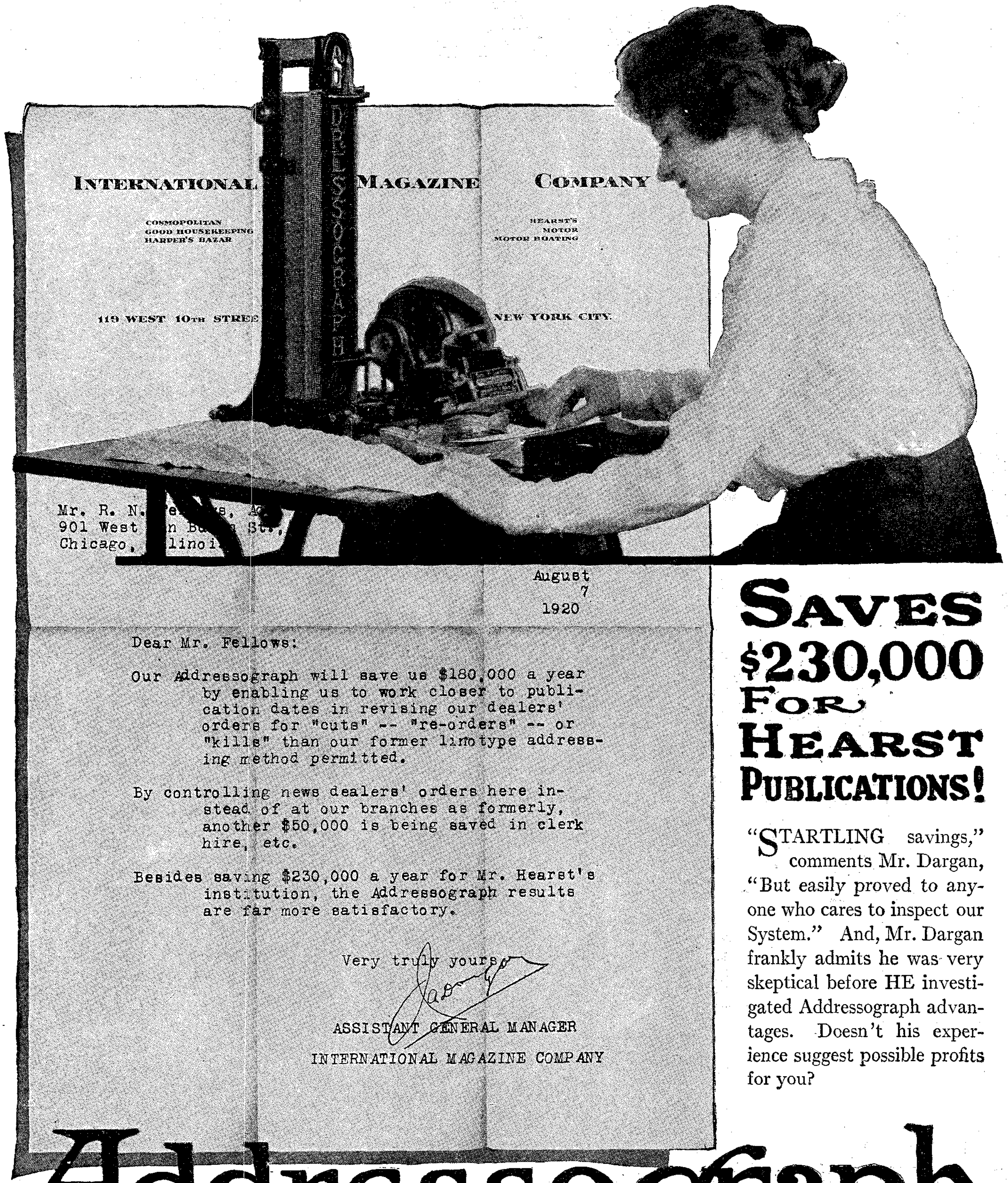
A glance at the dark lines on his chin proved his sincerity.—*J. H. F. in the Chicago Tribune.*

Tests.—The late Ambassador Walter Hines Page was formerly editor of *The World's Work* and, like all editors, was obliged to refuse a great many stories. A lady once wrote him:

"*Sir:* You sent back last week a story of mine. I know that you did not read the story, for as a test I had pasted together pages 18, 19, and 20, and the story came back with these pages still pasted; and so I know you are a fraud and turn down stories without reading same."

Mr. Page wrote back:

"*Madame:* At breakfast when I open an egg I don't have to eat the whole egg to discover it is bad."—*Writer's Monthly.*



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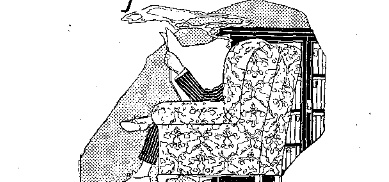

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Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"J. A. D.," A. E. F., France.—"The following sentence is under discussion—'A certain number exist in the command but are rapidly being *gotten* rid of.' 'A' says that 'gotten' is not correct in any circumstances, while 'B' says either 'got' or 'gotten' may be used. Please decide."

The word *gotten* is the past participle of the verb *to get*. In the construction submitted it is very old English, but is frowned upon in modern times.

"R. McK.," Fort Smith, Ark.—"Please define the word *moratorium*."

A *moratorium* is an emergency act of legislation authorizing a debtor or bank to suspend payments for a given period.

"V. B. H.," Hooversville, Pa.—"Kindly give me the correct pronunciation of the word *chassis*. Of what origin is the word?"

Chassis is pronounced *chas'is—ch* as in *chin*, *a* as in *at*, *i* as in *habit;* or French, *sha''si'—sh* as in *ship*, *a* as in *artistic*, *i* as in *police*. The word is of French origin.

"A. C. H.," New York, N. Y.—"What is the preferred spelling in the past tense and present participle of such verbs as *cancel*, *travel*, etc.?"

The form with two *l*'s of such words as *cancel*, *travel*, etc., is preferred in England, while that with one *l* is used most commonly in the United States.

"N. E. M.," Minneapolis, Minn.—"Kindly give the correct pronunciations of *Nazimova* and *Gouverneur* in the name *Gouverneur Morris*."

The name *Nazimova* is correctly pronounced *na-zi'mo-va—a*'s as in *artistic*, *i* as in *police*, *o* as in *obey*. *Gouverneur* is pronounced *gu''var-nur'*—*u*'s as in *rule*, *a* as in *final*.

"W. R. W.," San Angelo, Texas.—"When did Helgoland pass into the hands of Germany? What were the circumstances leading up to the transfer, and what were the considerations, if any?"

In 1890 the supremacy of the British interest in Zanzibar was recognized by France and Germany, and it was declared a British Protectorate in accordance with conventions by which Great Britain waived all claims to Madagascar in favor of France and ceded Helgoland to Germany.

"C. G. K.," Washington, D. C.—"Why do we place a period after *per cent.?* We do not place a period after *tho*, which is essentially an abbreviation of *though*, and of much more recent vintage than *percent*. I have always felt (and practised my conviction) that *percent* was a sufficiently good English (or American) word to stand on its own feet, and not hark back by a useless period to its almost forgotten origin. It is spelled both as one and as two words; both with and without the period; and all four apparently by good writers. Do you not believe that the simplest way, with these disputed words, is the best—if it has no special defect to condemn it? And assuredly the simplest way, in the present case, is *percent*—a single word, without the period."

Because *cent.* is an abbreviation of *centum*. It is not the province of a lexicographer to dictate, but merely to reflect usage. With reference to new forms, it must always be borne in mind that the usage of reputable writers and speakers is the standard which establishes correctness in English. If the throng persists in writing *per cent.* as a solid word instead of as two words, it will be the province of the lexicographer to note such usage in due season, but it must be remembered that the English language is not merely the language of one country; it is practically a universal language, and the fact that one form is used by a particular class of persons does not establish its correctness. Various callings in life have their peculiar cant or dialect, the usage of which is not commonly accepted as standard in the literary language.

"F. M. M.," London, England.—"Please give the correct spelling of the adjective derived from the root word 'collect,' meaning able to be collected. I find one dictionary spells it 'collect*i*ble,' another, 'collect*a*ble.' Persons to whom I have proposed the query spell it in the latter way. If it is spelled 'collect*i*ble,' please explain the apparent exception to like words, such as *respectable*, *expectable*, etc."

The form *collectable* dates from 1646, and is the accepted form in English. *Collectible* is a form found in American use, and therefore recorded in the American dictionaries. This form is probably due to the erroneous interpretation of rapid enunciation.

"C. W. M.," Philadelphia, Pa.—"Your New Standard Dictionary gives the spelling of *questionaire* with two *n*'s. At a recent examination conducted by the United States Navy this word was marked incorrectly spelled using the two *n*'s. I would appreciate the authority which you had for using two *n*'s."

The spelling of *questionnaire* condemned by the examiners referred to is that recognized as correct by American and English lexicographers. The word is a French word, the English equivalent of which is *questionary*, spelled with one *n*. Adopted from the French, the word should be spelled as the French people spell it—*questionnaire*.

"F. H.," Lancaster, Ky.—"Kindly tell me the meaning of the French phrase, 'On les aura.'"

The expression "On les aura" means "We shall get them."

"J. A. D.," Rutland, Vt.—"What is the origin of the words 'Hundred Roll' and the 'Black Region'? They are to be found in 'New England Families' Genealogies,' by William Richard Culter, A.M. It speaks of an immigrant from England whose ancestors were in the hundred roll, and who probably came from the Black Region in the thirteenth century."

The *Hundred Rolls* is the report returned by the royal commissioners appointed by King Edward I. of England to inquire into the impairment of the crown revenues, and for this purpose to make elaborate investigation into the trade and general financial condition of the country. The *Black Region* referred to is probably that tract of country in England where coal was found.

"H. H. H.," Van Buren, Me.—"Please tell me the difference in meaning between the words *sanatorium* and *sanitarium*."

The distinction between the words *sanatorium* and *sanitarium* lies in the fact that they are derived from two different Latin roots. "Sanatorium" is derived from the Late Latin *sanatorius*, meaning *health-giving*. The term relates specifically to "an institution for treatment of disease or care of invalids; especially, an establishment employing natural therapeutic agents or conditions peculiar to the locality, or some specific treatment, or treating particular diseases." "Sanitarium" is derived from the Latin *sanitas*, from *sanus*, meaning *whole*, or *sound*. "Sanitarium" relates to "a place where the hygienic conditions are preservative of health, as distinguished from one where therapeutic agencies are employed." Hence, it is the province of a "sanitarium" to preserve health, that of a "sanatorium" to restore it. Care should be exercised in combining the proper vowels in these two words, in order to indicate correctly the derivation.

"K. C.," Kansas City, Mo.—"(1) What is the correct pronunciation of the word *restaurant?* (2) What is the meaning of the word *cogent?*"

(1) The word *restaurant* is pronounced *res'to-rant—e* as in *get*, *o* as in *obey*, *a* as in *final;* or *res''to''ran'—e* as in *get*, *o* as in *obey*, *a* as in *art*, *n* with a nasal sound. The second pronunciation here indicated is noted as an alternative. It is the French pronunciation, often heard in England, in which the final "t" is silent. (2) The word *cogent* is defined—"1. Appealing strongly to the reason or conscience; compelling belief, assent, or action; forcible; convincing; as, a *cogent* argument or discourse. 2. [Rare.] Having the power of physical compulsion or constraint; potent; as, the *cogent* power of steam."

"J. O. L.," Woodbury, Ga.—"Is the practise of writing *John Jones, Jr.*, correct, or should the *jr.* be small letters?"

A rule for the use of capital letters reads: "Every title attached to the name of a person begins with a capital letter," and, while it is true that "junior" may not be considered an actual title, when it is used in this way it becomes an essential part of the name, and would be governed by the rule quoted. Therefore, "John Jones, *Jr.*," is the correct form.

"N. I. B.," Bellingham, Wash.—The plural of *narcissus* is *narcissi* or *narcissuses*.

> Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,
> And *narcissi*, the fairest among them all,
> Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess
> Till they die of their own dear loveliness.
>
> —SHELLEY, *The Sensitive Plant*, st. 5.